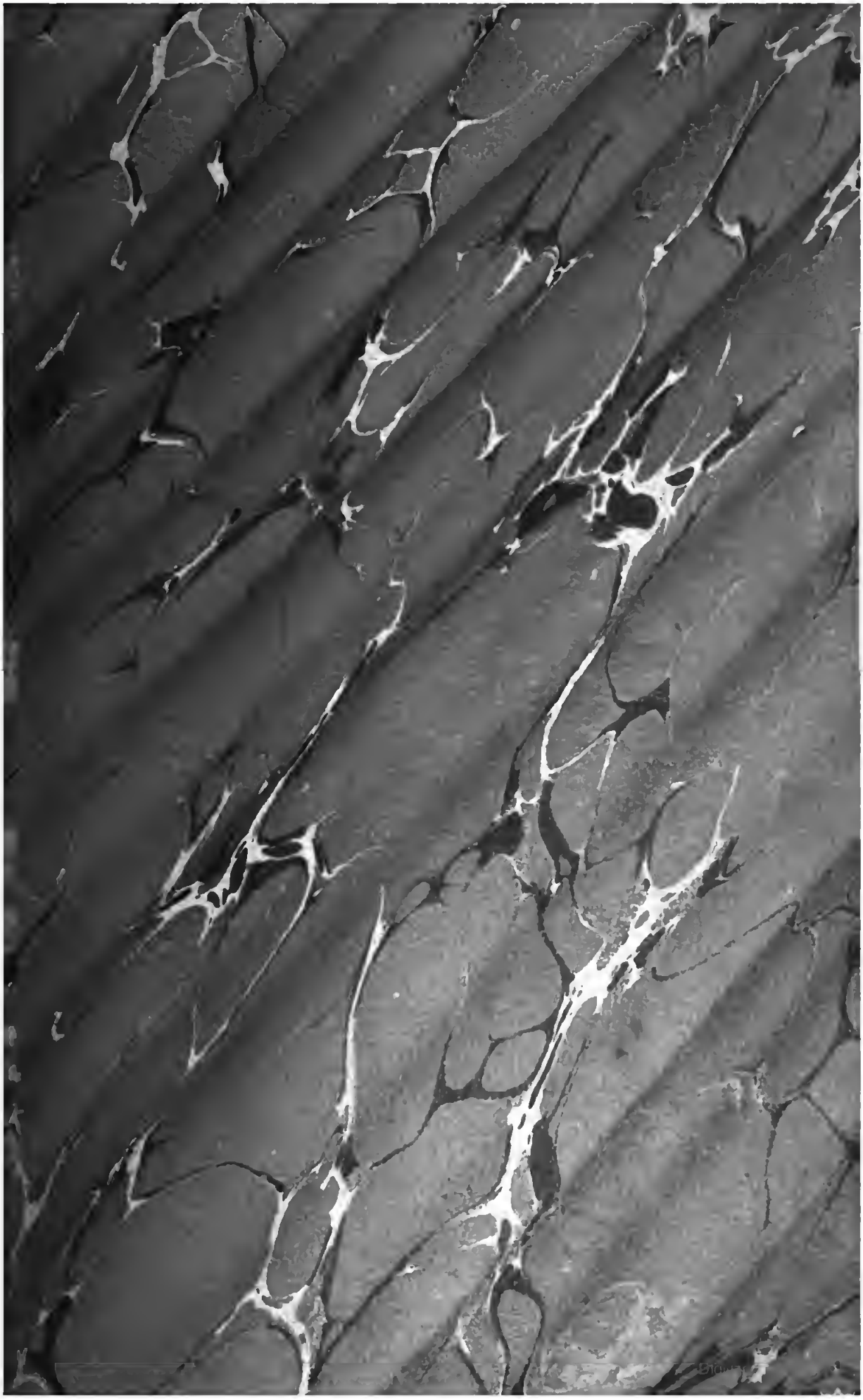
THOS. GAISFORD.



Cut

Johnson f. 1774

THE

ENGLISH MINSTREL;

A

SELECTION

OF

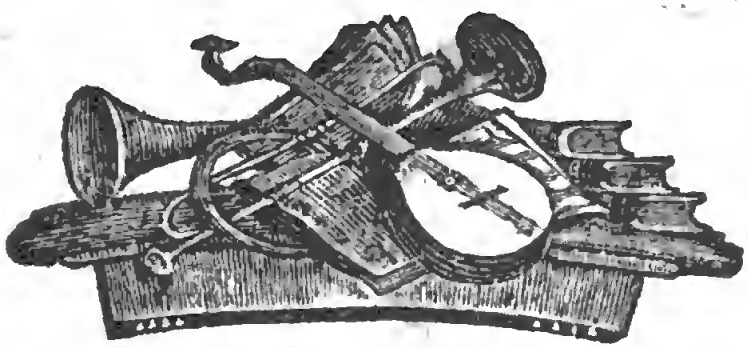
FAVOURITE SONGS,

WITH

MUSIC

Adapted to the

Voice, Violin, or German Flute.



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JOHN
Bibl
Bodl.
JOHNSON

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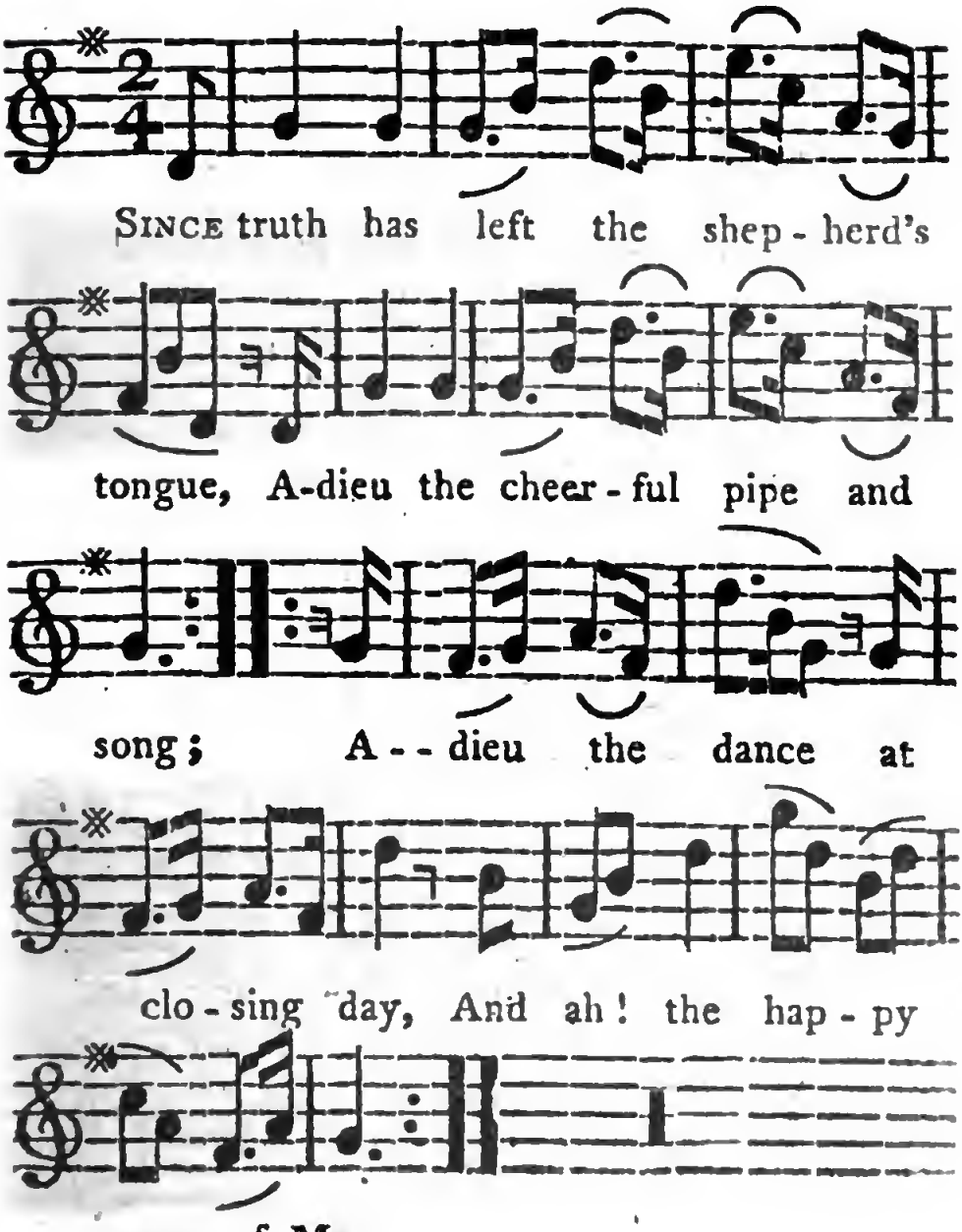
THE

MINSTREL.

Marian's Complaint.

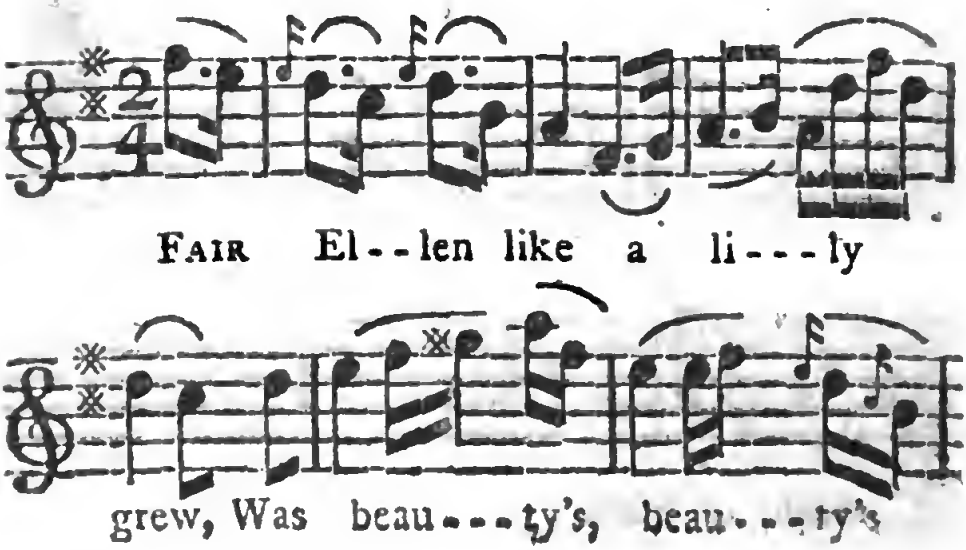


How oft he told me I was fair,
And wove the garland for my hair;
How oft for Marian cull'd the bow'r,
And fill'd my cap with ev'ry flow'r.

No more his gifts of guile I'll wear,
But from my brow the chaplet tear,
The crook he gave in pieces break,
And rend his ribbons from my neck.

How oft he vow'd a constant flame,
And carv'd on ev'ry oak my name!
Blush, Colin, that the wounded tree
Is all that will remember me.

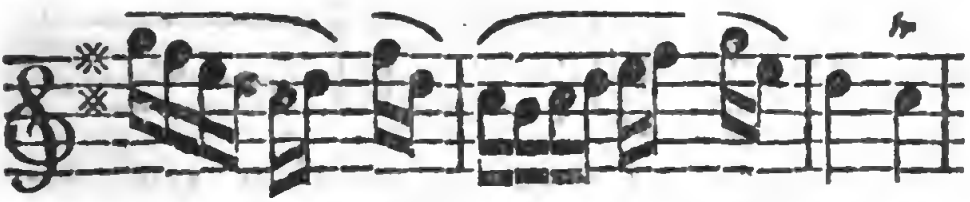
Fair Ellen.



fav' - rite flow'r, Till false - hood chang'd her

lovely lovely hue, She wither'd in an

hour. Fair El - len, fair El - len, She



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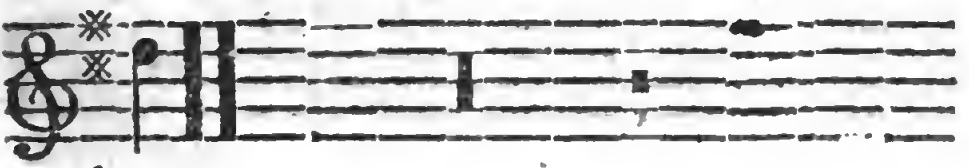
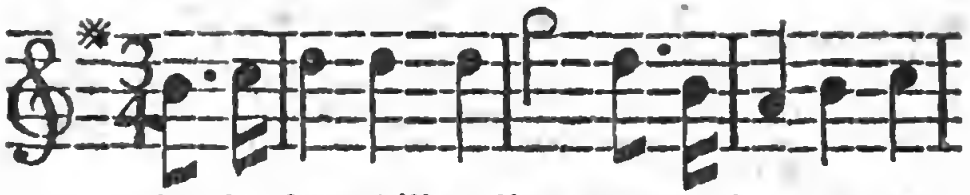


hour.

Antonio in her virgin breast
First rais'd a tender sigh;
His wish obtain'd, the lover blest,
Then left the maid to die.

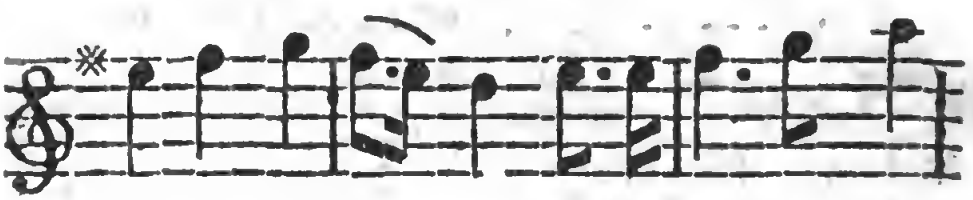
To-morrow.



In the downhill of life, when I find I'm de-

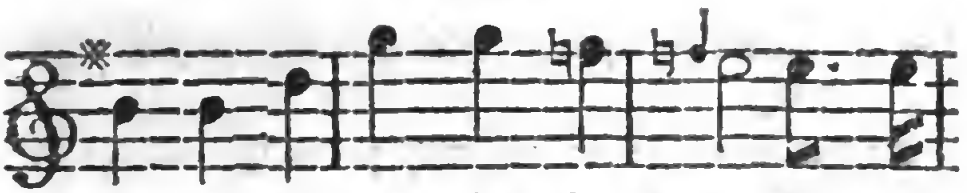
clining, May my fate no less for-tu-nate

be, Than a snug el-bow-chair can af-

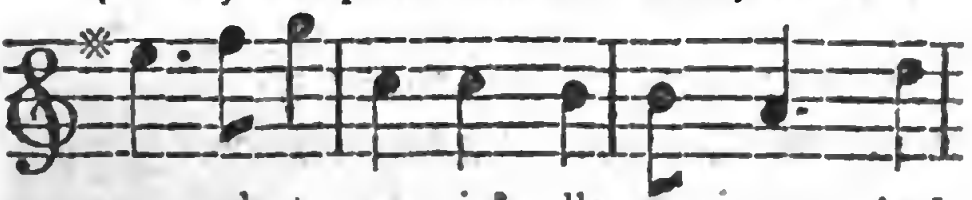


ford for re-clin-ing, And a cot that o'er-

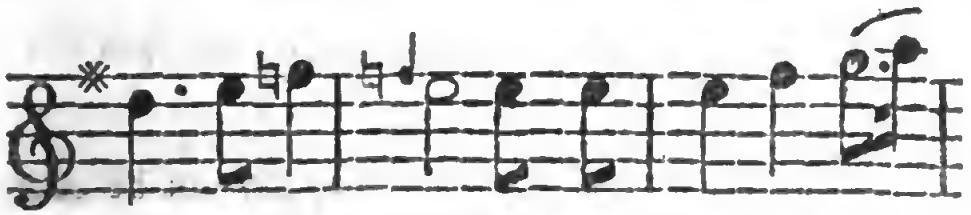
looks the wide sea. With an ambling pad



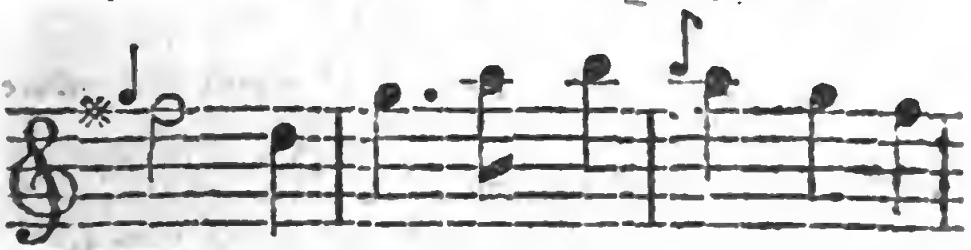
po - ney to pace o'er the lawn, While I



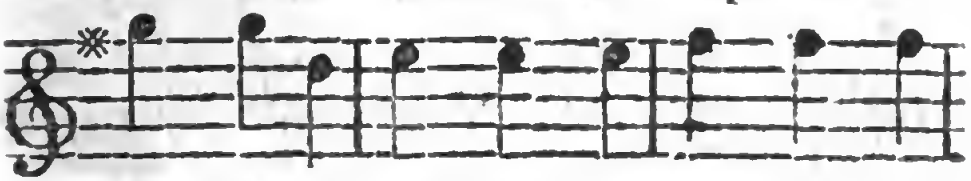
ca - rol a - way i - dle sor - row; And



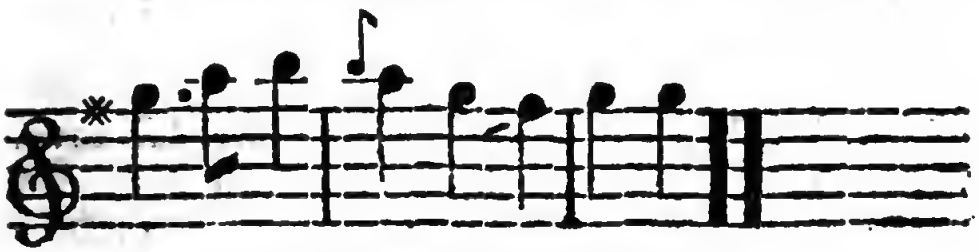
blythe as the lark that each day hails the



dawn, Look for - ward with hope for to-



mor - row, to - mor-row, to - mor-row, Look



forward with hope for to-morraw.

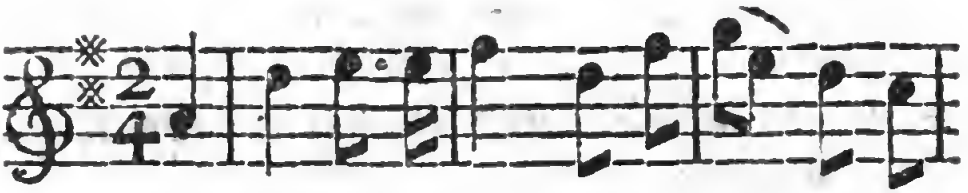
With a porch at my door both for shelter and shade too,
As the sunshine or rain may prevail,
And a small spot of ground for the use of the spade too,
With a barn for the use of the flail;
A cow for my dairy, a dog for my game,
And a purse when a friend wants to borrow,
I'll envy no nabob his riches or fame,
Nor what honours may wait him to-morrow.

From the bleak northern blast may my cot be completely
Secur'd by a neighbouring hill,
And at night may repose steal upon me more sweetly,
By the sound of a murmuring rill:
And while peace and plenty I find at my board,
With a heart free from sickness and sorrow,
With my friends will I share what to-day may afford,
And let them spread the table to-morrow.

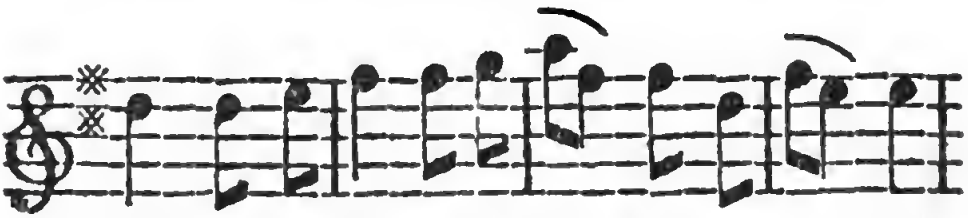
And when I at last must throw off this frail covering,
Which I've worn for threescore years and ten,

On the brink of the grave I'll not seek to keep hovering,
Nor my thread wish to spin o'er again :
But my face in the glass I'll serenely survey,
And with smiles count each wrinkle and furrow,
As this old worn-out stuff which is thread-bare today,
May become everlasting to-morrow.

The Galley Slave.



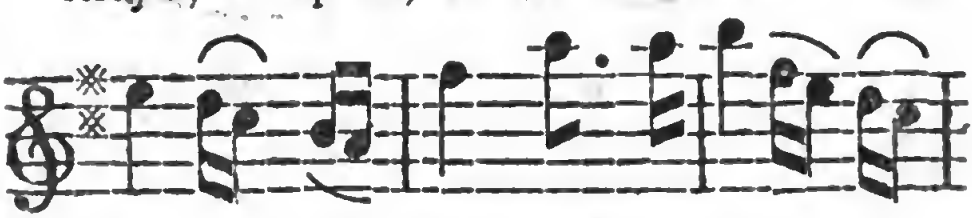
Oh, think on my fate! once I freedom en-



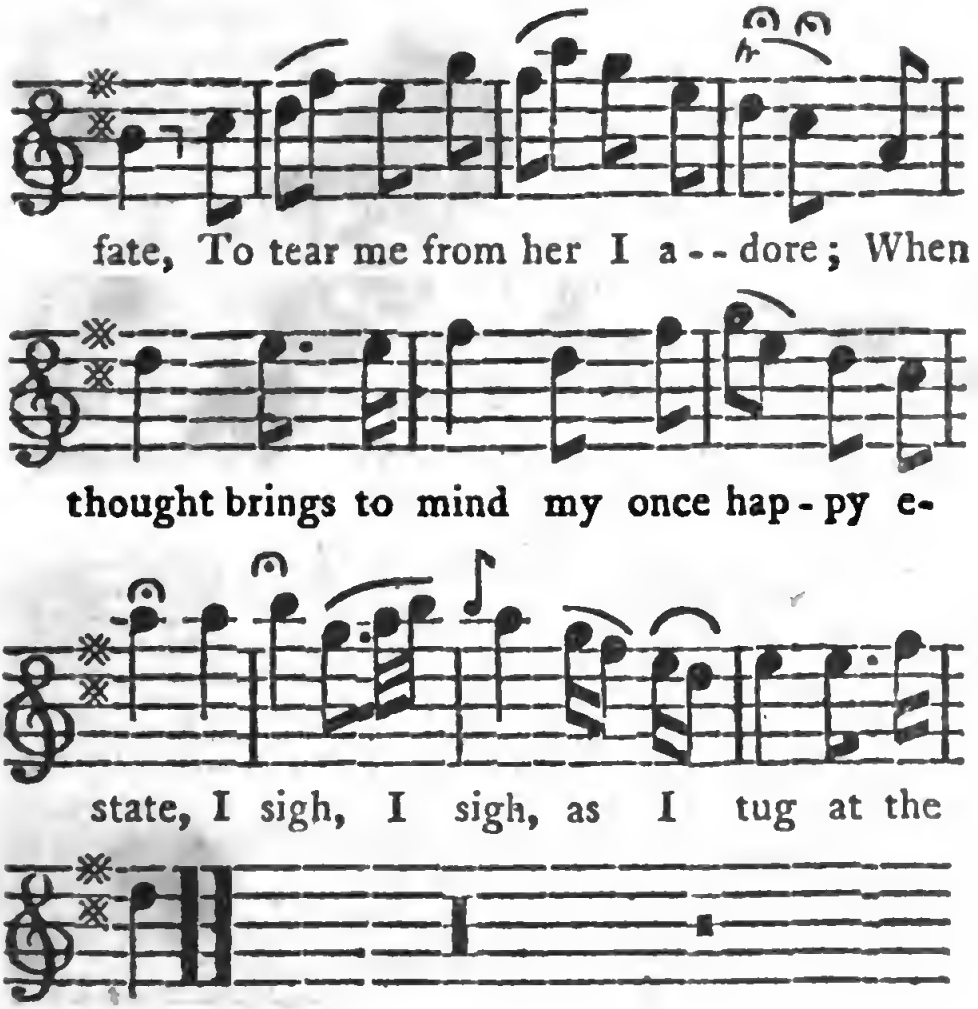
joy'd, Was as happy as hap-py could be; But

plea-sure is fled, e--ven hope is de-

stroy'd, A captive, a-las! on the sea. I was



ta'en by the foe, 'twas the fi-at of



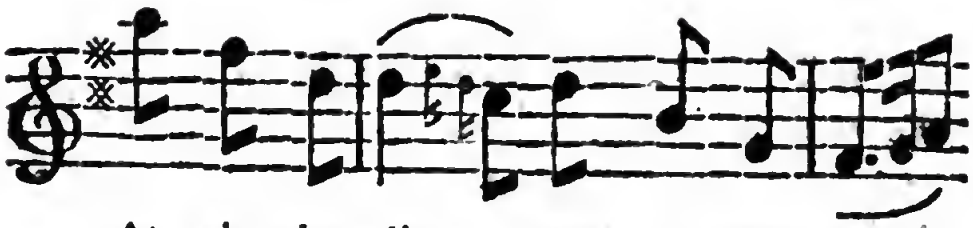
Hard, hard is my fate! Oh, how galling my chain!
My life's steer'd by misery's chart,
And tho' 'gainst my tyrants I scorn to complain,
Tears gush forth to ease my full heart.
I disdain ev'n to shrink, tho' I feel sharp the lash,
Yet my breast bleeds for her I adore:
While around me the unfeeling billows will dash,
I sigh, and still tug at the oar.

How Fortune deceives!—I had pleasure in tow,
The port where she dwelt we'd in view,
But the wish'd nuptial morn was o'erclouded with woe,
And, dear Anna! I hurried from you.
Our shallop was boarded, and I borne away,
To behold my dear Anna no more:
But despair wastes my spirits, my form feels decay;
He sigh'd, and expir'd at the oar.

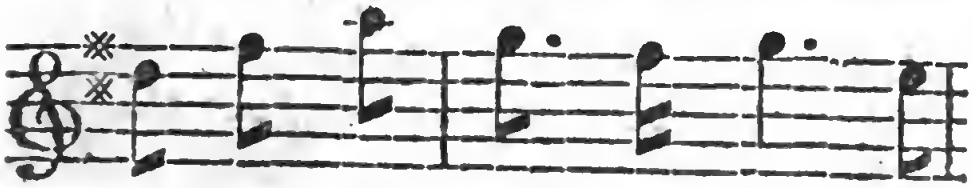
The Sailor's Journal.

'Twas post me - - - ri - - - dian, half past

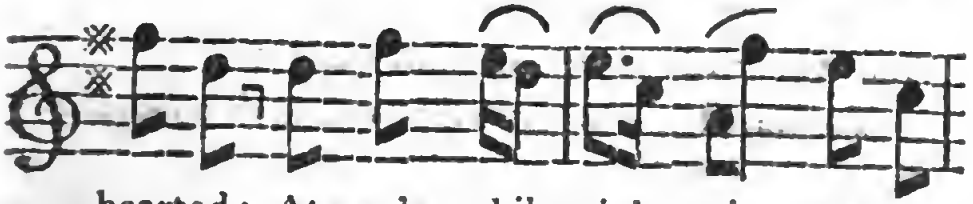
four, By sig - nal I from Nan - cy parted,



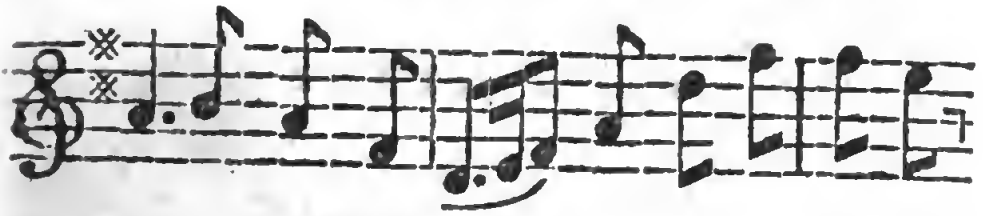
At six she lin - - - ger'd on the shore,



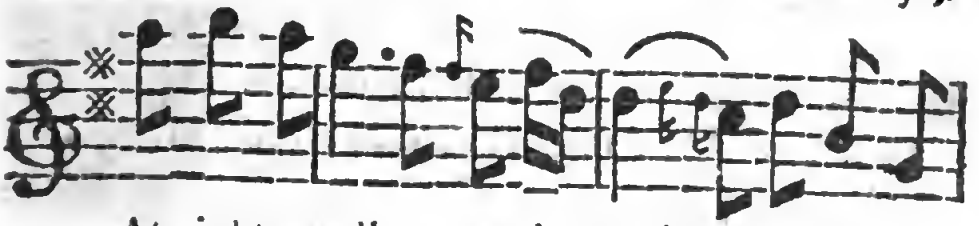
With up - - lift hands, and bro - - ken



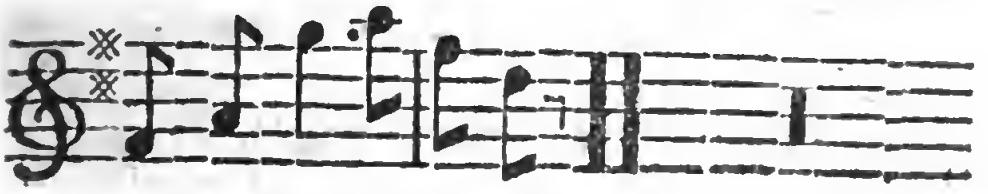
hearted: At sev'n, while tight - ning the fore-



stay, I saw her faint, or else 'twas fancy;



At eight we all got un-der weigh, And bid a



long a-dieu to Nancy.

Night came, and now eight bells had rung,
  While careless sailors, ever cheery,
On the mid-watch so jovial sung,
  With tempers labour cannot weary:
I little to their mirth inclin'd,
  While tender thoughts rush'd on my fancy,
And my warm sighs increas'd the wind,
  Look'd on the moon, and thought of Nancy.

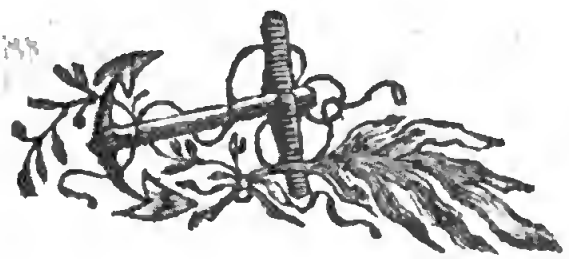
And now arriv'd that jovial night,
  When ev'ry true-bred tar carouses,
When o'er the grog all hands delight
  To toast their sweethearts and their spouses:
Round went the can, the jest, the glee,
  While tender wishes fill'd each fancy;
And when in turn it came to me,
  I heav'd a sigh, and toasted Nancy.

Next morn a storm came on at four,
  At six, the elements in motion,
Plung'd me, and three poor sailors more,
  Headlong into the foaming ocean;
Poor wretches! they soon found their graves;
  For me, it may be only fancy,
But love seem'd to forbid the waves,
  To snatch me from the arms of Nancy.

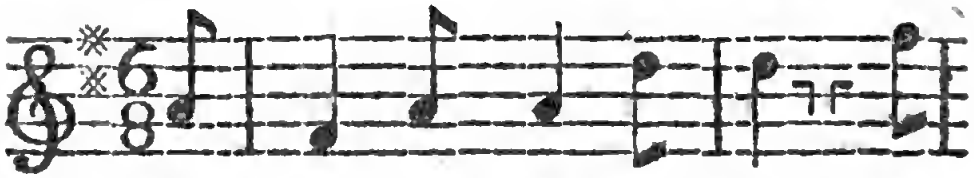
Scarce the foul hurricane was clear'd,
  Scarce winds and waves had ceas'd to rattle,

When a bold enemy appear'd,
  And, dauntless, we prepar'd for battle.
And now, while some lov'd friend or wife
  Like lightning rush'd on ev'ry fancy,
To providence I trusted life,
  Put up a pray'r, and thought on Nancy.

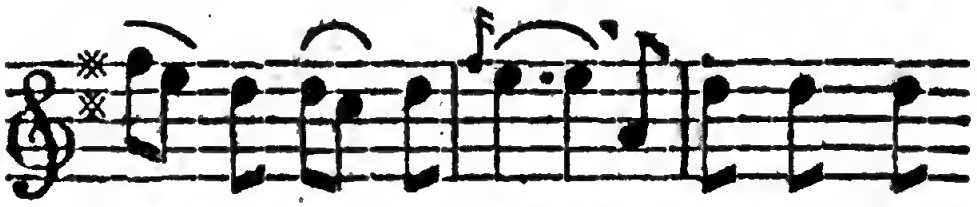
At last, 'twas in the month of May,
  The crew, it being lovely weather,
At three, A. M. discover'd day,
  And England's chalky cliffs together.
At sev'n up Channel now we bore,
  While hopes and fears rush'd on my fancy;
At twelve I gaily jump'd ashore,
  And to my throbbing heart press'd Nancy.



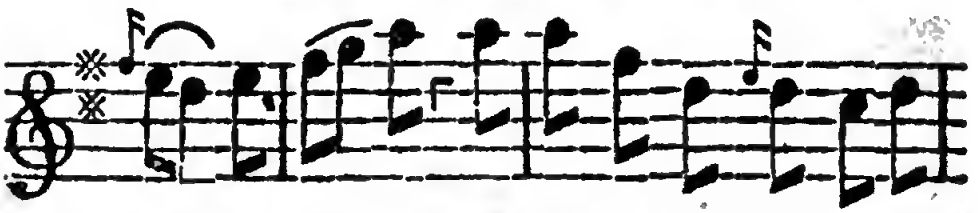
Nobody coming to marry me.



THE dogs be--gan to bark, And

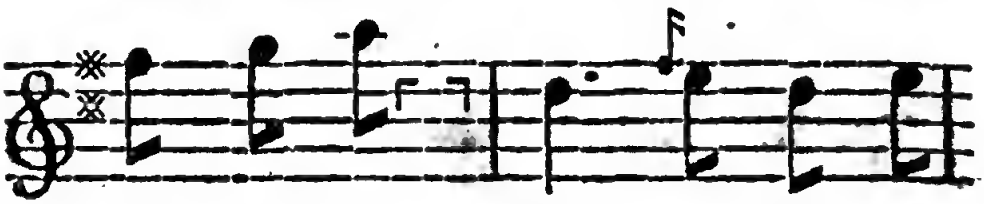


I peep'd out to see A handsome young

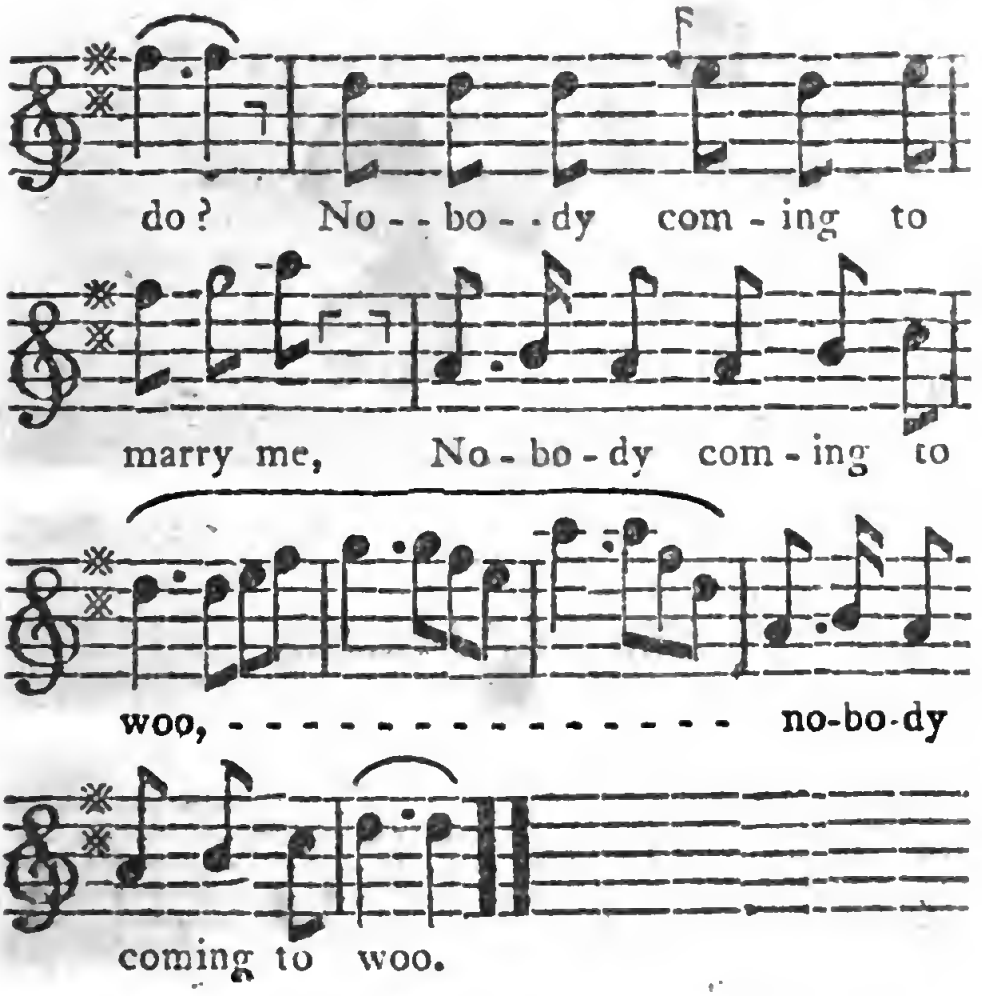


man a-hunting, But he was not hunting for

me. And it's oh! what will be-



come of me? Oh! what shall I

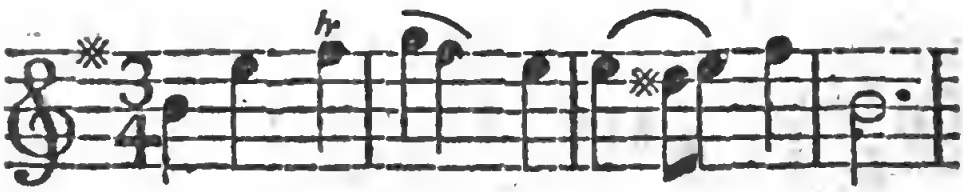


The first time I went to my pray'rs,
I pray'd for half a year;
I pray'd for a handsome young man,
With a mickle deal of gear.
And its oh, &c.

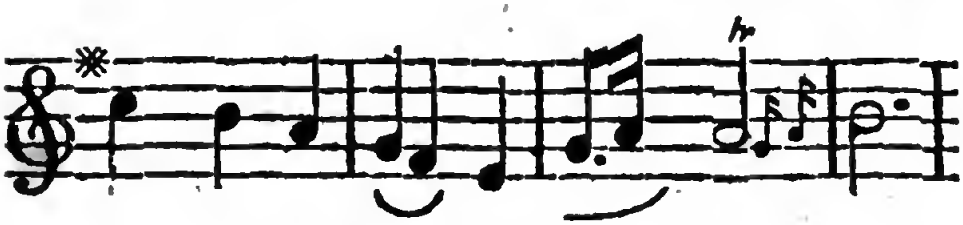
The last time I went to my pray'rs,
I pray'd both night and day,
Come blind, come lame, come cripple,
Come some one take me away.
And it's oh, &c.

And now I have sung you my song;
I hope it has pleas'd you so well,
That a husband for me you will find,
Or soon you will hear my knell.
For it's oh, &c.

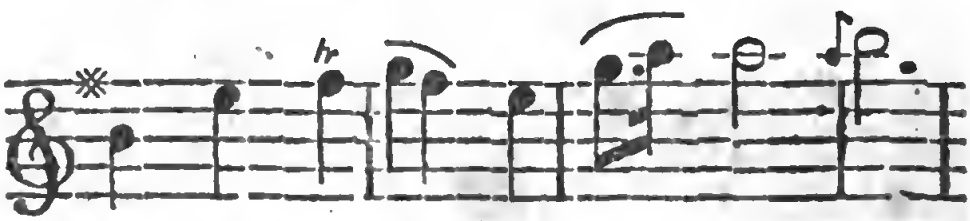
Black-ey'd Susan.



ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,



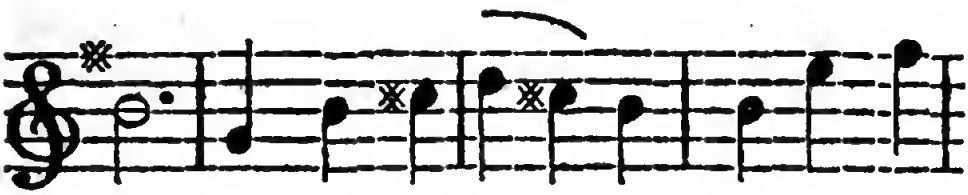
The streamers wav-ing in the wind,



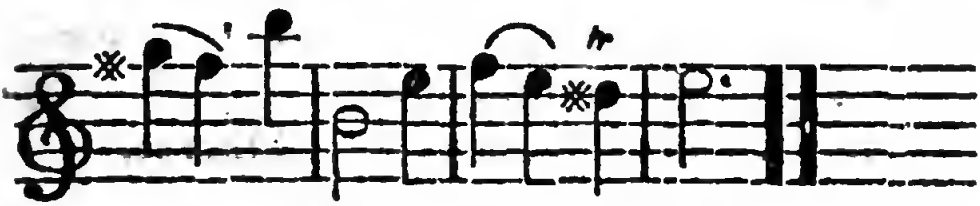
When black-ey'd Su-san came on board,

Oh! where shall I my true-love find?

Tell me, ye jo-vial sail-ors, tell me



true, Does my sweet Wil-liam, Does my sweet



Wil-liam sail a-mong your crew?

William, who high upon the yard,
Rock'd with the billows to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below;
The cord glides swiftly thro' his glowing hands,
And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
(If chance his mate's shrill call he hear),
And drops at once into her nest.
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

O Susan, Susan, lovely dear!
My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling tear;
We only part to meet again.
Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

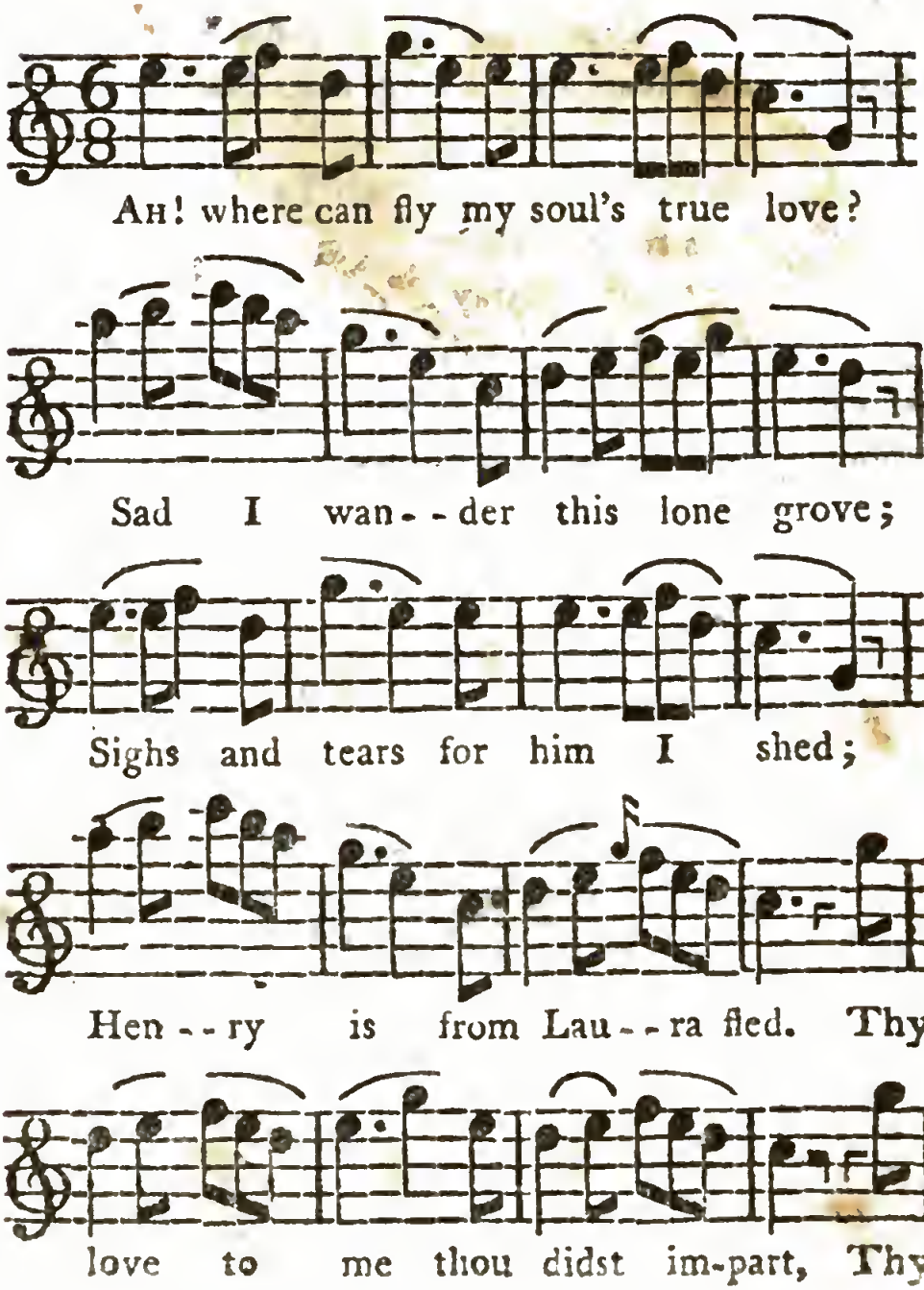
Believe not what the landsmen say,
Who tempt to doubt thy constant mind;
They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
In ev'ry port a mistress find:
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

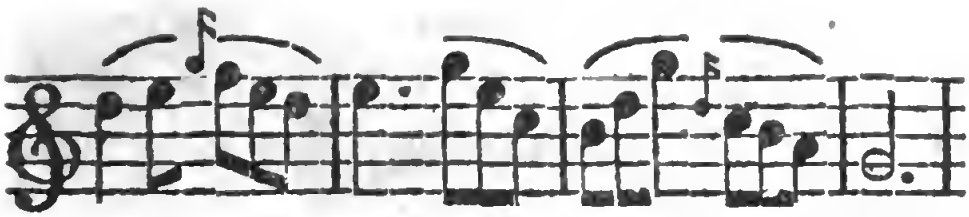
If to fair India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white:
Thus ev'ry beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

Tho' battle calls me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Tho' cannons roar, yet safe from harms,
William shall to his dear return.
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

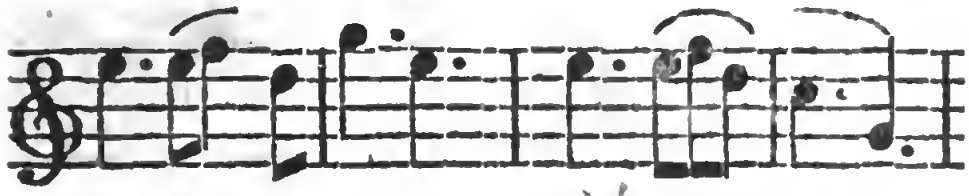
The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosoms spread;
No longer must she stay aboard;
They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head
Her less'ning boat unwilling rows to land,
Adieu, she cried, and wav'd her lily hand.

Henry's Cottage Maid.

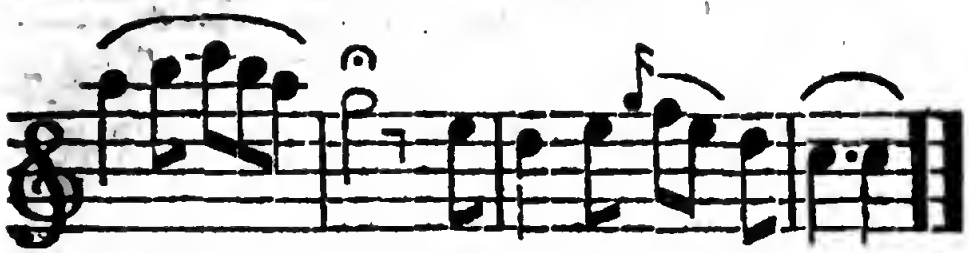




love soon won my vir - - - gin heart;



But, dearest Hen-ry, thou'st be - - tray'd

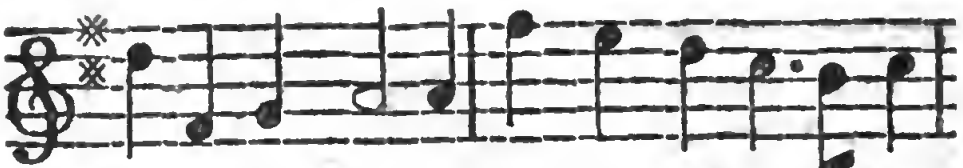


Thy - - love, with thy poor cottage maid.

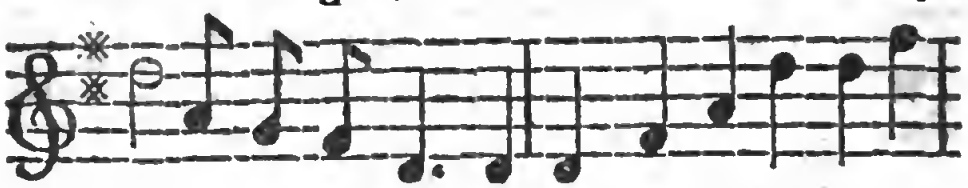
Thro' the vale my grief appears,
Sighing sad, with pearly tears;
Oft thy image is my theme,
As I wander on the green.
See, from my cheek the colour flies,
And love's sweet hope within me dies,
For oh, dear Henry! thou'st betray'd
Thy love, with thy dear cottage maid.

To Anacreon in Heav'n.

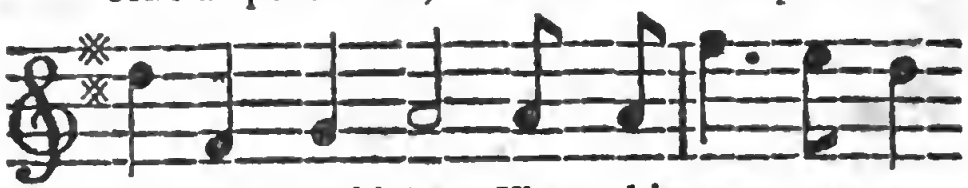
To A - - na - creon in heav'n, where he



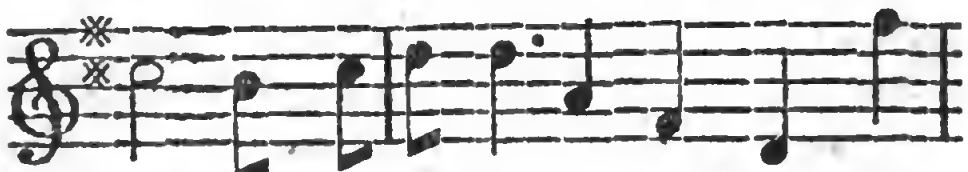
sat in full glee, A few sons of har-mo - ny



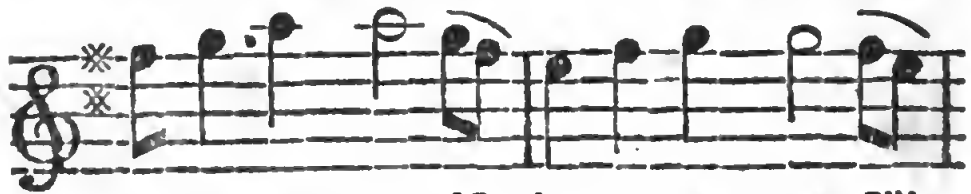
sent a pe-ti-tion, That he their in-spirer and



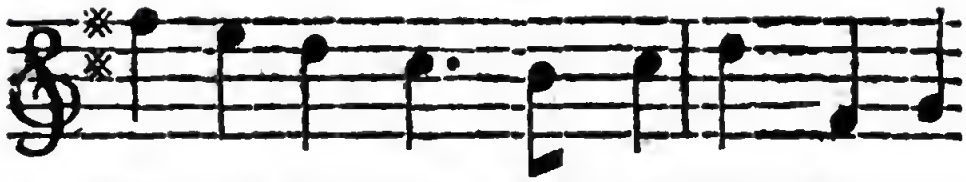
pa - tron would be, When this an - swer ar-



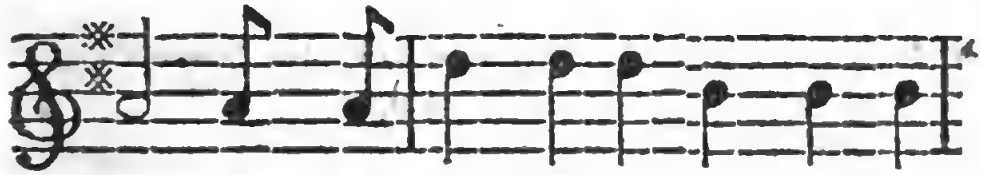
riv'd from the jol - ly old Grecian: Voice,



fiddle, and flute, No longer be mute, I'll

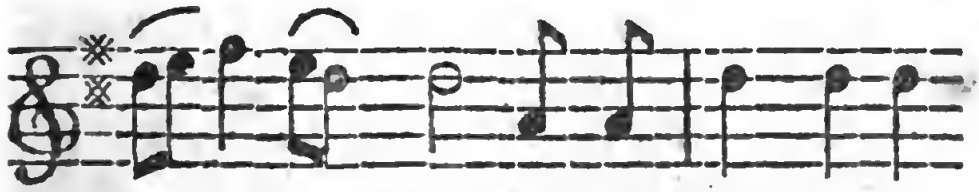


lend you my name, and in-spire you to



boot; And be-sides, I'll instruct you like

me to entwine The myrtle of Ve-nus with



Bac-chus's vine. And be-sides, I'll in-

struct you like me to entwine The myrtle of

Venus with Bacchus's vine.

The news thro' Olympus immediately flew,
When Old Thunder pretended to give himself airs—
" If these mortals are suffer'd their scheme to pur-
" sue,
" The devil a goddess will stay above stairs.
" Hark! already they cry,
" In transports of joy,
" Away to the sons of Anacreon we'll fly,
" And there with good fellows we'll learn to en-
" twine
" The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

" The yellow-hair'd god, and his nine fusty maids,
" From Helicon's banks will incontinent flee,
" Idalia will boast but of tenantless shades,
" And the biforked hill a mere desert will be.
" My thunder, no fear on't,
" Shall soon do its errand,
" And, d——me! I'll swinge the ringleaders, I
" warrant,
" I'll trim the young dogs for thus daring to twine
" The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

Apollo rose up, and said, " Pr'ythee ne'er quarrel,
" Good king of the gods, with my vot'ries be-
" low;

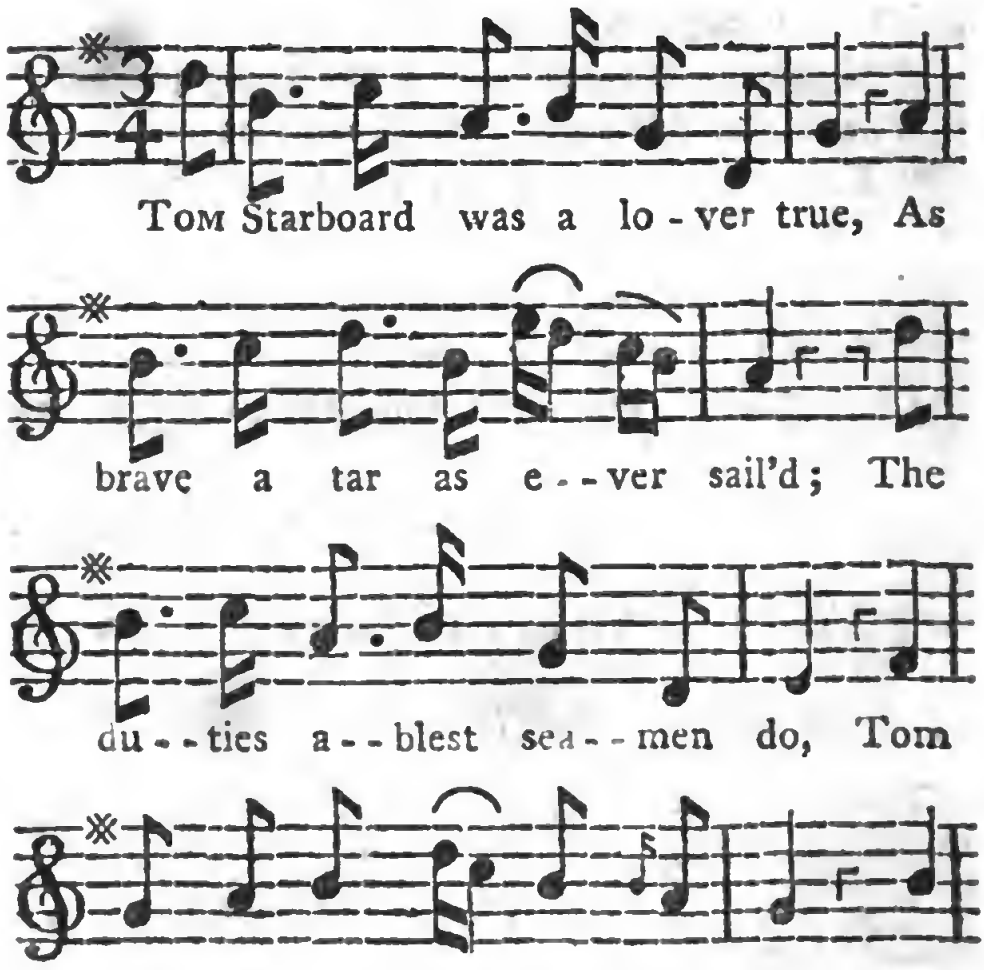
" Your thunder is useless"—then shewing his laurel,
Cry'd, " *Sic evitabile fulmen*, you know.
" Then over each head
" My laurels I'll spread,
" So my sons from your crackers no mischief
" shall dread,
" Whilst snug in their club-room they jovially twine
" The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

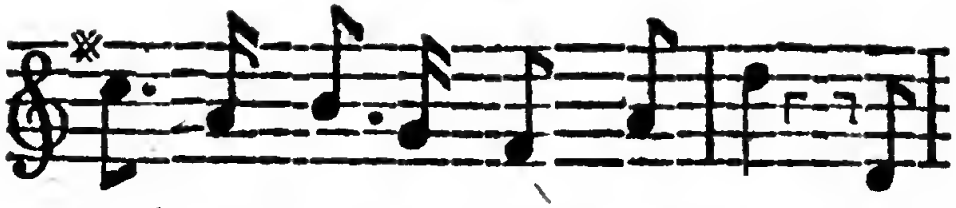
Next Momus got up with his risible phiz,
And swore with Apollo he'd cheerfully join—
" The tide of full harmony still shall be his,
" But the song, and the catch, and the laugh
" shall be mine.
" Then, Jove, be not jealous
" Of these honest fellows."
Cry'd Jove, " We relent, since the truth you now
" tell us;
" And swear by old Styx, that they long shall en-
" twine
" The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

Ye sons of Anacreon, then, join hand in hand,
Preserve unanimity, friendship, and love:
'Tis yours to support what's so happily plann'd;
You've the sanction of gods, and the fiat of Jove.

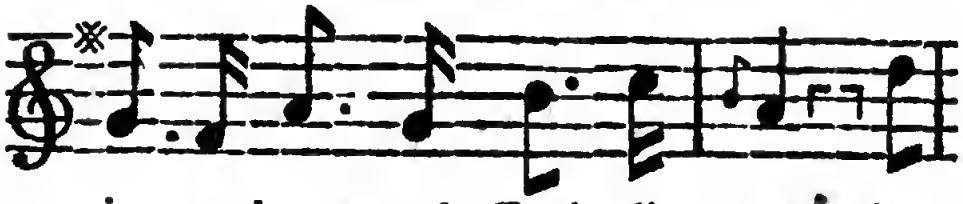
While thus we agree,
Our toast let it be,
May our club flourish happy, united, and free!
And long may the sons of Anacreon entwine
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

Tom Starboard.





wreck'd as he was homeward bound, With-



in a league of England's coast, Love

sav'd him, sure, from be--ing drown'd, For

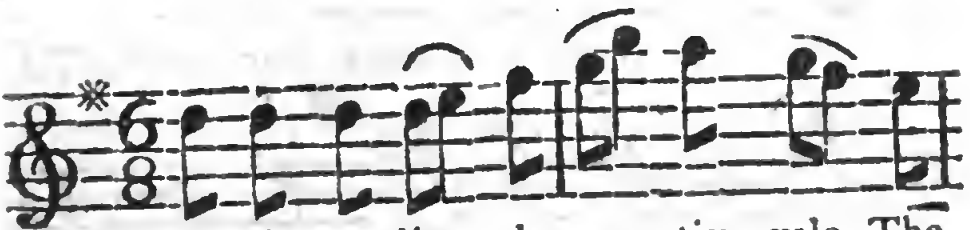
all the crew but Tom were lost.

His strength restor'd, Tom hied with speed,
True to his love as e'er was man;
Nought had he sav'd, nought did he need,
Rich he in thoughts of lovely Nan.
But scarce five miles poor Tom had gain'd,
When he was press'd; he heav'd a sigh,
And said, tho' cruel was his lot,
Ere flinch from duty he would die.

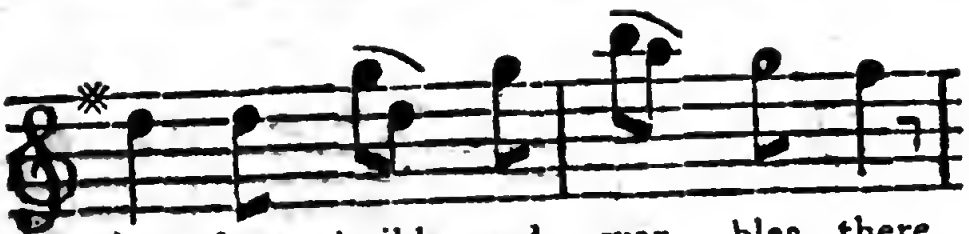
In fight Tom Starboard knew no fear,
Nay, when he'd lost an arm, resign'd,
Said, Love for Nan, his only dear,
Had sav'd his life, and fate was kind.
The war being ended, Tom return'd,
His lost limb serv'd him for a joke,
For still his manly bosom burn'd
With love; his heart was heart of oak.

Ashore in haste Tom nimbly ran
To cheer his love, his destin'd bride,
But false report had brought to Nan,
Six months before, that Tom had died.
With grief she daily pin'd away,
No remedy her life could save,
And Tom arriv'd the very day
They laid his Nancy in her grave.

Dear is my little native Vale.

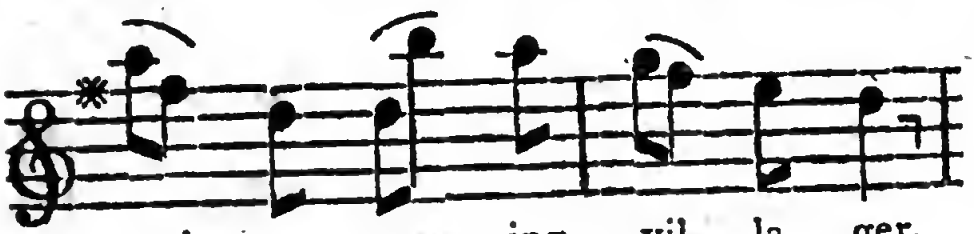


DEAR is my lit--tle na--tive vale, The

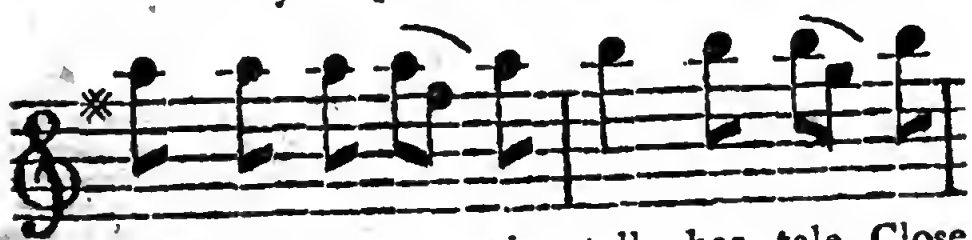


ring-dove builds and war--bles there,

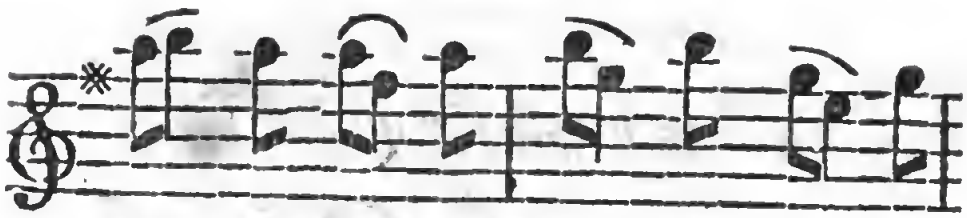
Close by my cot she tells her tale To



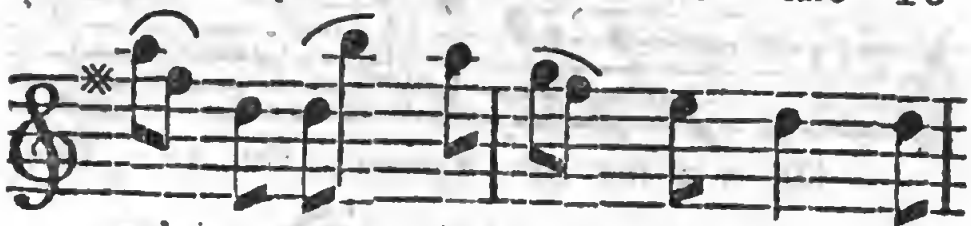
ev'--ry pass--ing vil--la--ger.



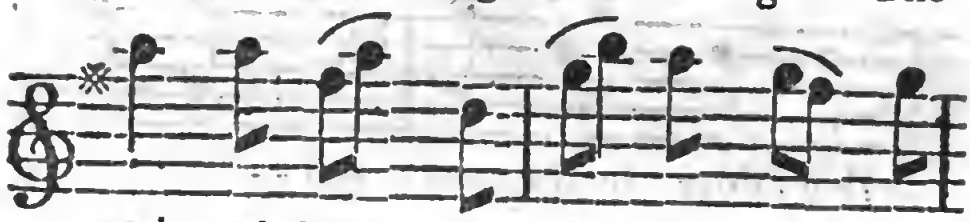
Close by my cot she tells her tale, Close



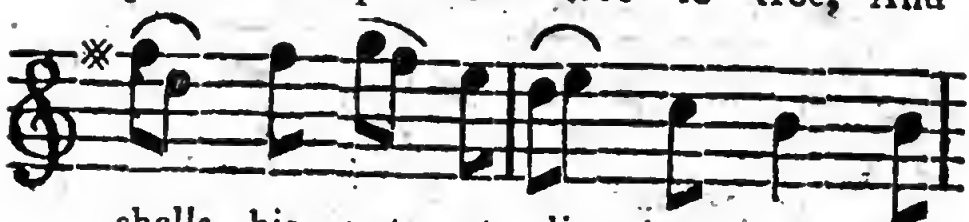
by my cot she tells her tale To



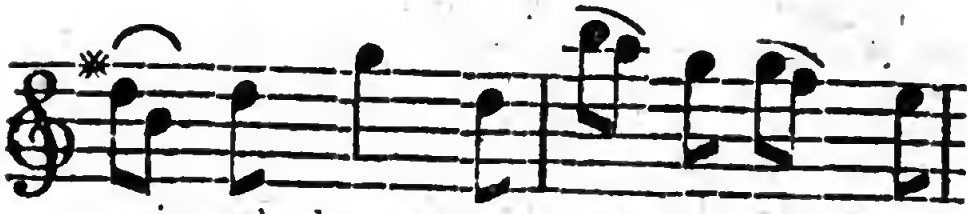
ev'--ry pass--ing vil--la--ger. The



squir-rel leaps from tree to tree, And



shells his nuts at li--ber--ty; The



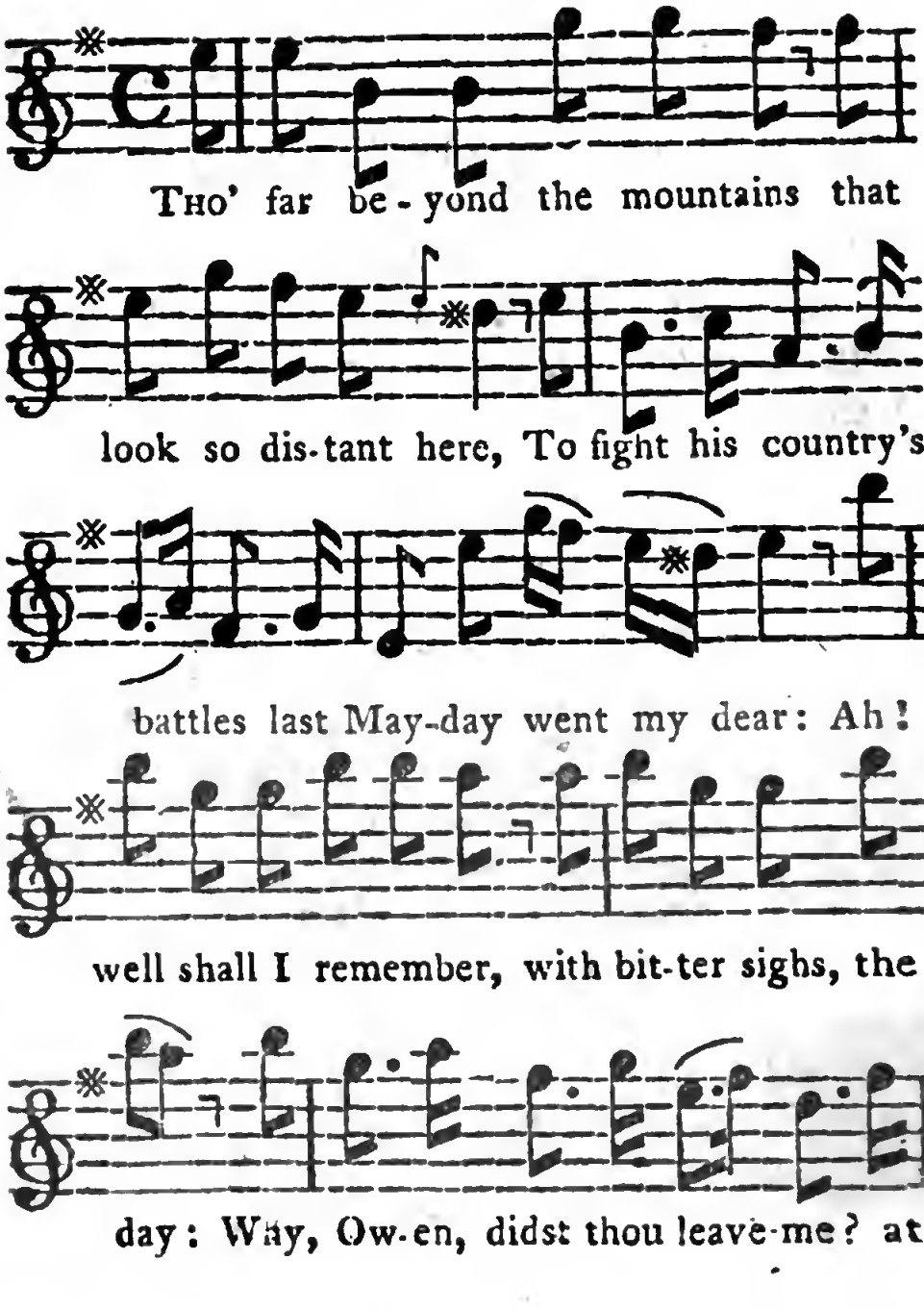
squir-rel leaps from tree to tree, And

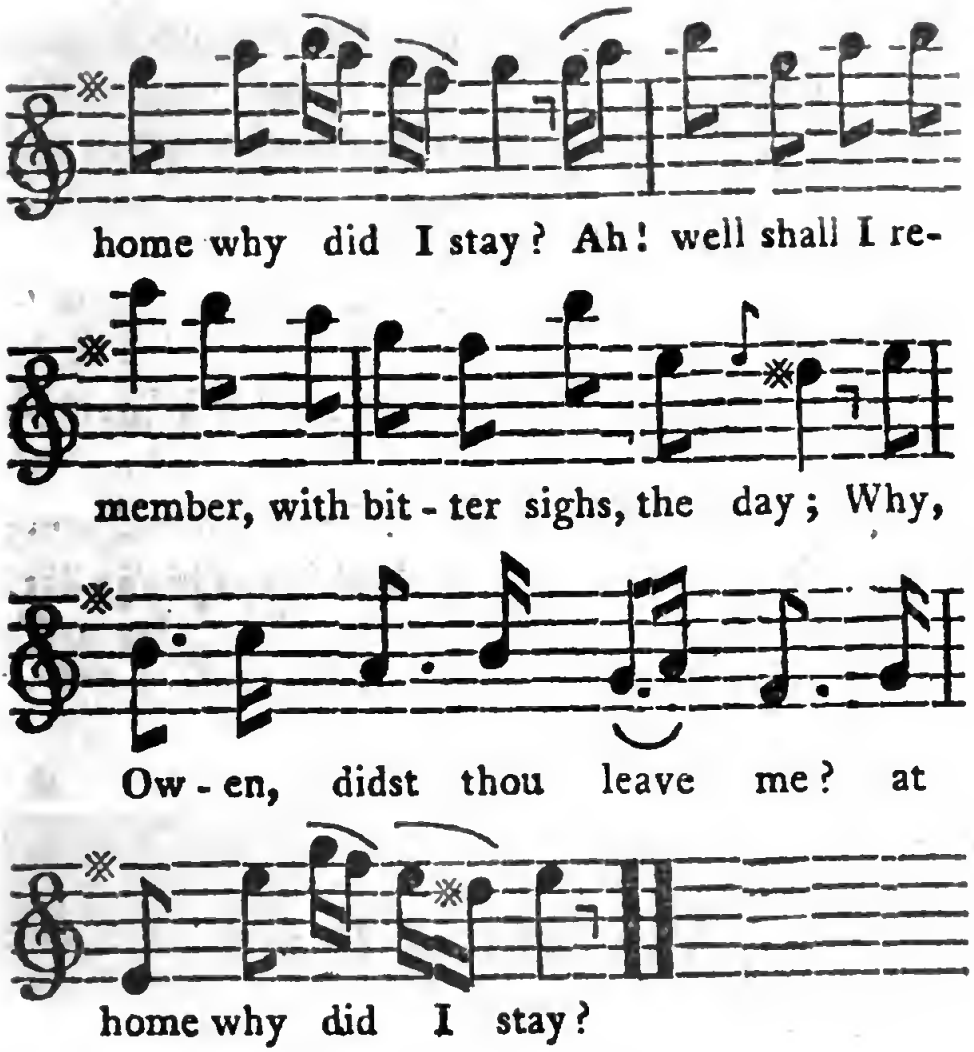
shells his nuts at li--ber-ty.

In orange groves and myrtle bow'rs,
That breathe a gale of fragrance round,
I charm the fairy-footed hours,
With my lov'd lute's romantic sound,
Or crowns of living laurel weave,
For those who win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn at break of day,
The ballet danc'd in twilight glade,
The canzonet and roundelay,
Sung in the silent greenwood shade;
These simple joys, that never fail,
Shall bind me to my native vale.

Owen.


Tho' far be-yond the mountains that
look so dis-tant here, To fight his country's
battles last May-day went my dear: Ah!
well shall I remember, with bit-ter sighs, the
day: Why, Ow-en, didst thou leave-me? at



Ah! cruel was my father, who did my flight restrain,
And I was cruel hearted, that did at home remain.
With thee, my love, contented I journey far away;
Why, Owen, &c.

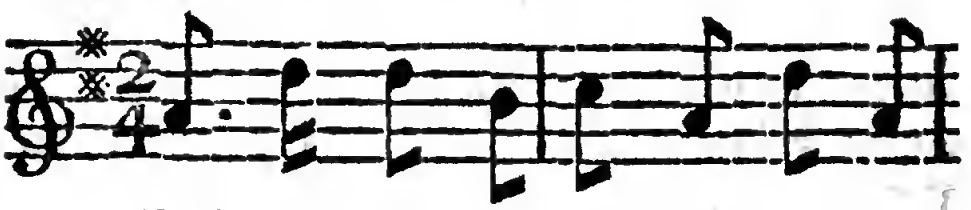
To market at Langollen each morning do I go,
But how to strike a bargain no longer do I know:
My father chides at ev'ning, my mother all the day.
Why, Owen, &c.

When thinking of my Owen, my eyes with tears they fill,
And then my mother chides me, because my wheel stands still.
How can I think of spinning, when Owen's far away?
Why, Owen, &c.

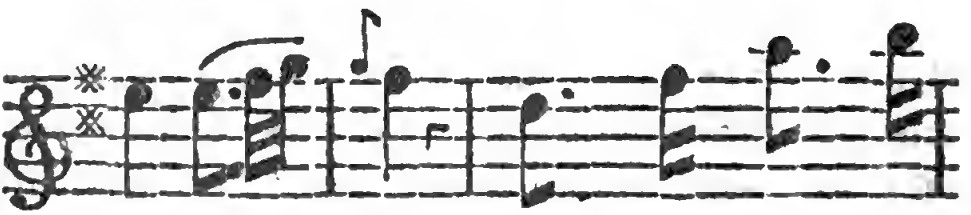
Oh, could it please kind heaven to shield my love from harm,
To clasp him to my bosom would ev'ry care disarm;
But, ah! I fear 'tis distant far, that happy happy day.
Why, Owen, &c.

The Tobacco-Box.

THOMAS.



THO' the fate of bat--tle on to-



mor-row wait, Let's not lose our

prat - tle now, my char - - - ming Kate.

Till the hour of glo-ry love should now take

place, Nor damp the joys be-fore you with a

fu - - - - ture case.

KATE.

Oh, my Thomas, still be constant, still be true!
Be but to your Kate, as Kate is still to you;
Glory will attend you, still will make us blest;
With my firmest love, my dear, you're still possest.

THOMAS.

No new beauties tasted, I'm their arts above;
Three campaigns are wasted, but not so my love.

Anxious still about thee, thou art all I prize;
Never, Kate, without thee, will I bung these eyes.

KATE.

Constant to my Thomas I will still remain,
Nor think I will leave thy side the whole campaign;
But I'll cherish thee, and strive to make thee bold:
May'st thou share the victory! may'st thou share
the gold!

THOMAS.

If, by some bold action, I the halbert bear,
Think what satisfaction, when my rank you share.
Dress'd like any lady fair from top to toe;
Fine lac'd caps and ruffles then will be your due.

KATE.

If a serjeant's lady I should chance to prove,
Linen shall be ready always for my love;
Never more will Kate the captain's laundress be:
I'm too pretty, Thomas, love, for all but thee.

THOMAS.

Here, Kate, take my 'bacco-box, a soldier's all;
If by Frenchmens blows your Tom is doom'd to fall,
When my life is ended, thou may'st boast and prove,
Thou'd'st my first, my last, my only pledge of love.

KATE.

Here, take back thy 'bacco-box, thou'rt all to me,
Nor think but I will be near thee, love, to see;
In the hour of danger let me always share;
I'll be kept no stranger to my soldier's fare.

THOMAS.

Check that rising sigh, Kate, stop that falling tear;
Come, my pretty comrade, entertain no fear;
But, may Heav'n befriend us! Hark! the drums
command:
Now I will attend you, love, I kiss your hand.

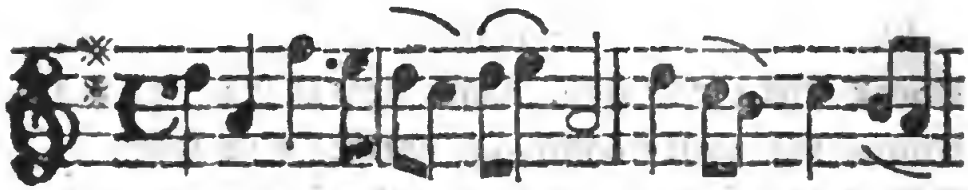
KATE.

* I can't stop these tears, tho' crying I disdain,
But must own 'tis trying hard the point to gain:
May good Heav'ns defend thee! Conquest on thee
wait!
One kiss more, and then I give thee up to fate.

* *Both repeat this verse, only Thomas says,*

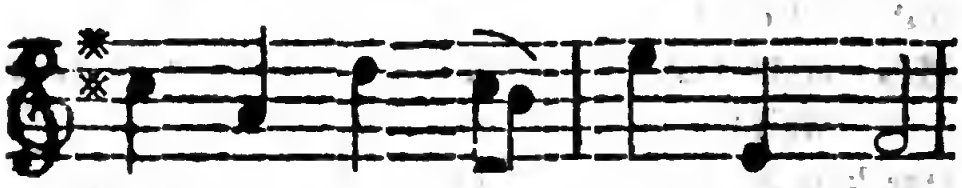
May good Heav'ns defend me! Conquest on me
wait!
One kiss more, and then I yield myself to fate.

By the gaily circling Glass.

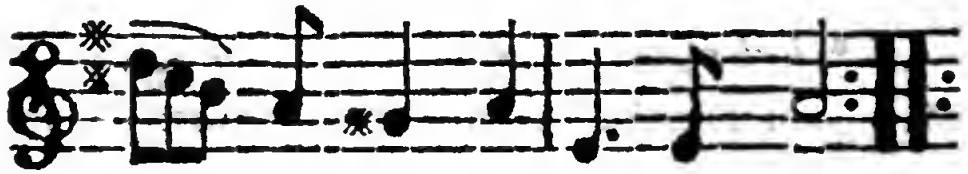


By the gaily circling glass, We can see how

minutes pass; By the hollow flask we're told



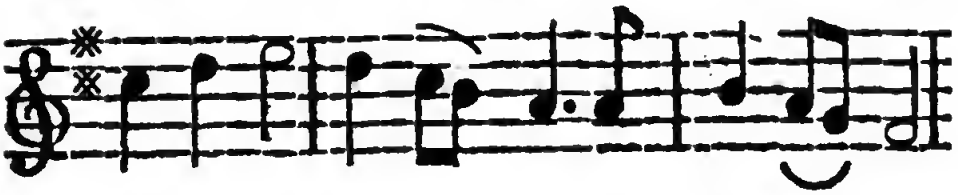
How the wan - - ing night grows old,



How the wan - ing night grows old.

Soon, too soon, the bu - - sy day Drives us

from our sport a - way. What have we with

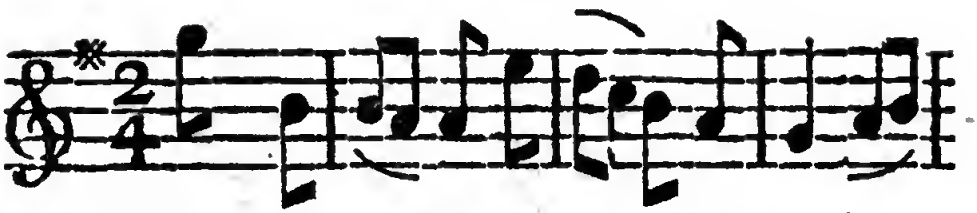


day to do? Sons of Care, 'twas made for you!

Sons of Care, 'twas made for you!

By the silence of the owl,
By the chirping on the thorn,
By the butts that empty roll,
We foretel th' approach of morn.
Fill, then, fill the vacant glass,
Let no precious moment slip;
Flout the moralizing ass;
Joys find entrance at the lip.

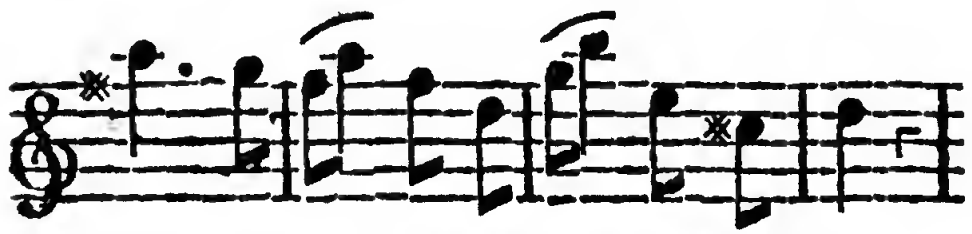
The Watery Grave.



WOULD you hear a sad sto-ry of woe, That

tears from a stone might pro-voke?

'Tis con-cern-ing a tar, you must



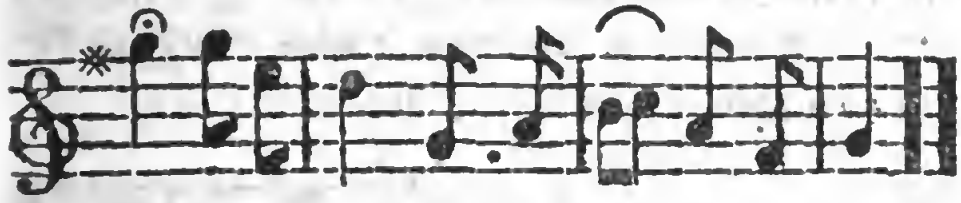
know, As ho-nest as e'er bis-cuit broke:

His name was Ben Block, of all men

The most true, the most kind, the most

brave, But harsh treat-ed by Fortune, for

Ben, But harsh treated by For-tune, for



Ben, In his prime found a wa - te - ry grave.

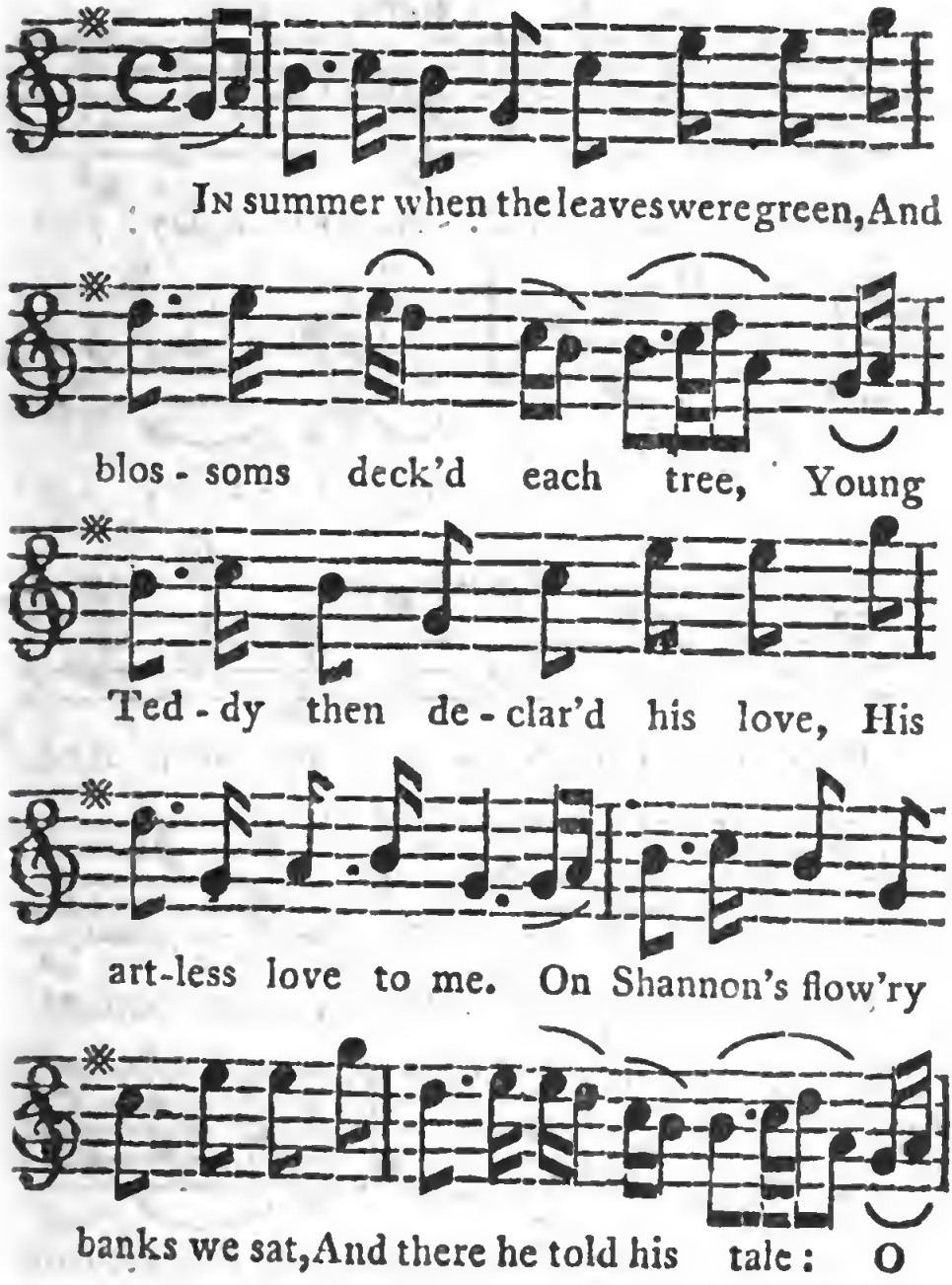
His place no one ever knew more,
His heart was all kindness and love;

Tho' on duty an eagle he'd soar,
His nature had most of the dove.
He lov'd a fair maiden nam'd Kate;—
His father, to interest a slave,
Sent him far from his love, where hard fate
Plung'd him deep in a watery grave.

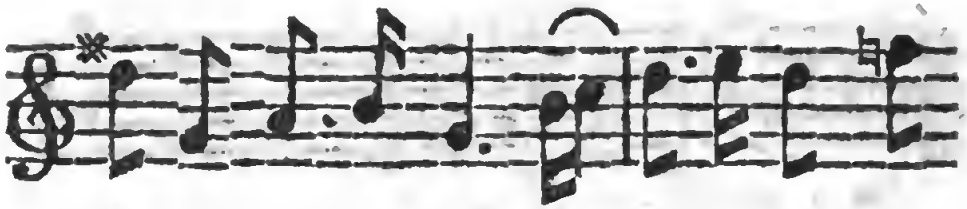
A curse on all slanderous tongues!
A false friend his mild nature abus'd,
And sweet Kate of the vilest of wrongs,
To poison Ben's pleasure, accus'd:
That she never had truly been kind,
That false were the tokens she gave,
That she scorn'd him, and wish'd he might find
In the ocean a watery grave.

Too sure from this cankerous elf,
The venom accomplish'd its end;
Ben, all truth and honour himself,
Suspected no fraud in his friend.
On the yard, while suspended in air,
A loose to his sorrows he gave:
"Take thy wish," he cried, "false, cruel fair!"
And plung'd in a watery grave.

The Banks of the Shannon.

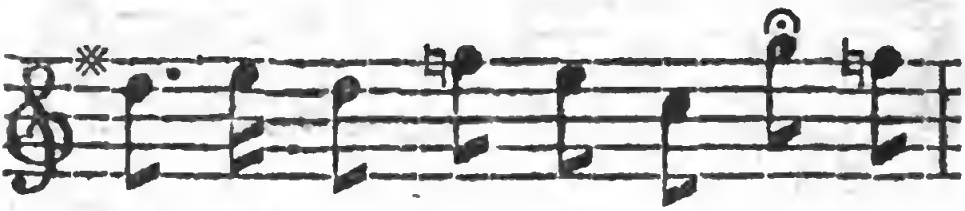


Pat - - ty, soft - est of thy sex, Oh,

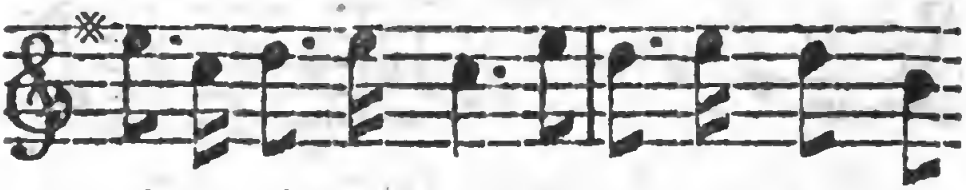


let fond love pre-vail. Ah, well-a-day! you

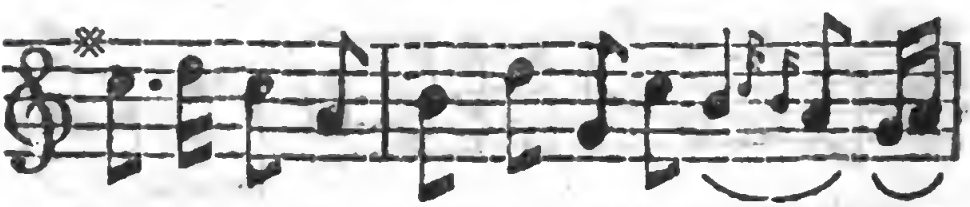
see me pine In sorrow and de - - spair, Yet



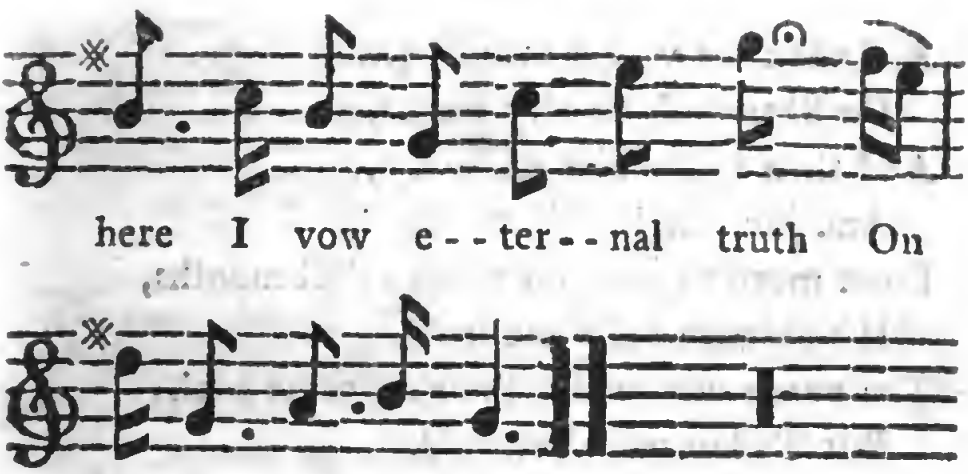
heed me not, then let me die, And



end my grief and care. Ah no, dear youth, I



soft-ly said, Such love demands my thanks, And



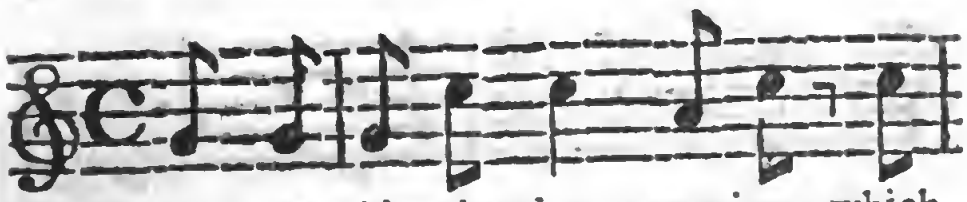
And then we vow'd eternal truth
On Shannon's flow'ry banks,
And then we gather'd sweetest flow'rs,
And play'd such artless pranks:
But, woe is me! the press-gang came
And forc'd my Ned away,
Just when we nam'd next morning fair,
To be our wedding-day.

My love, he cried, they force me hence,
But still my heart is thine;
All peace be yours, my gentle Pat,
While war and toil is mine.
With riches I'll return to thee:
I sob'd out words of thanks,
And then we vow'd eternal truth
On Shannon's flow'ry banks.

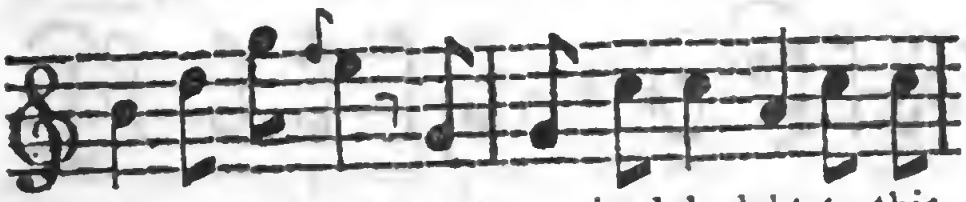
And then we vow'd eternal truth
On Shannon's flow'ry banks,
And then I saw him sail away,
And join the hostile ranks.
From morn to eve, for twelve dull months,
His absence sad I mourn'd,
The peace was made, the ship came back,
But Teddy ne'er return'd.

His beauteous face and manly form
Has won a nobler fair;
My Teddy's false, and I forlorn,
Must die in sad despair.
Ye gentle maidens, see me laid,
While you stand round in ranks,
And plant a willow o'er my head,
On Shannon's flow'ry banks.

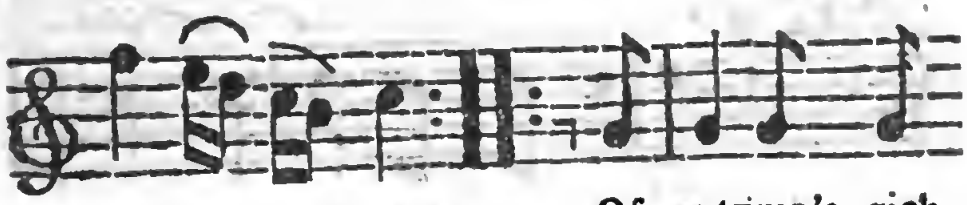
Light as Thistle-down.



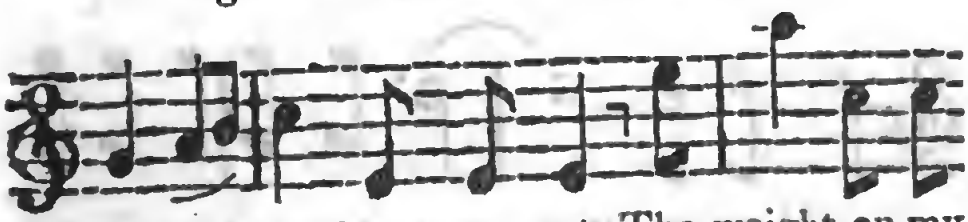
LIGHT as this - tle - down moving, which



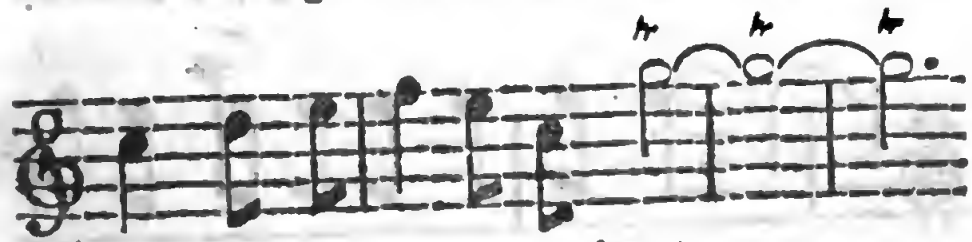
floats on the air, Sweet gratitude's debt to this



cot - tage I bear: Of autumn's rich



store I bring home my part, The weight on my

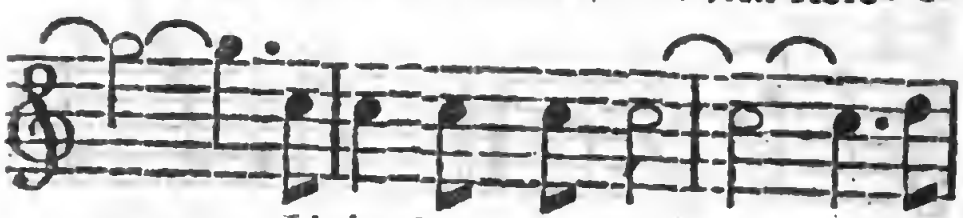


head, but gay joy in my heart. - - - -

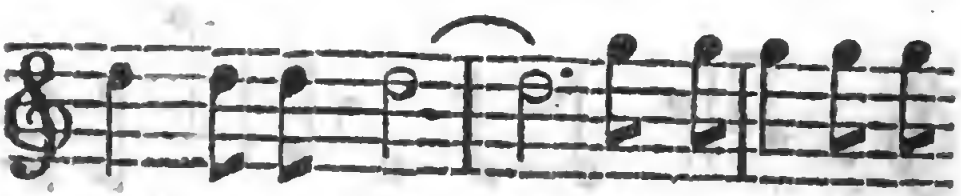
Light as this - tle - down mov - ing, which

floats on the air, Sweet gratitude's debt to this

cot-tage I bear: Of autumn's rich store - -



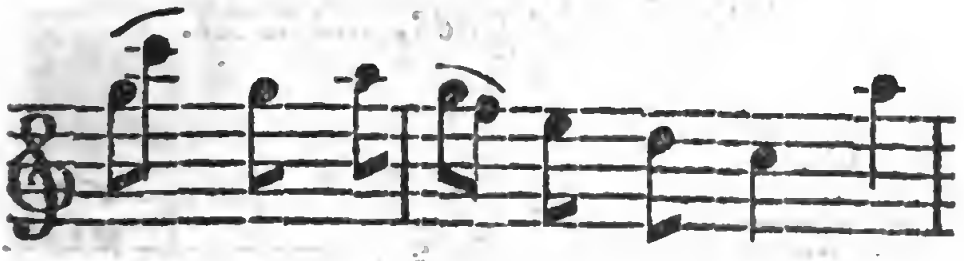
- - - - I bring home my part, - - - The



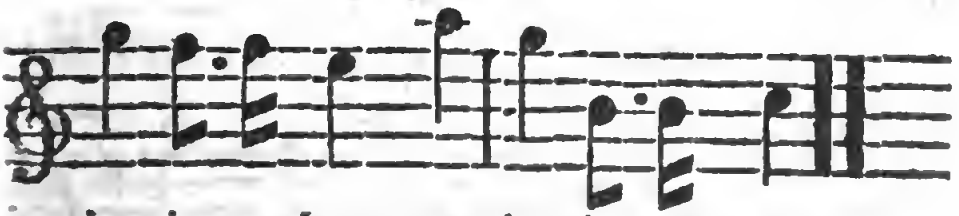
weight on my head, - - but gay joy in my

heart, - - - The weight on my head, but gay

joy in my heart, The weight on my



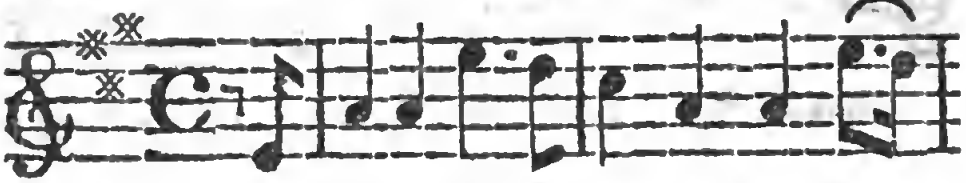
head, but gay joy in my heart, Gay



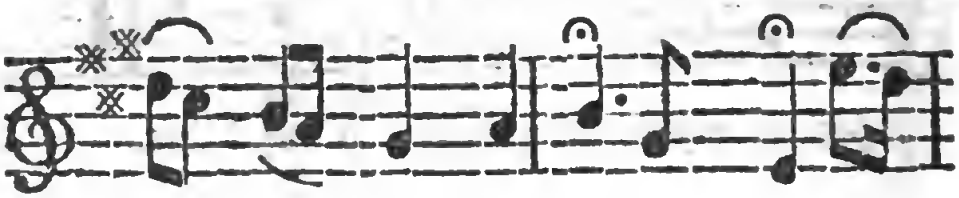
joy in my heart, gay joy in my heart.

Steady she goes, all well.

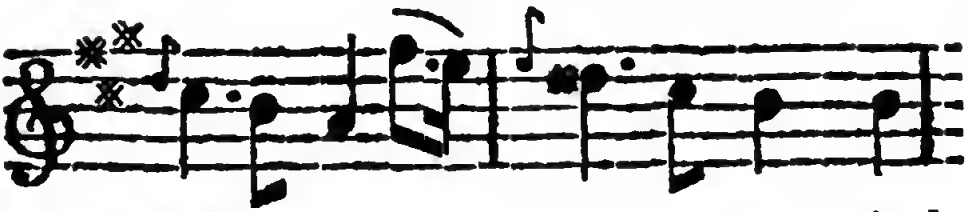
Andante.



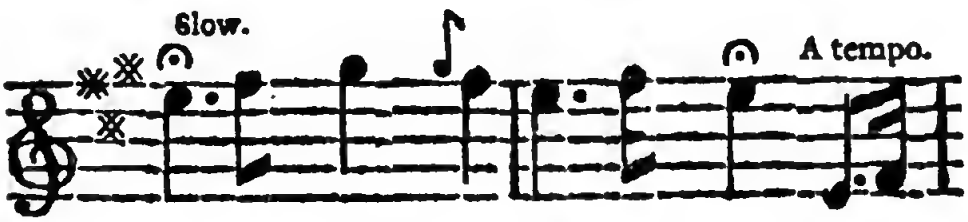
THE British tar no pe-ril knows, But



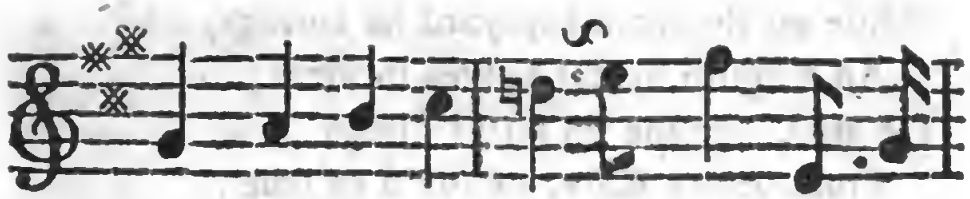
fear-less braves the an-gry deep; The



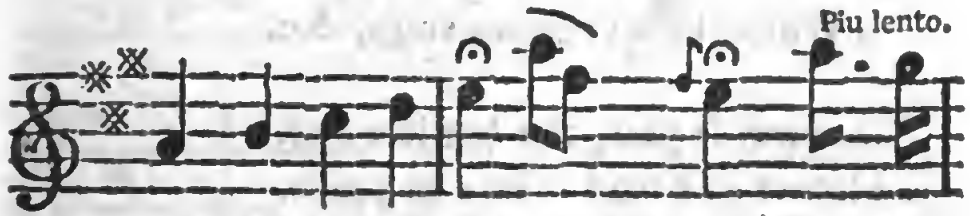
ship's his cra-dle of re-pose, And



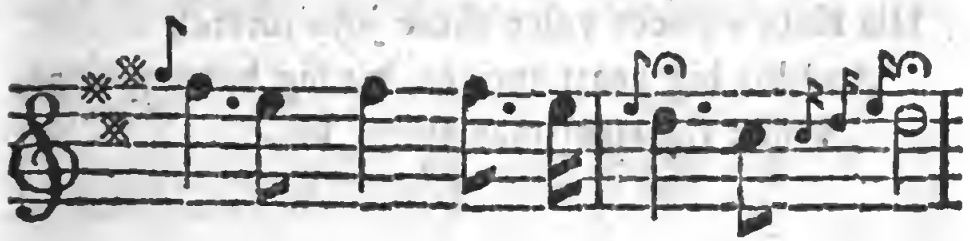
sweetly rocks him to his sleep. He,



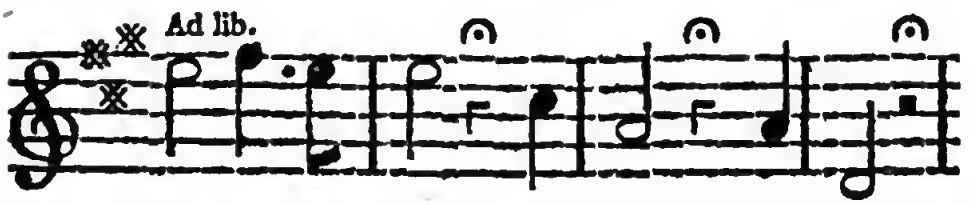
though the ra-ging sur-ges swell, In his



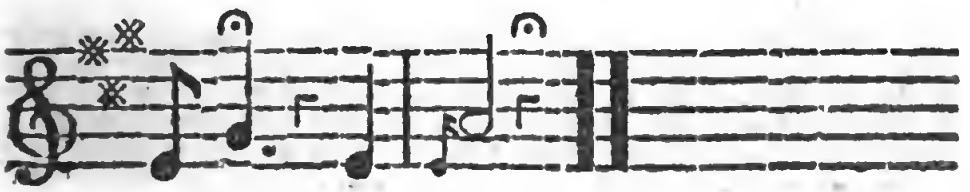
hammock, in his hammock swings, When the



steersman sings, when the steersman sings,



Steady she goes, all well! all well!

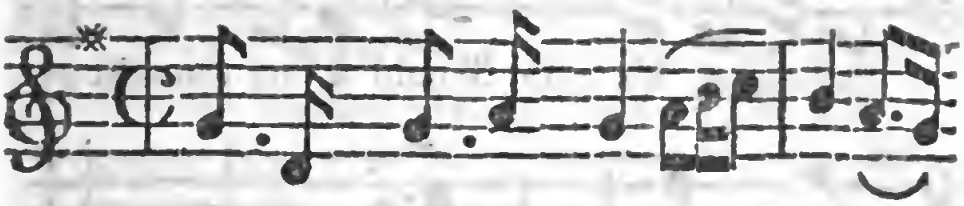


Steady she goes!

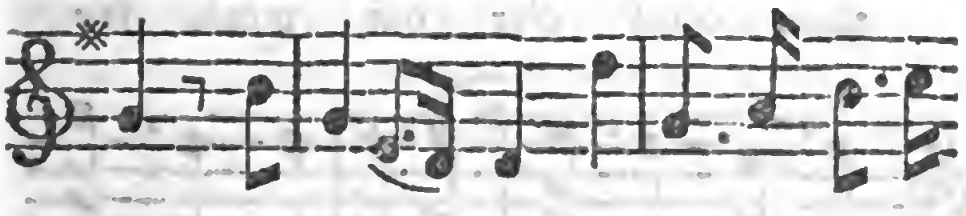
While on the main-top-yard he springs,
An English vessel heaves in view;
He asks, but she no letter brings
From bonny Kate, he lov'd so true:
Then sighs he for his native dell,
Yet to hope he clings, to hope he clings,
While the steersman sings, &c.

The storm is past, the battle's o'er,
Nature and man repose in peace,
Then homeward bound, on England's shore,
He hopes for joys that ne'er will cease.
His Kate's sweet voice those joys foretel,
And his big heart springs, his big heart springs,
While the steersman sings, &c.

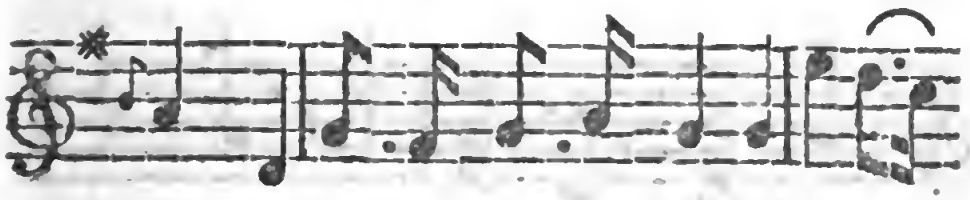
When 'tis Night.



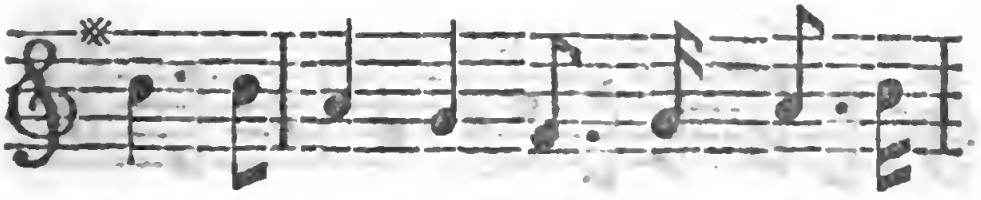
When 'tis night, and the mid-watch is



come, And chilling mists hang o'er the darken'd

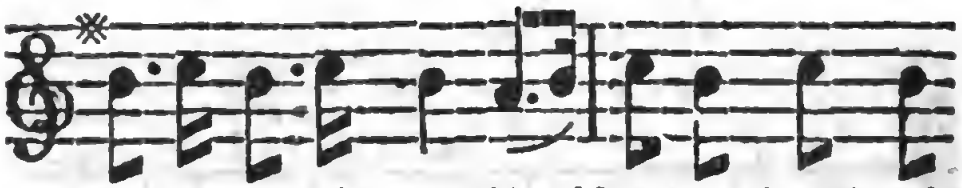


main, Then sai-lors think of their far dis-tant



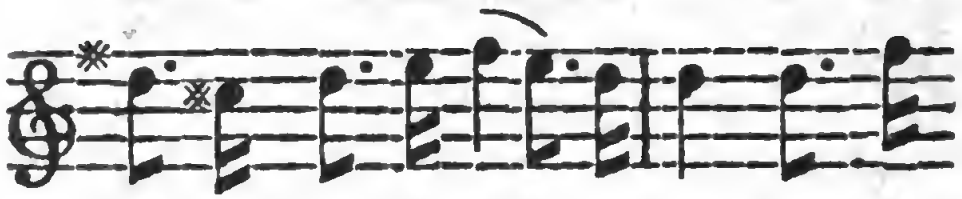
home, And of those friends they ne'er may

see a-gain. But when the fight's begun, Each

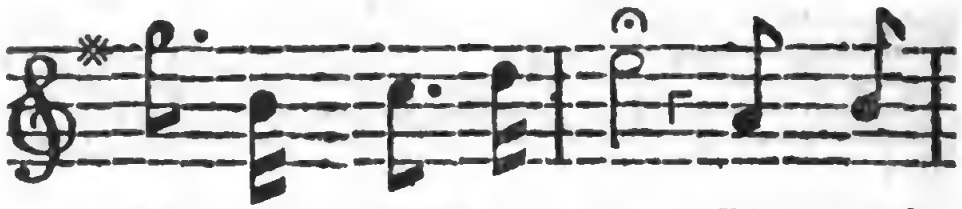


serving at his gun, Should a - ny thought of

them come o'er our mind, We

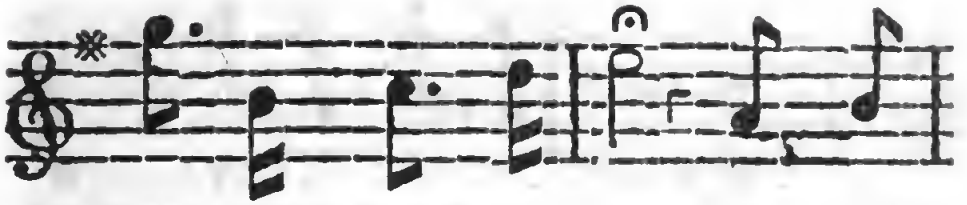


think but should the day be won, How 'twill



cheer their hearts to hear That their

old com-pa-nion he was one. How 'twill



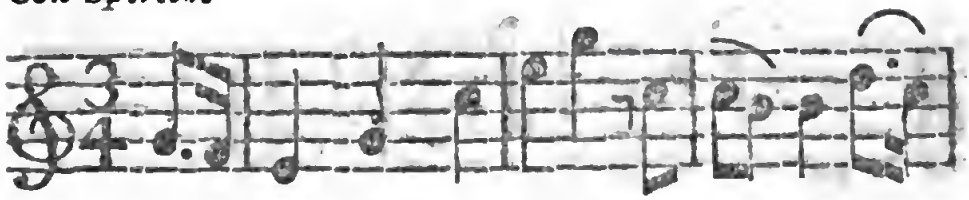
cheer their hearts to hear That their

old companion he was one.

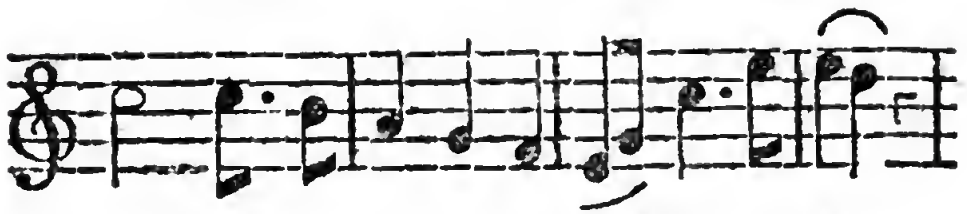
Or, my lad, if you a mistress kind
Have left on shore, some pretty girl and true,
Who many a night doth listen to the wind,
And sighs, to think how it may fare with you:
Oh! when the fight's begun,
Each serving at his gun,
Should any thought of her come o'er your mind,
Think only should the day be won,
How 'twill cheer
Her heart, to hear
That her own true sailor he was one.

The mellow-ton'd Horn.

Con Spirito.

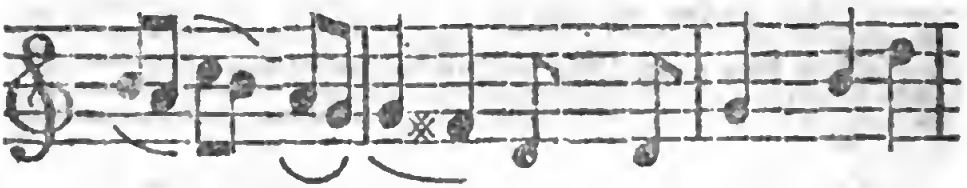


THE grey-eyed Au-ro-ra, in saf-fron ar-

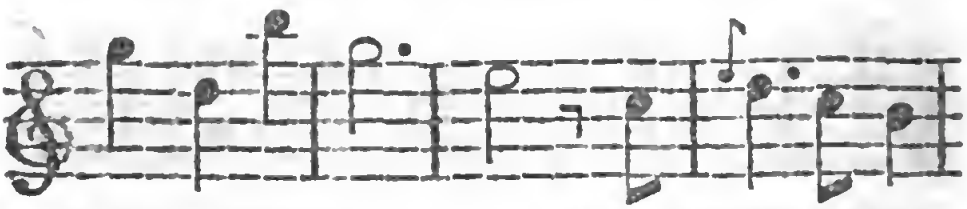


ray, 'Twixt my curtains in vain took a peep,

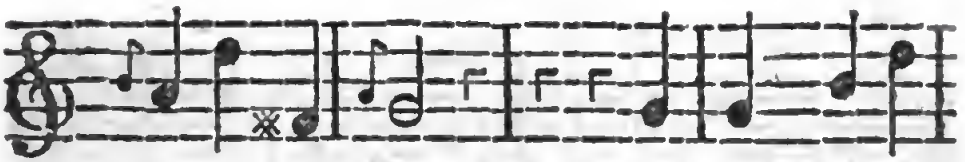
And tho' broad-er and broader still



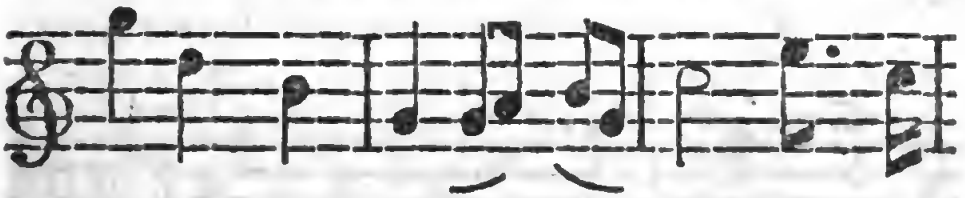
brighten'd the day, Nought could rouse me, so



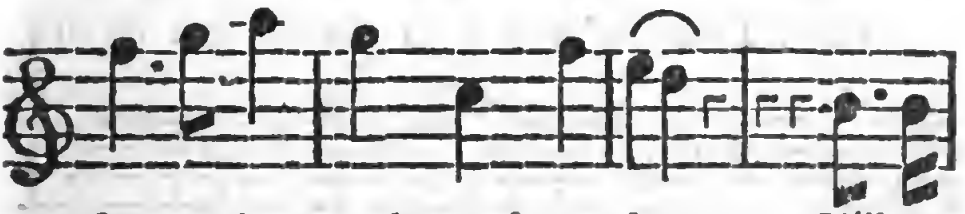
sound did I sleep, Nought could rouse me, so



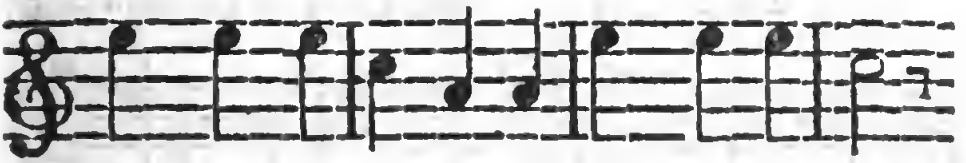
sound did I sleep. At length ro - sy



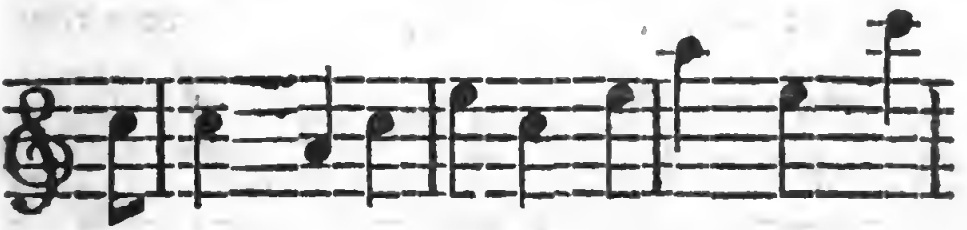
Phœbus look'd full in my face, Full and



fervent, but nought would not do, Till the

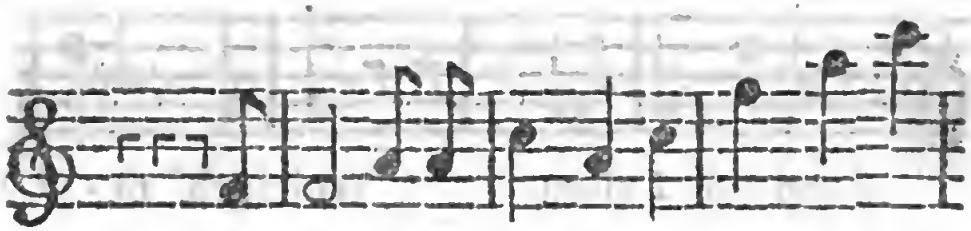


dogs yelp'd impatient, and long'd for the chase,

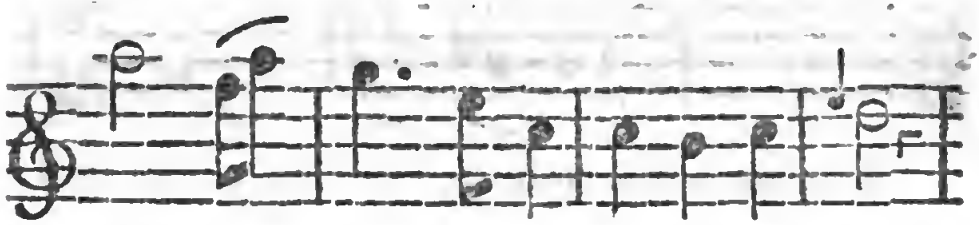


And shouting, and shouting appear'd the whole

crew, And shouting appear'd the whole crew.

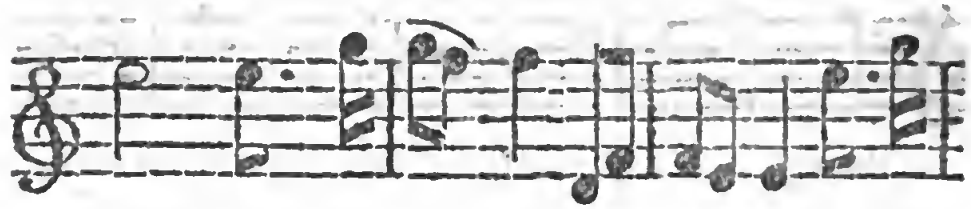


Come on, yoics, honies, hark forward, my

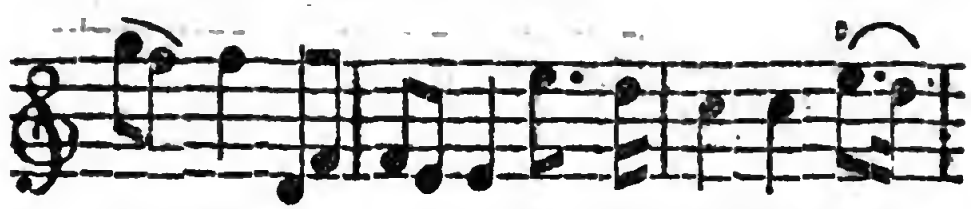


boys, There ne'er was so charming a morn;

Follow, follow, wake Echo to share in our

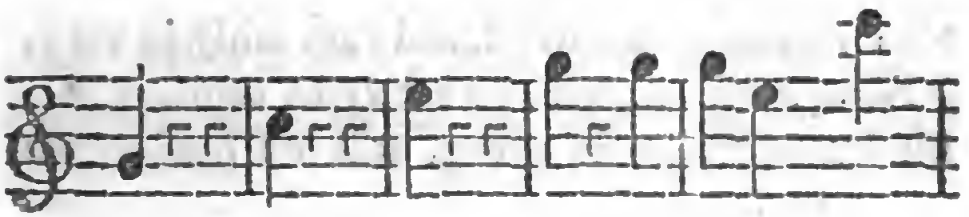


joys: Now the mu - sic, now the

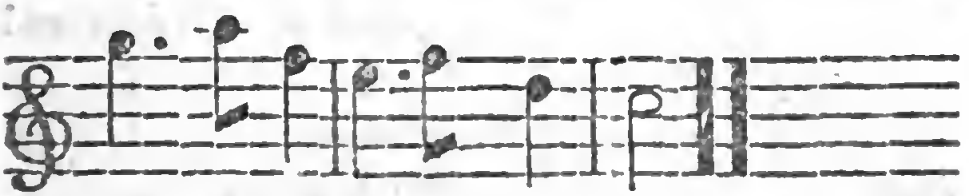


mu - sic, now the mu - sic, now

E - cho, now the mu - sic, now E - cho,



Mark! mark! hark! hark! The silver-mouth'd



hound and the mellow-ton'd horn.

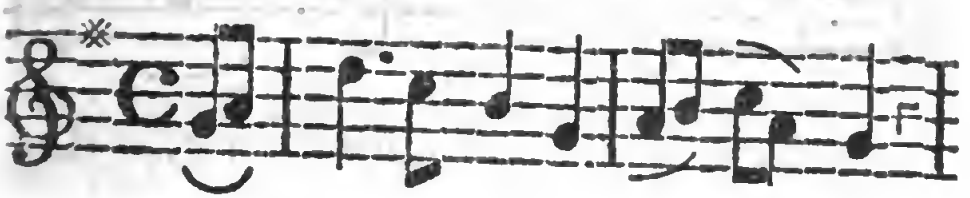
Fresh as that smiling morning from which they drew
health,
My companions are rang'd on the plain,
Blest with rosy contentment, that Nature's best
wealth
Which monarchs aspire to in vain.
Now spirits like fire every bosom invade,
And now we in order set out,
While each neighbouring valley, rock, woodland,
and glade,
Revolleys the air-rending shout.
Come on, yoics, honies, hark forward, my boys,
There ne'er was so charming a morn:
Follow, follow, wake Echo to share in our joys:
Now the music, now Echo, mark! mark! hark!
hark!
The silver-mouth'd hound and the mellow-ton'd
horn.

Now Reynard's unearth'd, and runs fairly in view,
Now we've lost him, so subtly he turns,
But the scent lies so strong, still we fearless pursue,
While each object impatiently burns.
Hark, Babbler gives tongue, and fleet Driver and Sly;
The fox now the covert forsakes;
Again he's in view, let us after him fly,
Now, now to the river he takes.
Come on, yoics, honies, hark forward, my boys,
There ne'er was so charming a morn;
Follow, follow, wake Echo to share in our joys:
Now the music, now Echo, mark! mark! hark! hark!
The silver-mouth'd hound and the mellow-ton'd horn.

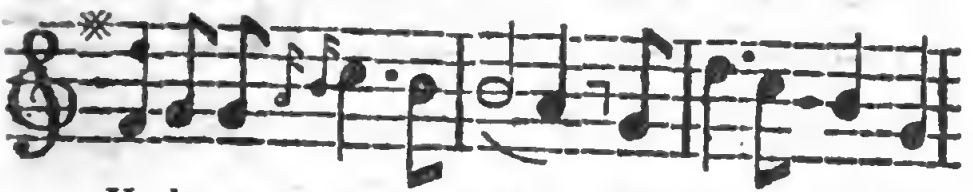
From the river poor Reynard can make but one push,
No longer so proudly he flies;
Tir'd, jaded, worn out, we are close to his brush,
And conquer'd by numbers, he dies.
And now in high glee to the board we repair,
Where set, as we jovially quaff,
His portion of merit let every man share,
And promote the convivial laugh.
Come on, yoics, honies, hark forward, my boys,
We ne'er had so charming a morn;

As we follow'd, kind Echo still shar'd in our joys:
Now the music, now Echo, mark! mark! hark!
hark!
The silver-mouth'd hound and the mellow-ton'd
horn.

'Twas near a Thicket's calm Retreat.

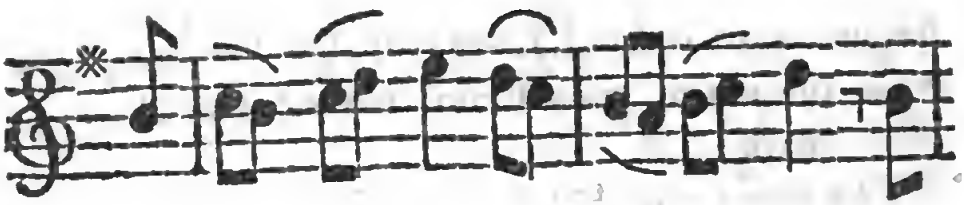


'Twas near a thicket's calm re-treat,



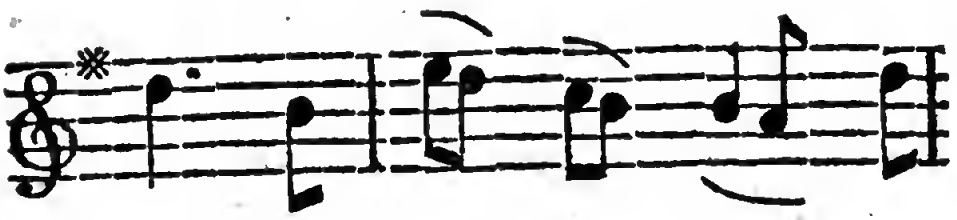
Under a pop-lar tree, Ma-ri-a chose her

lone-ly seat, To mourn her sorrows free.



Her love-ly form was sweet to view, As

dawn at op'-ning day; But ah! she



mourn'd her love not true, And

wept her cares a-way.

The brook flow'd gently at her feet,
Its murmurs smooth along;
Her pipe, which once she tun'd most sweet,
Had now forgot its song.
No more to charm the vale she tries,
For grief has fill'd her breast:

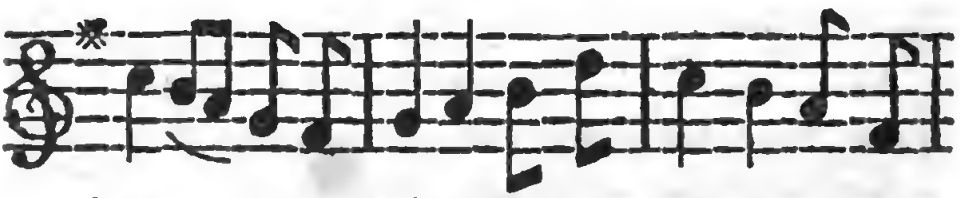
Those joys which once she us'd to prize—
But love has robb'd her rest.

Poor, hapless maid! who can behold
Thy sorrows so severe,
And hear thy love-lorn story told,
Without a falling tear?
Maria, luckless maid! adieu!—
Thy sorrows soon must cease;
For Heaven will take a maid so true
To everlasting peace.

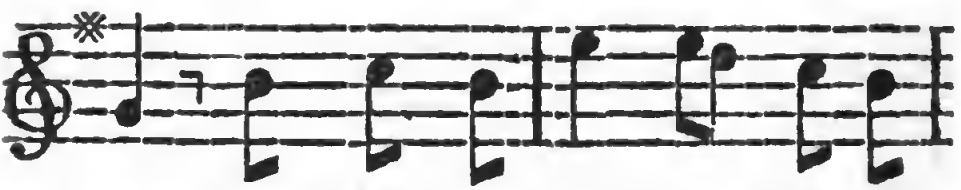
The Storm.

CEASE, rude Boreas, blust'ring railer, List, ye

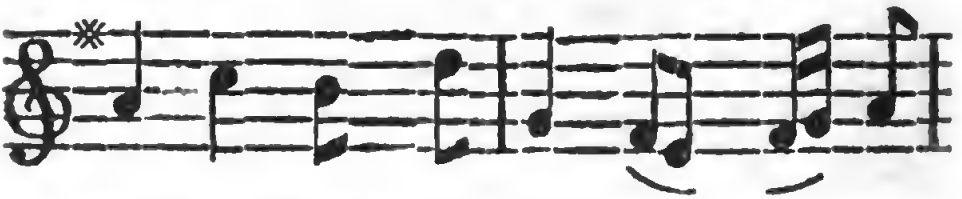
lands - men, all to me; Mess - mates,



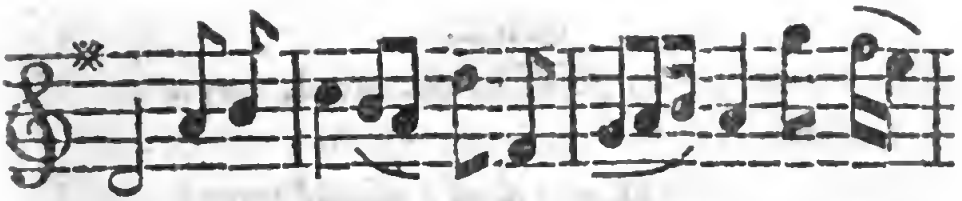
hear a brother sailor Sing the dangers of the



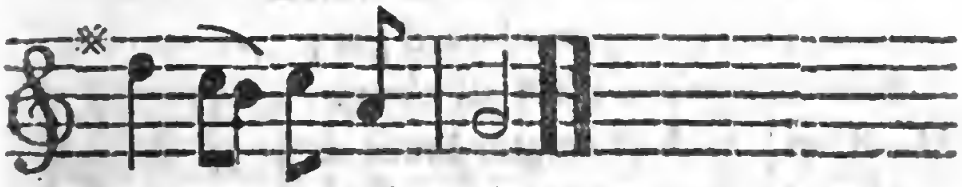
sea, From bound-ing bil - - lows first in



mo - tion, When the dis - - tant whirlwinds



rise, To the tempest-troubled o-cean, Where the



seas contend with skies.

LIVELY.

Hark! the boatswain hoarsely bawling,
By topsail sheets and haulyards stand!
Down top-gallants quick be hauling!
Down your staysails, hand, boys, hand!
Now it freshens, set the braces;
Quick the topsail-sheets let go;
Luff, boys, luff, don't make wry faces!
Up your toptails nimbly clew.

SLOW.

Now all you on down beds sporting,
Fondly lock'd in beauty's arms,
Fresh enjoyments wanton courting,
Free from all but love's alarms,—
Round us roars the tempest louder;
Think what fear our mind enthralls.
Harder yet, it yet blows harder;
Now again the boatswain calls.

QUICK.

The topsail-yards point to the wind, boys,
See all clear to reef each course!
Let the fore-sheet go; don't mind, boys,
Tho' the weather should be worse.
Fore and aft the spritsail-yard get;
Reef the mizen; see all clear:
Hand up! each preventer brace set;
Man the fore-yard; cheer, lads, cheer!

SLOW.

Now the dreadful thunder's roaring!
Peals on peals contending clash!
On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,
In our eyes blue lightnings flash!
One wide water all around us,
All above us one black sky!
Different deaths at once surround us;
Hark! what means that dreadful cry!

QUICK.

The foremast's gone, cries ev'ry tongue out,
O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck.
A leak beneath the chest-tree's sprung out;
Call all hands to clear the wreck.
Quick the laniards cut to pieces;
Come, my hearts, be stout and bold!
Plumb the well, the leak increases,
Four feet water in the hold.

SLOW.

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,
We for wives and children mourn;
Alas! from hence there's no retreating;
Alas! from hence there's no return.
Still the leak is gaining on us,
Both chain-pumps are choak'd below;
Heav'n have mercy here upon us,
For only that can save us now!

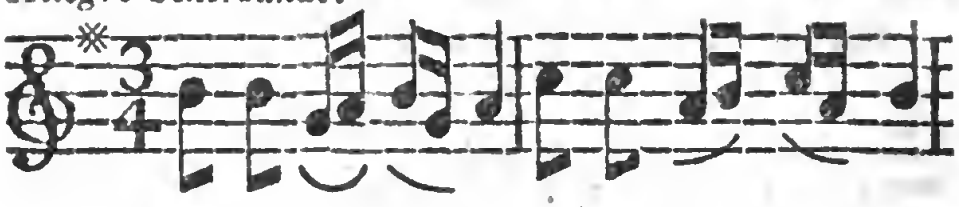
QUICK.

O'er the lee-beam is the land, boys;
Let the guns o'erboard be thrown;
To the pump come ev'ry hand, boys;
See, our mizen-mast is gone.
The leak we've found, it cannot pour fast;
We've lighten'd her a foot or more:
Up, and rig a jury foremast:
She rights, she rights, boys! wear off shore.

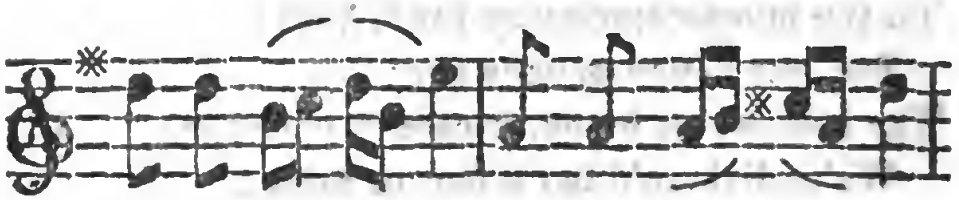
Now once more on joys we're thinking,
Since kind fortune spar'd our lives;
Come, the cann, boys; let's be drinking
To our sweethearts and our wives.
Fill it up, about ship wheel it;
Close to th' lips a brimmer join.
Where's the tempest now? who feels it?
None! our danger's drown'd in wine!

Humming.

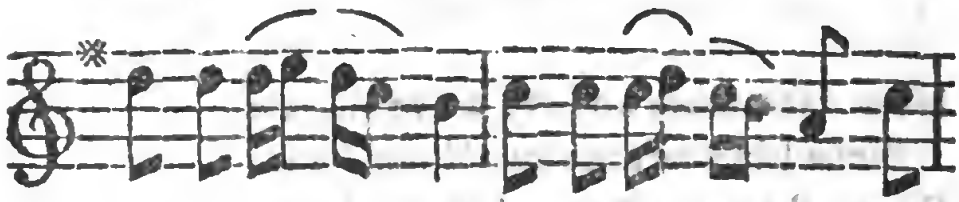
Allegro Scherzando.



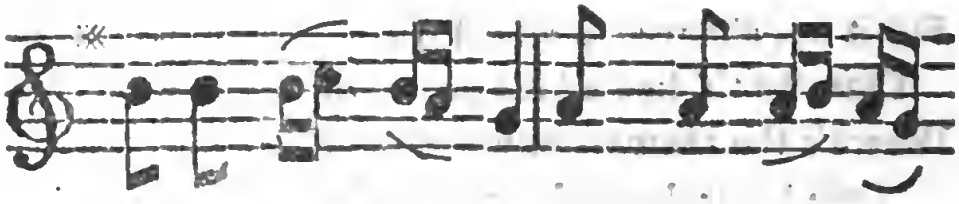
With a mer - ry tale Serjeants beat the drum,



Noddles full of ale, Vil-lage lads they hum.



Soldiers out go all, Famous get in sto - ry;



If they chance to fall, Don't they sleep in

glo - ry? Tow-dy row-dy row dow dow,

Towdy rowdy row dow dow, Towdy rowdy

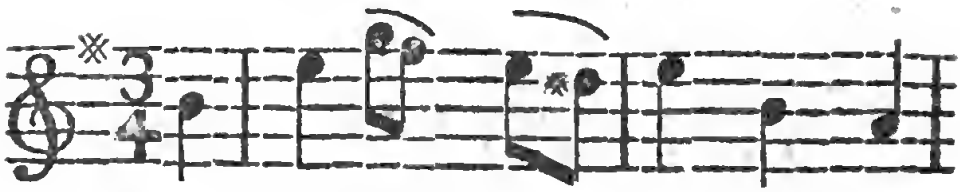
rowdy dowdy towdy rowdy tow row dow.

Lawyers try, when fee'd,
Juries to make pliant;
If they can't succeed,
Then they hum their client.
To perfection come,
Humming all the trade is,
Ladies lovers hum,
Lovers hum the ladies.
Towdy rowdy row, &c.

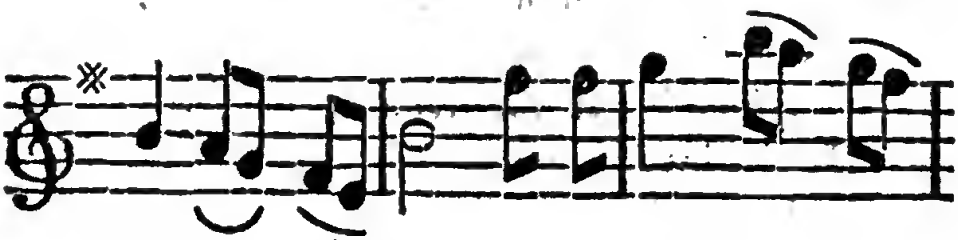
Ha'n't Britannia's sons
Often humm'd Mounseer?
Ha'n't they humm'd the Dons?
Let their fleets appear,

Strike they must, tho' loth,
(Ships with dollars cramm'd);
If they're not humm'd both,
Then will I be d——'d.
Towdy rowdy row, &c.

Had Neptune, when first, &c.

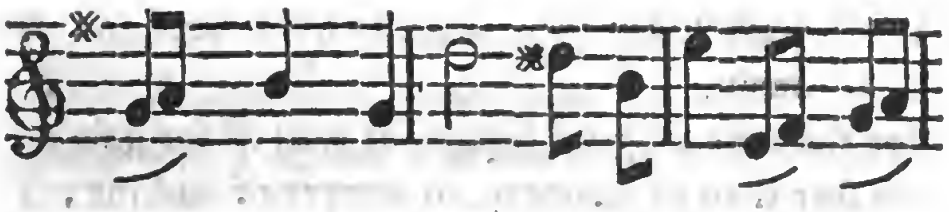


HAD Nep-tune, when first he took

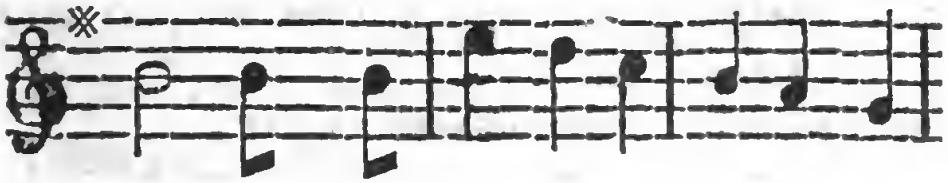


charge of the sea, Been as wise, or at

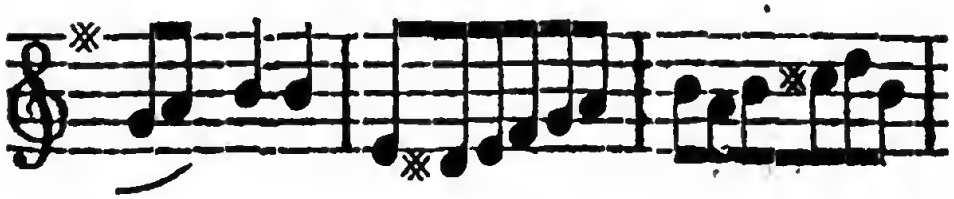
least been as mer - ry as we, He'd have



thought bet - ter on't, and instead of the

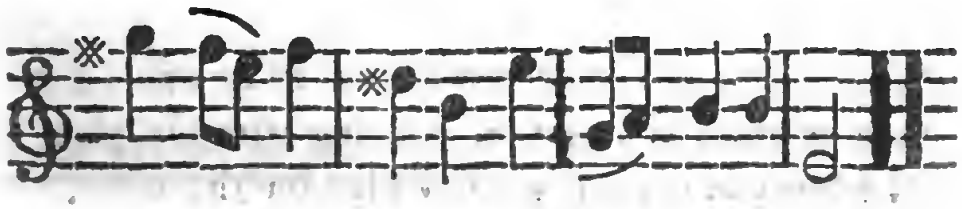


brine, Would have fill'd the vast ocean with



ge-ne-rous wine, - - - - - - - - -

- - - - - - - - - - - - Would have



fill'd the vast o-cean with ge-ne-rous wine.

What trafficking then would have been on the
main,
For the sake of good liquor, as well as for gain;
No fear then of tempest, or danger of sinking;
The fishes ne'er drown, that are always a-drinking.

The hot thirsty sun would drive on with more
haste,
Secure in the evening of such a repast;
And when he'd got tipsy, would have taken his
nap
With double the pleasure in Thetis's lap.

By the force of his rays, and thus heated with
wine,
Consider how gloriously Phœbus would shine;
What vast exhalations he'd draw up on high,
To relieve the poor earth, as it wanted supply;

How happy us mortals, when blest with such rain,
To fill all our vessels, and fill 'em again!
Nay, even the beggar that wanted a dish,
Might jump into the river, and drink like a fish.

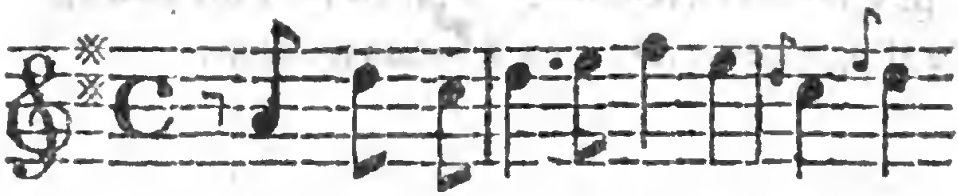
What mirth and contentment on ev'ry one's brow!
Hob as great as a prince, dancing after his plough;
The birds in the air, as they play on the wing,
Altho' they but sip, would eternally sing.

The stars (who, I think, don't to drinking incline)
Would frisk and rejoice at the fume of the wine,
And merrily twinkling, would soon let us know,
That they were as happy as mortals below.

Had this been the case, what had we enjoy'd!
Our spirits still rising, our fancy ne'er cloy'd.
A pox then on Neptune, when 'twas in his pow'r,
To slip, like a fool, such a fortunate hour.

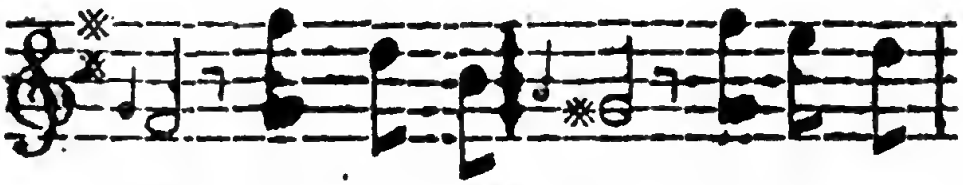
Jack Ratlin.

Andantino.

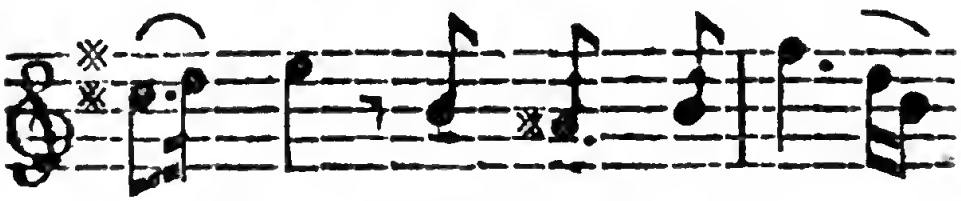


JACK RATLIN was the ablest sea-man,

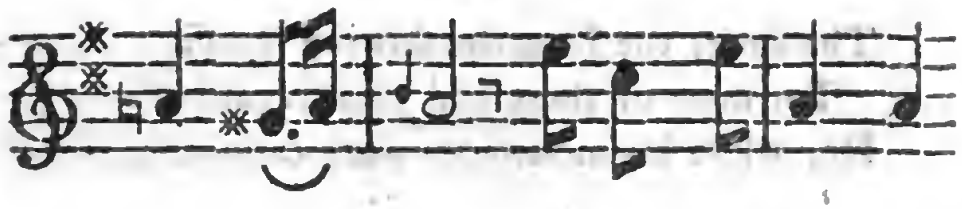
None like him could hand, reef, and



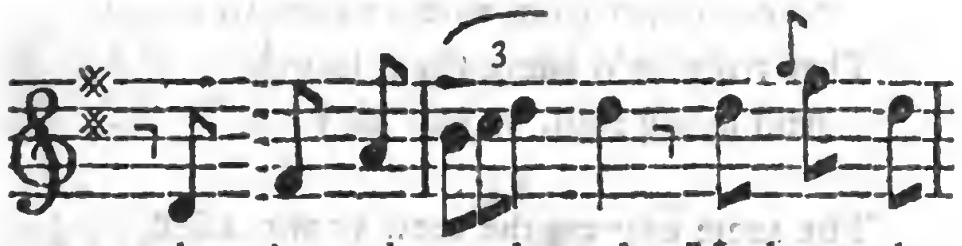
steer; No dang'rous toil but he'd en-



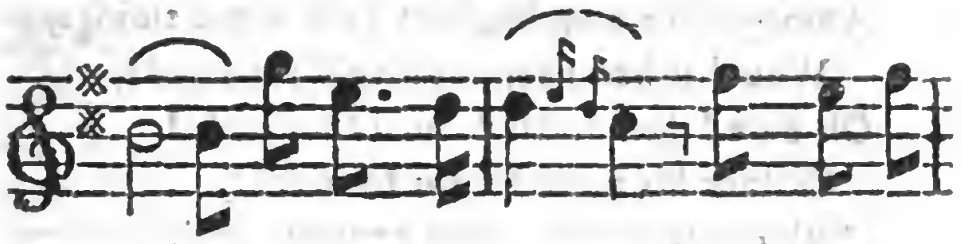
coun - - ter With skill, and in con-



tempt of fear. In fight a li--on;

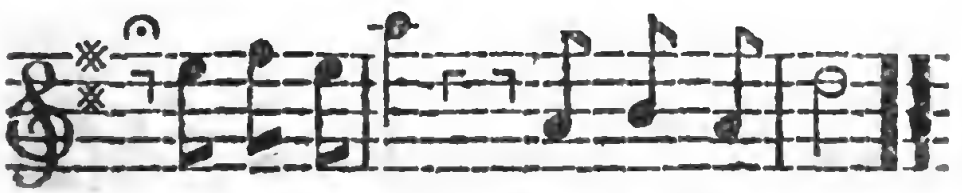


the bat-tle end--ed, Meek as the



bleat-ing lamb he'd prove: Thus Jack had

man--ners, cou-rage, me---rit,



Yet did he sigh, and all for love.

The song, the jest, the flowing liquor,
For none of these had Jack regard;
He, while his messmates were carousing,
High sitting on the pendent yard,
Would think upon his fair one's beauties,
Swear never from such charms to rove;
That truly he'd adore them living,
And dying sigh, to end his love.

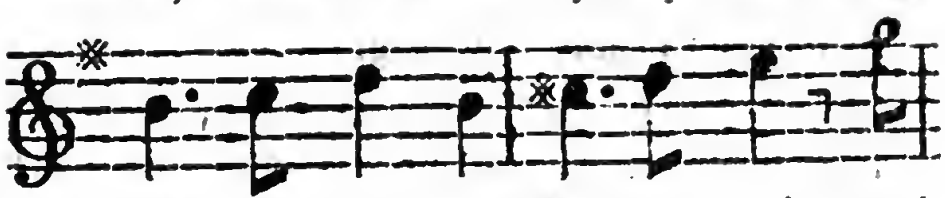
The same express the crew commanded,
Once more to view their native land,
Amongst the rest, brought Jack some tidings,
Would it had been his love's fair hand!
Oh Fate! her death defac'd the letter!
Instant his pulse forgot to move;
With quivering lips, and eyes uplifted,
He heav'd a sigh, and died for love.

Mordecai.

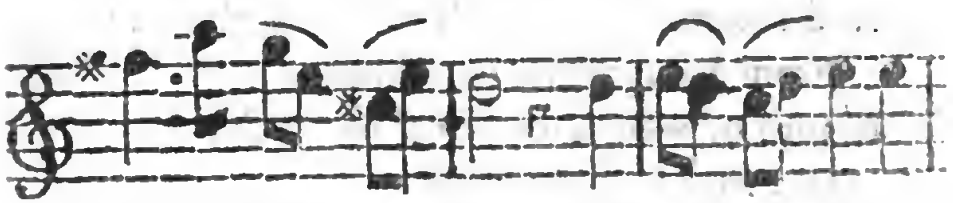
Moderato.

AN ho--nesht Jew, coot Chris-tians

view, You'd shwear it by my face; My

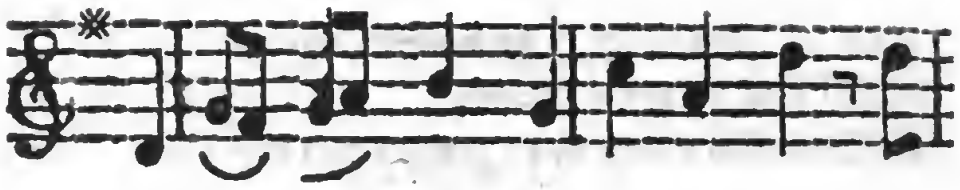


name, dey shay, is Mor-de-cai, And



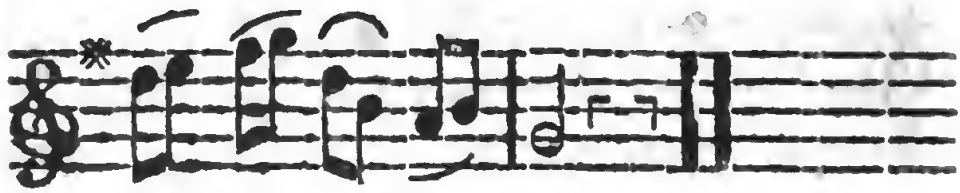
I'm of Le-vi's race. An Ish-rael-ite of

waysh upright, I'm ne-ver known to brag;



Contentsh my mind vile I can find, Con-

tentsh my mind vile I can find Old



cloash to fill my bag.

In wet or dry, my well-known cry
Shalutes de earsh of all,
And roushish dose who've left-off cloash,
From Hounsditch to Whitehall.
If torn or whole, casht off or shtole,
Old Mordecai de blade
Can take a wink, and tip de shink,
Wid any of de trade.

Females, d'ye see, of each degree,
Who shcorn to patch or mend,

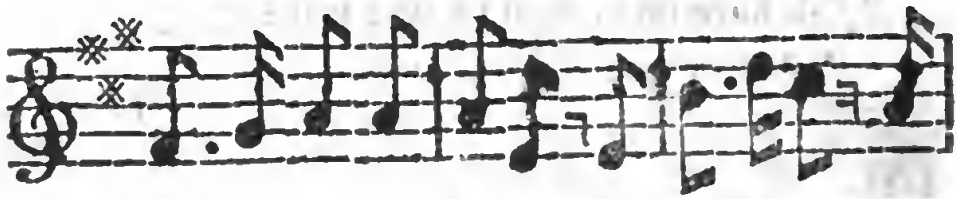
And vill not learn dere hose to darn,
All find in me a friend.
A Christian's wig dat's grown too big
To keep de owner's wit,
I'll gladly buy, in hopes to try
Some ticker skull to fit.

While linen worn or garmentsh torn
Employ my daily cry,
A conscience where de tread ish bare,
I shun, coot reashons why.
Strange merchandize I never prize;
And Mordecai, be't known,
By'sh holy race, could never trace
A conscience of hish own.

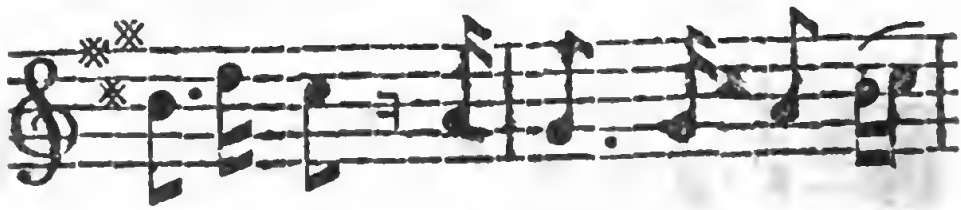
William's lost at Sea.

Andante Affetuoso.

ERE sorrow taught my tears to flow, They



call'd me hap-py Mary; In ru-ral cot, my

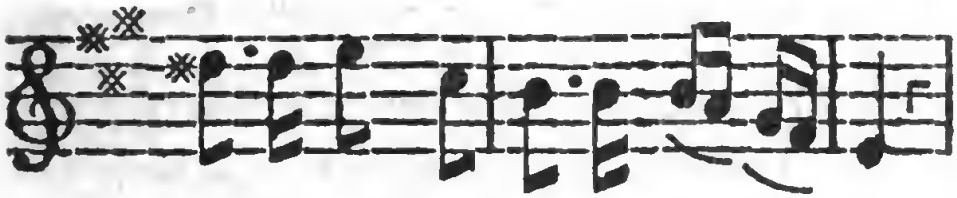


humble lot, I play'd like a - - ny

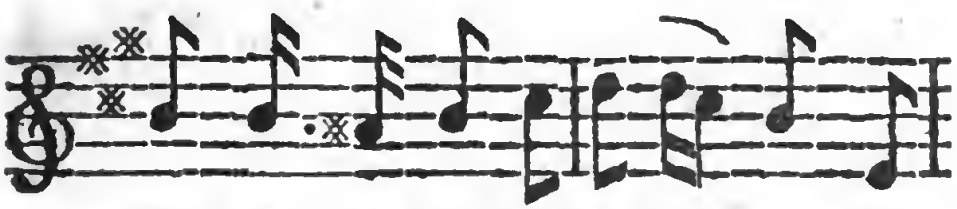
fai - ry; And when the sun, with

gol - den ray, Sunk down the western

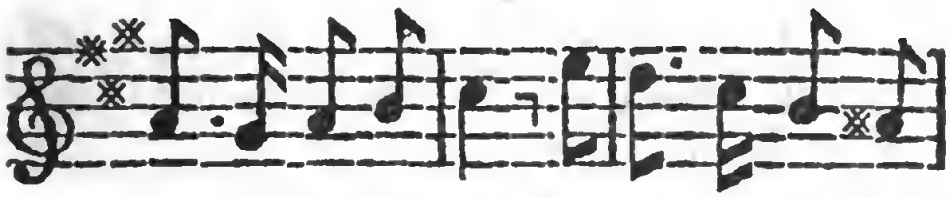
sky, Up - - on the green to



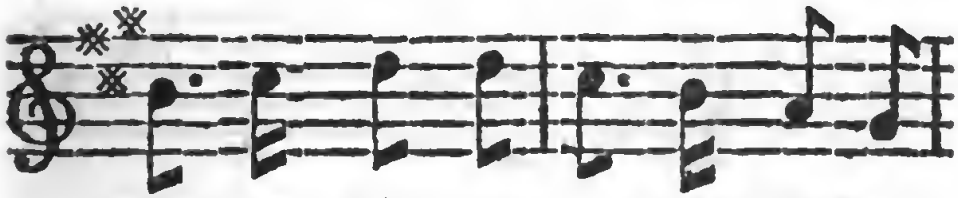
dance or play, The first was hap - py I.



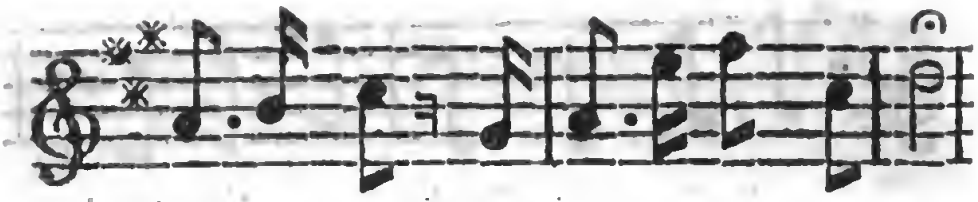
Fond as a dove was my true love, Oh!



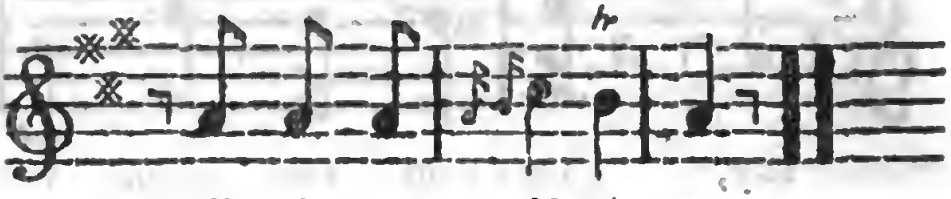
he was kind to me! And what was still my



great - er pride, I thought I should be



William's bride, When he return'd from sea,



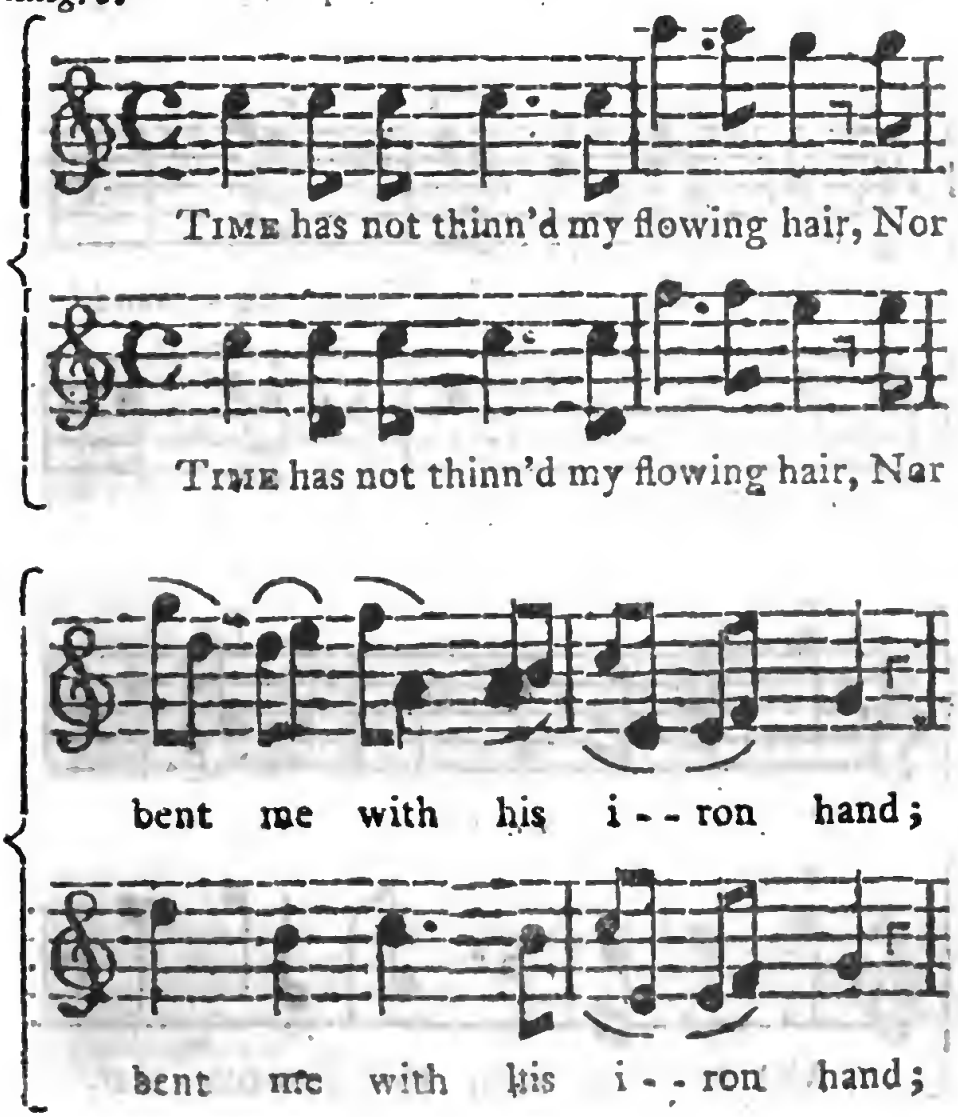
When he re - turn'd from sea.

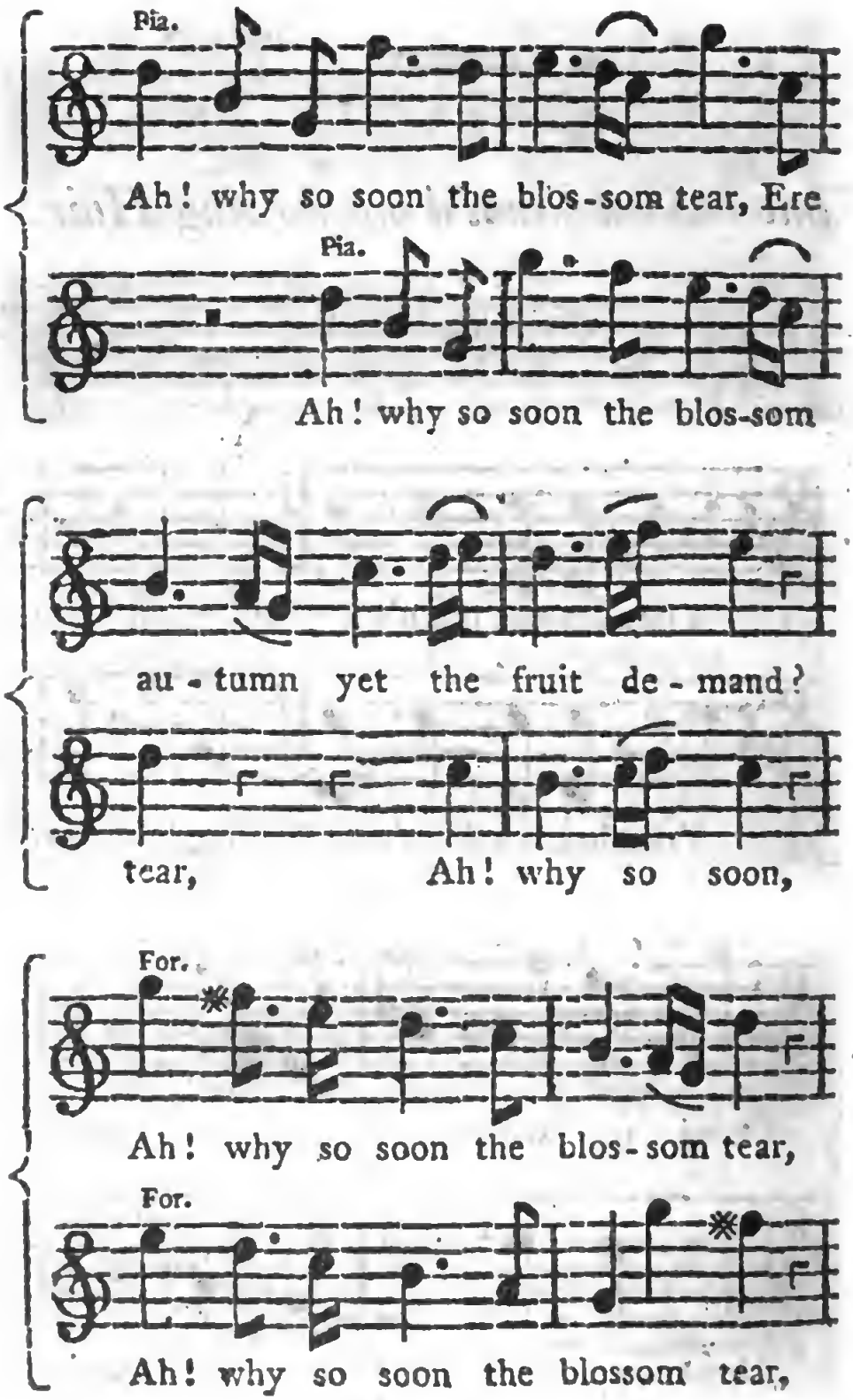
Ah! what avails remembrance now?
It lends a dart to sorrow;
My once lov'd cot, and happy lot,
But loads with grief the morrow.
My William's buried in the deep,
And I am sore oppress'd:
Now all the day I sit and weep;
All night I know no rest.
I dream of waves, and sailors graves
In horrid wrecks I see,
And when I hear the midnight wind,
All comfort flies my troubled mind,
For William's lost at sea.

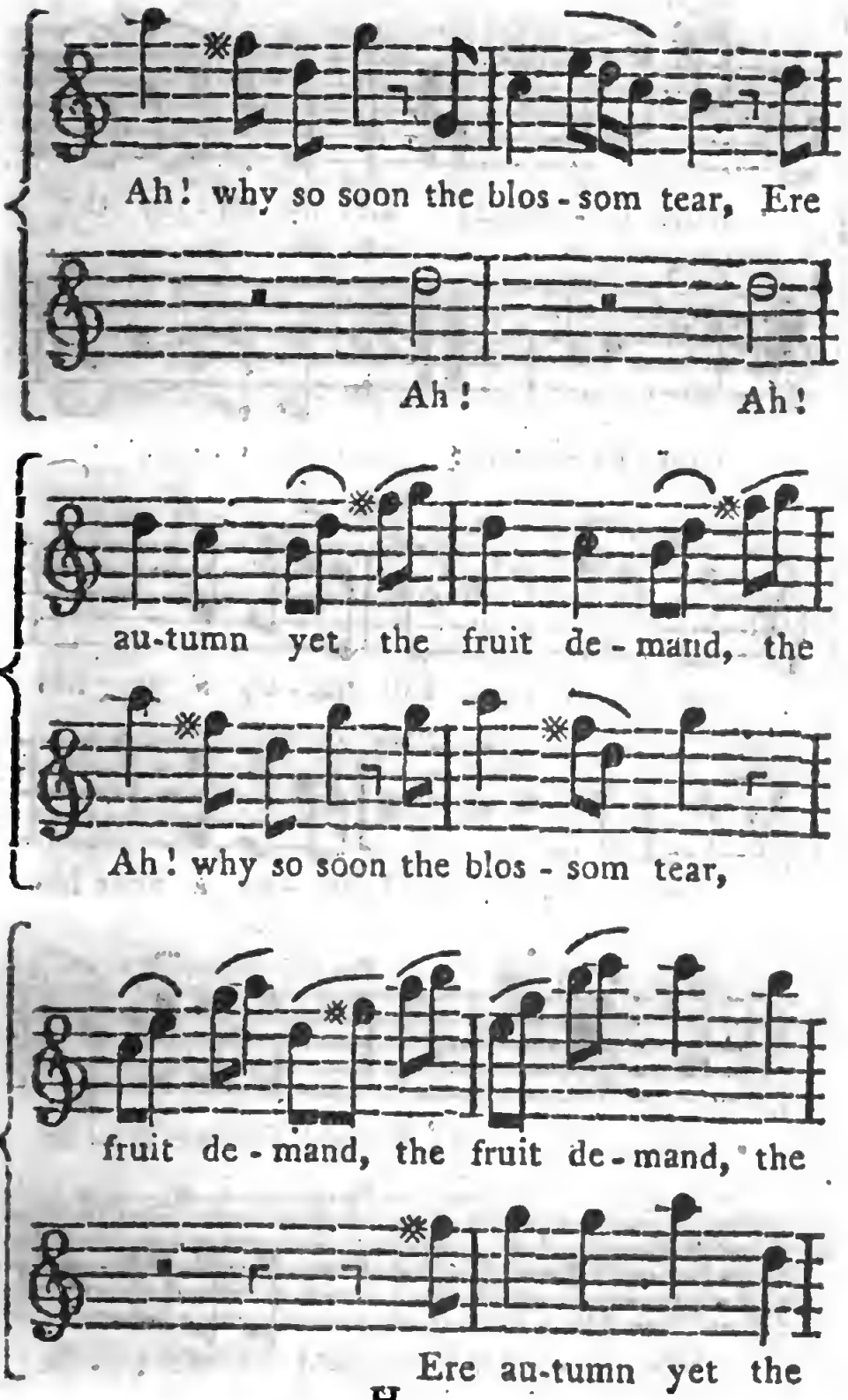
Time has not thinn'd my flowing Hair.

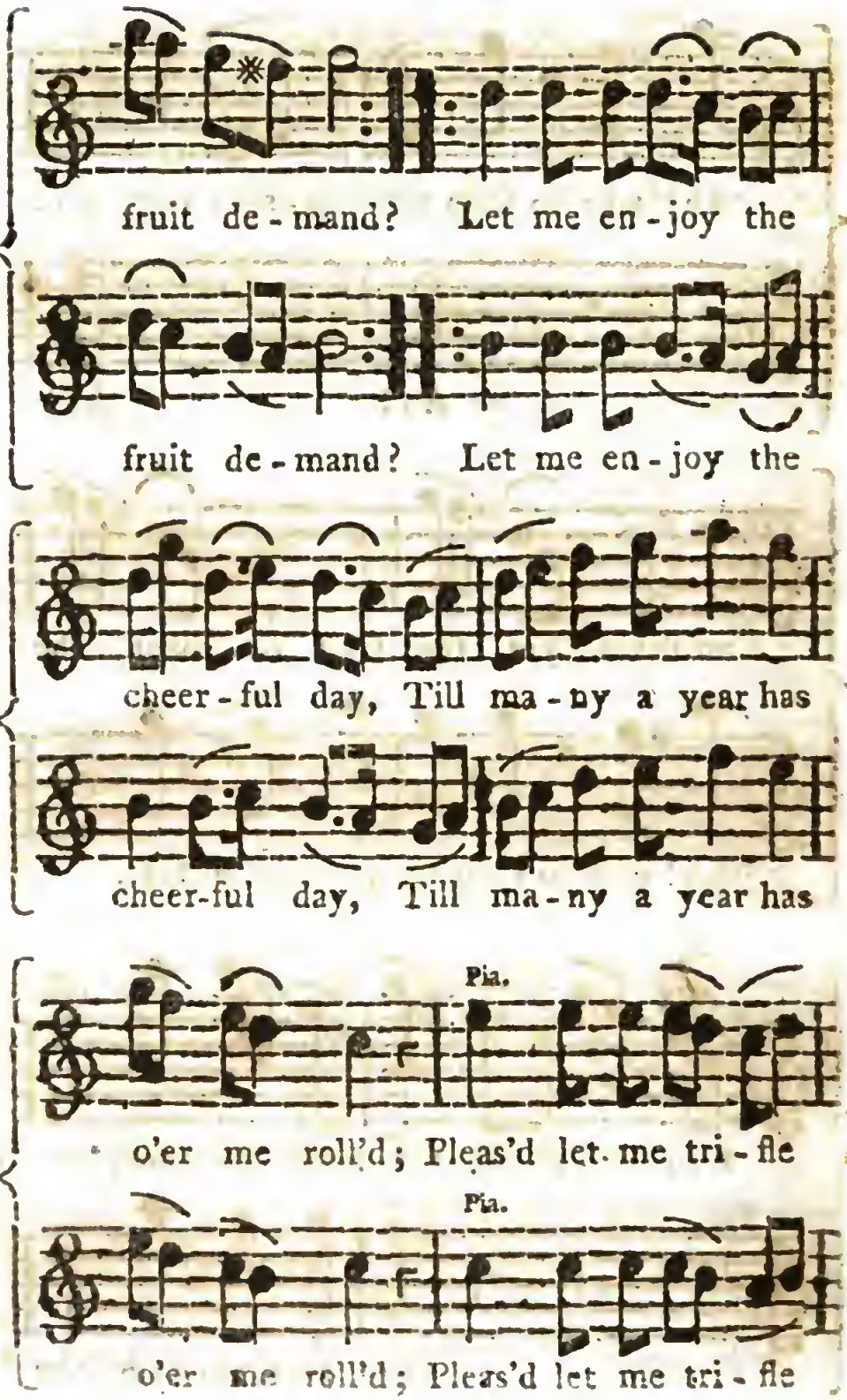
FOR TWO FLUTES.

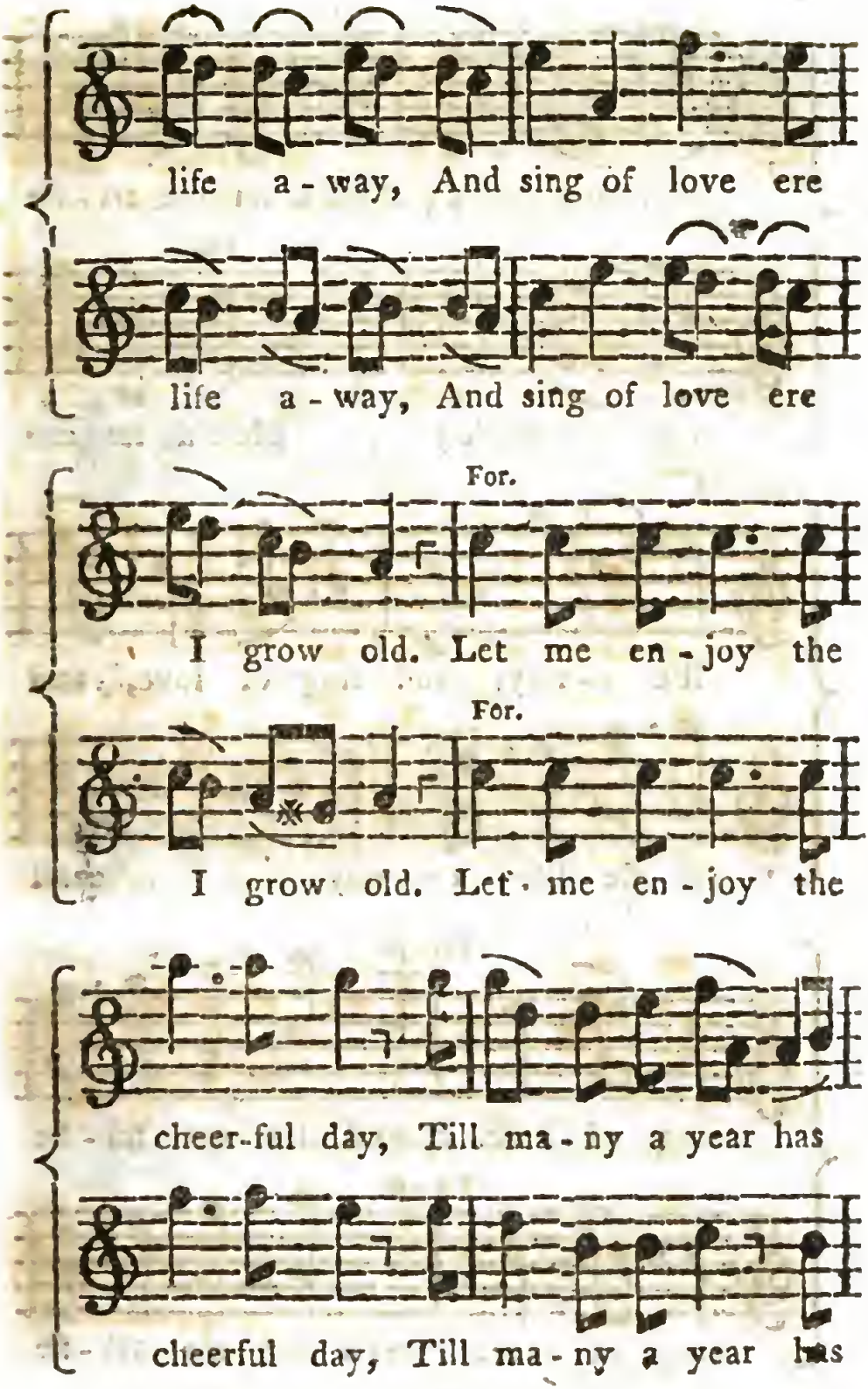
Allegro.

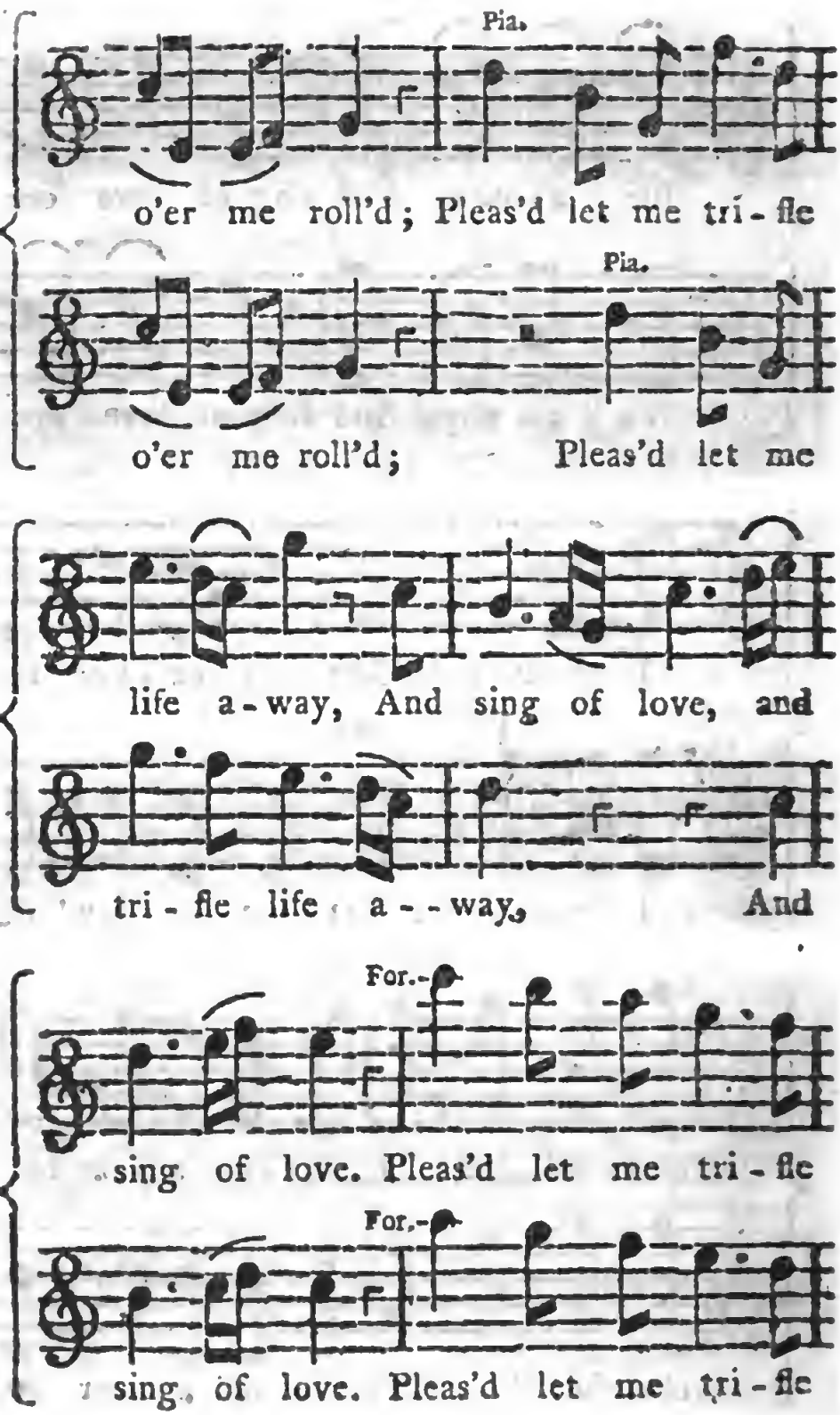


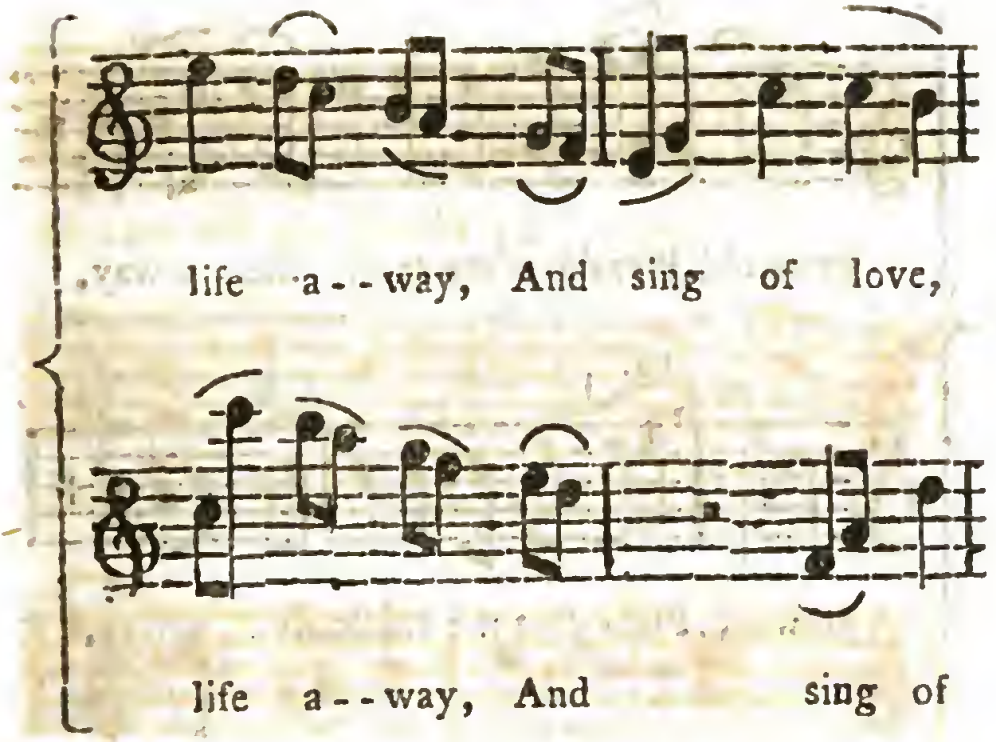

Pia.
Ah! why so soon the blos-som tear, Ere
Pia.
Ah! why so soon the blos-som
au - tumn yet the fruit de - mand?
tear, Ah! why so soon,
For.
Ah! why so soon the blos - som tear,
For.
Ah! why so soon the blossom tear,

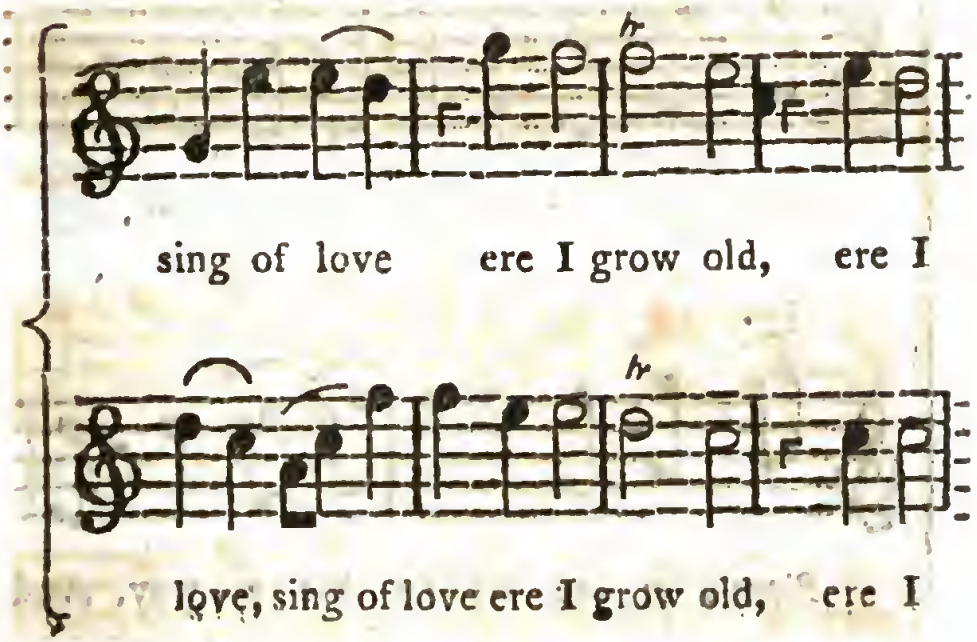

Ah! why so soon the blos - som tear, Ere
Ah! Ah!
au-tumn yet the fruit de - mand, the
Ah! why so soon the blos - som tear,
fruit de - mand, the fruit de - mand, the
Ere au-tumn yet the

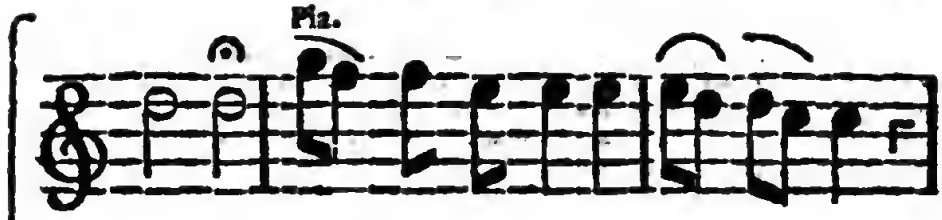

fruit de-mand? Let me en-joy the
fruit de-mand? Let me en-joy the
cheer-ful day, Till ma-ny a year has
cheer-ful day, Till ma-ny a year has
Pia.
o'er me roll'd; Pleas'd let me tri-fle
Pia.
o'er me roll'd; Pleas'd let me tri-fle


life a - way, And sing of love ere
life a - way, And sing of love ere
For.
I grow old. Let me en - joy the
For.
I grow old. Let me en - joy the
cheer-ful day, Till ma - ny a year has
cheerful day, Till ma - ny a year has

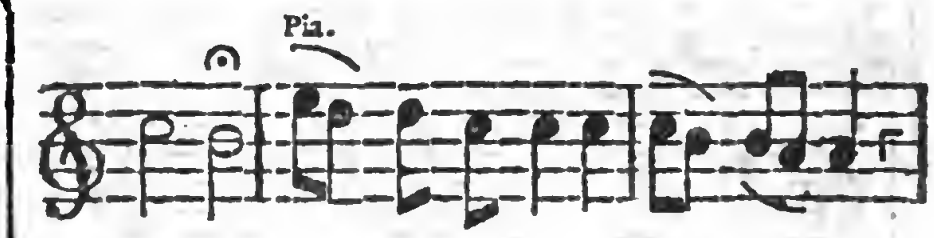

Pia.
o'er me roll'd; Pleas'd let me tri-fle
Pia.
o'er me roll'd; Pleas'd let me
life a-way, And sing of love, and
tri-fle life a--way, And
For.-
sing of love. Pleas'd let me tri-fle
For.-
sing of love. Pleas'd let me tri-fle


life a--way, And sing of love,
life a--way, And sing of

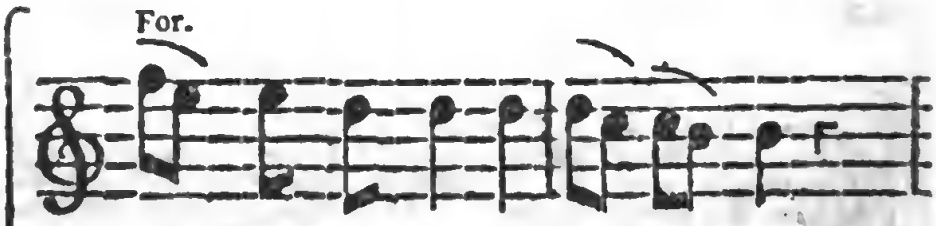

sing of love ere I grow old, ere I
love, sing of love ere I grow old, ere I



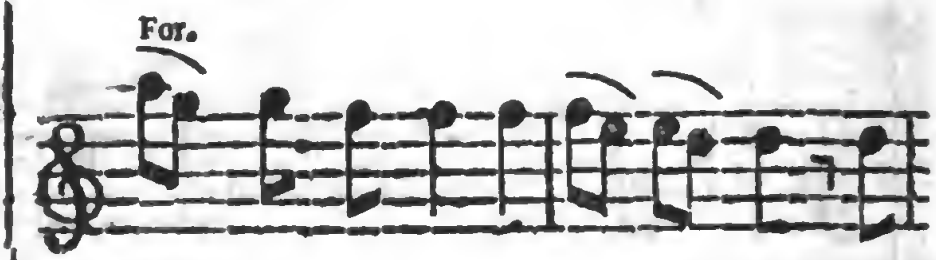
grow old. Pleas'd let me tri-fle life a-way,



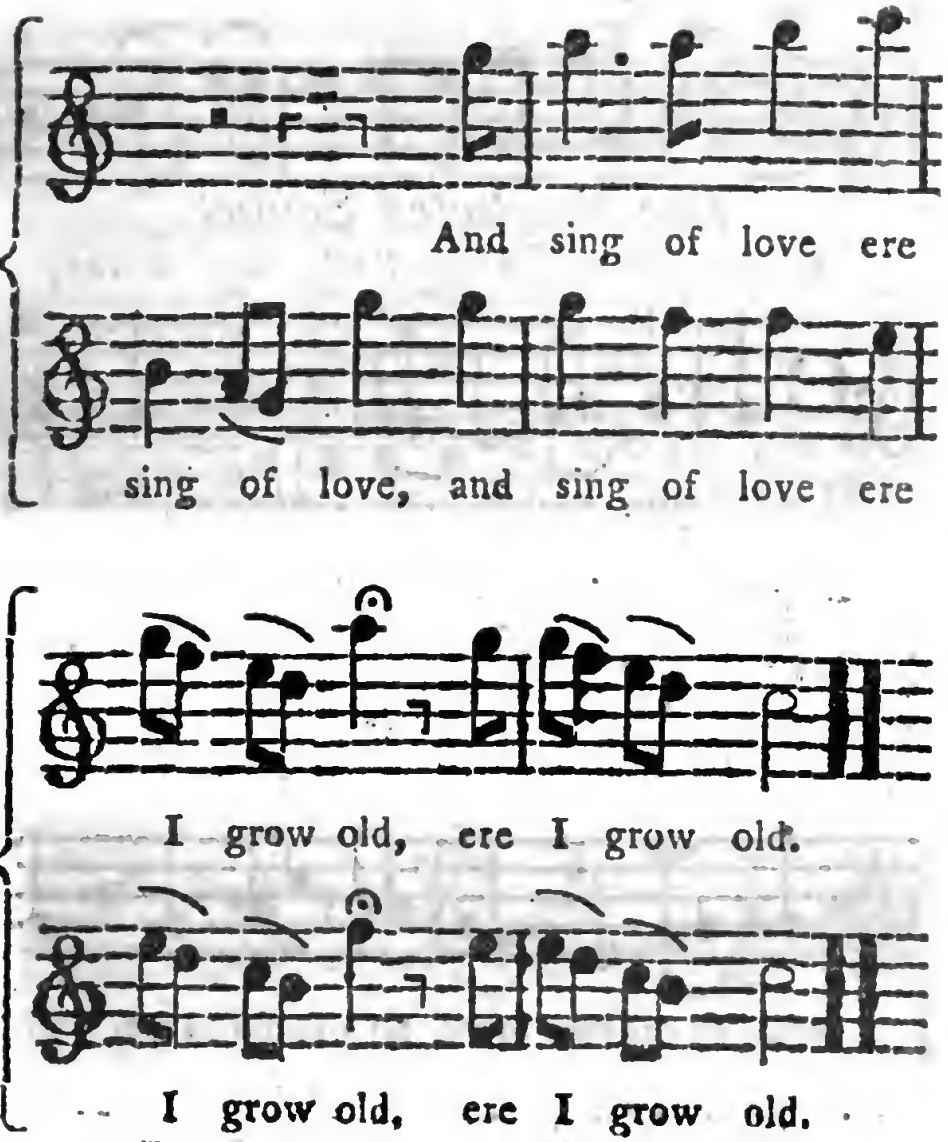
glow old. Pleas'd let me tri-fle life a-way,



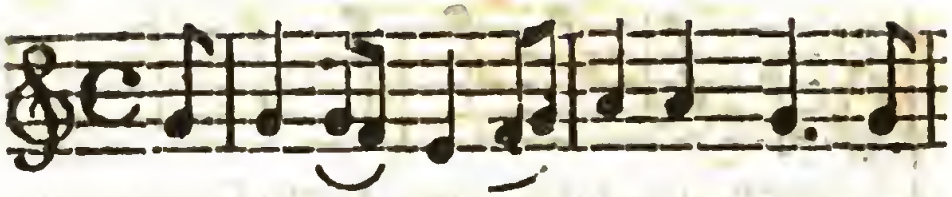
Pleas'd let me tri - fle life a - way,



Pleas'd let me tri - fle life a - way, And

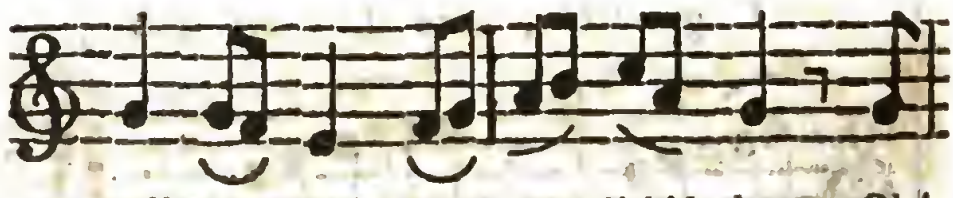

And sing of love ere
sing of love, and sing of love ere
I grow old, ere I grow old.
I grow old, ere I grow old.

The Neglected Soldier.

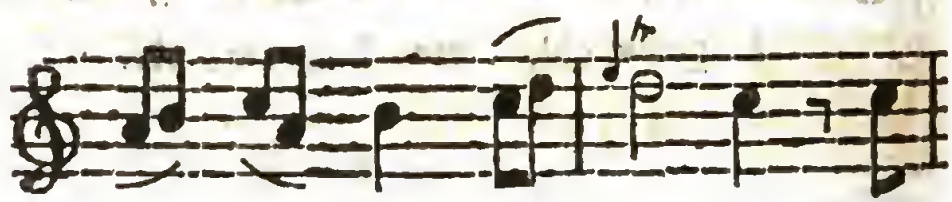


I SING the Bri-tish soldier's praise, A

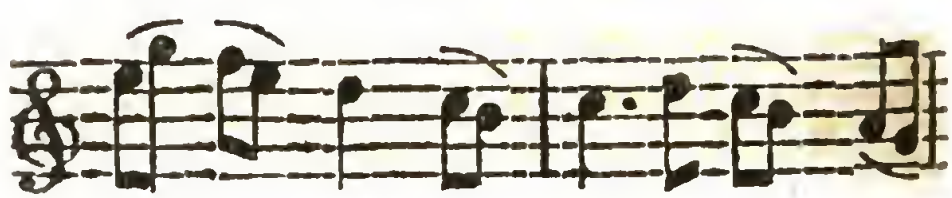
theme re - nown'd in sto - - ry, It



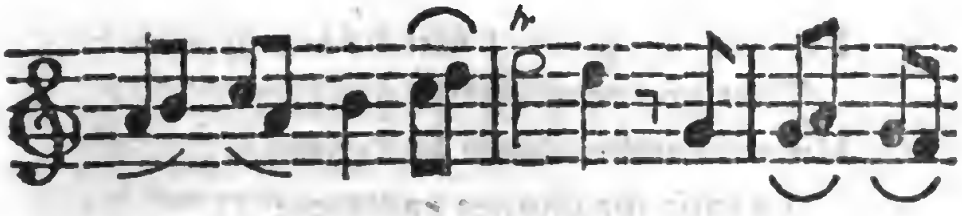
well de-serves more po - lish'd lays, Oh!



'tis your boast and glo - - ry. When

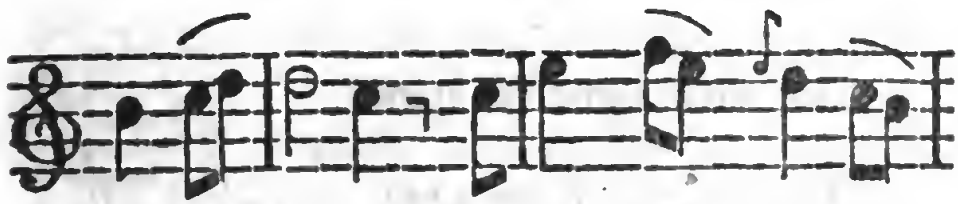


thund'ring Mars spreads war a-round, By



them you are protect-ed, But when in

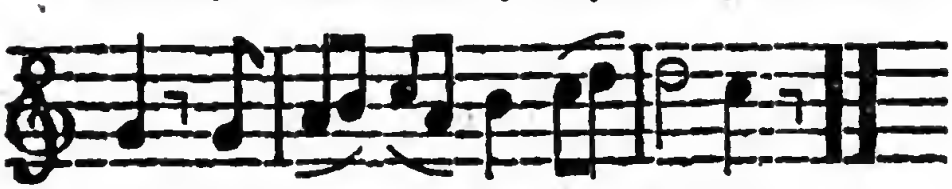
peace the na-tion's found, Poor souls, they



are ne-glect-ed. But oh! stretch forth your

aid--ing hand, In to,--ken of their

me-rit, Then bold-ly they'll march o'er the



land, And shew a grateful spi-rit.

For you the musket first he takes,
That you may rest in quiet,
His wife and children he forsakes,
To shift for clothes and diet:
He's sudden call'd he knows not where,
Nor knows he shall return
To those he left in deep despair,
Whose hearts for him yet burn.
But oh! stretch forth your bounteous hand,
In justice to their merit,
Then cheerful they'll march thro' the land,
And shew a grateful spirit.

For you thro' many a tedious road
He goes, without complaining;
From scorching heat he seeks abode,
Sometimes without obtaining:
By thirst and hunger oft he's prest,
Yet scorns to droop his head;
Ambition from within his breast,
He substitutes as bread.
Then oh! stretch forth your friendly hand,
In justice to his merit!
How cheerful he'll march thro' the land,
And bless your generous spirit!

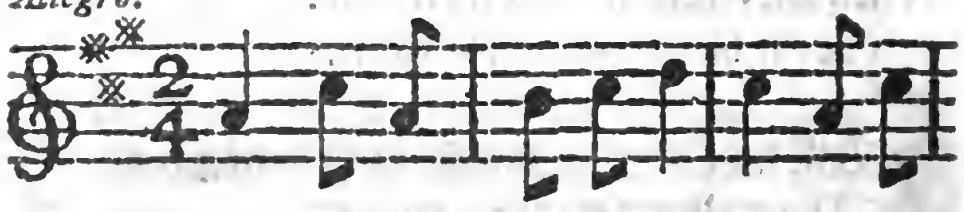
For you thro' fields of blood they'll seek
Your foes of every nation;

'Tis there bold actions loudly speak
Their worth in every station.
Firm as a flinty wall they'll stand,
Observing strict decorum,
Until their leaders give command
To beat down all before them.
Then oh! stretch forth the liberal hand,
In justice to their merit;
When they return unto their land,
They'll bless your noble spirit.

Well, now they've thresh'd the daring foe
Done all within their power,
But little more than blows have they,
And one farthing in an hour.
Little within the Frenchman's fob
To recompense their labours;
Why then, it proves a sorry job,
Little better than their neighbours.
Then oh! stretch forth the liberal hand,
In justice to their merit;
So shall they bless the happy land,
The land of godlike spirit.

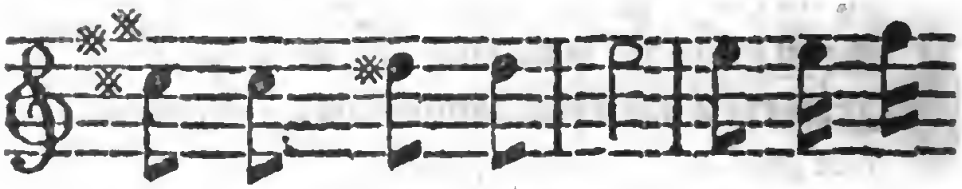
Britannia's Sons at Sea.

Allegro.



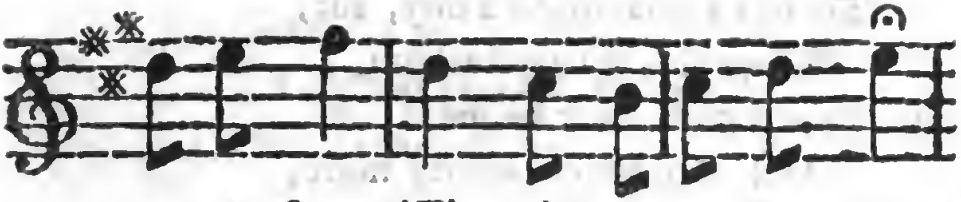
BRI-TAN-NIA'S sons at sea, In bat-tle

always brave, Strike to no pow'r, d'ye see, That

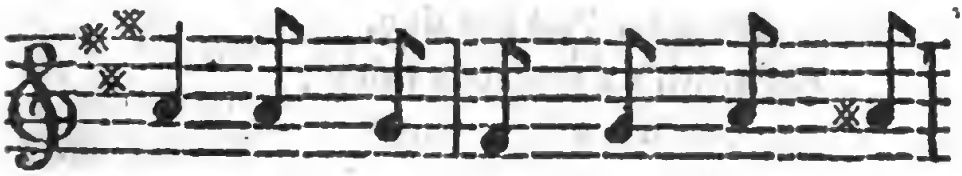


e--ver plough'd the wave. Fal lal de

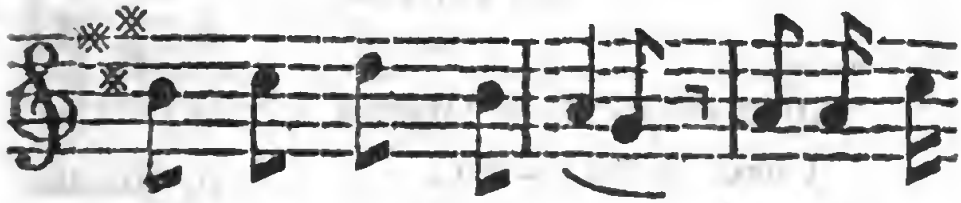
rid-dle lid-dle li-to. But when we're



not a-float, 'Tis quite a-no-ther thing;

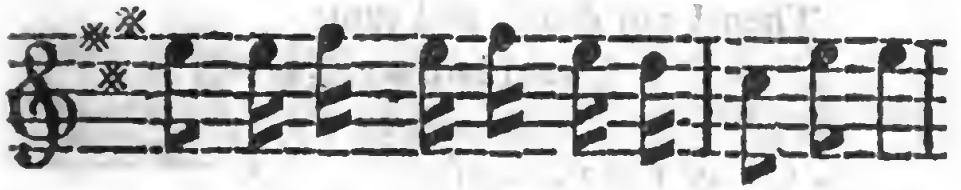


We strike to pet--ti--coat, Get

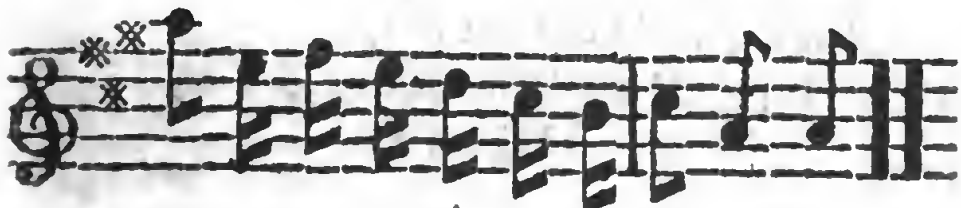


grog-gy, dance, and sing, Fal-lal de

ral lal de ral lal de ral lal de



ral lal de rid-dle lid-dle lal lal la,



Ri tol de rid-dle lid-dle li tol lo.

There's Portsmouth Polly, she,
When forc'd to go ashore,
Vow'd constancy to me,
And sometimes twenty more,
Fal lal, &c.
But give poor Poll her due,
For truth's a precious thing;
With none but sailors true
Would she drink grog and sing
Fal lal, &c.

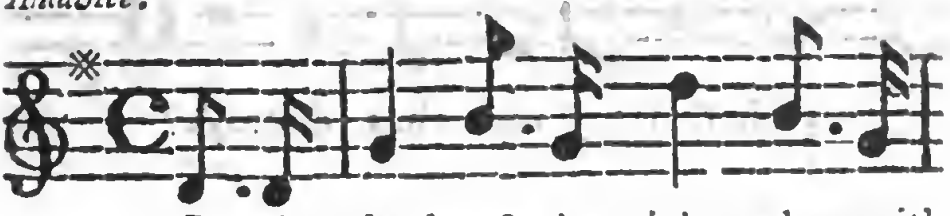
With Nancy deep in love,
I once to sea did go;
Return'd, she cried, By Jove
I'm married, dearest Joe,
Fal lal, &c.
Great guns! I scarce could hold,
To find that I was flung:
But Nancy prov'd a scold,
Then I got drunk and sung
Fal lal, &c.

At length I did comply,
And made a rib of Sue,
For tho' she'd but one eye,
It pierc'd my heart like two,
Fal lal, &c.

And now I take my glass,
Drink England and my King;
Content with my old lass,
Get groggy, dance, and sing
Fal lal, &c.

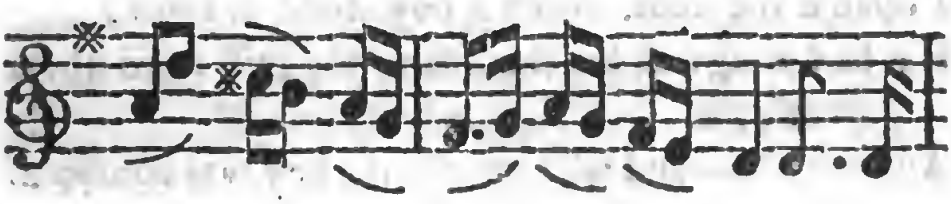
In the Dead of the Night.

Andante.



In the dead of the night, when with

la--bour op-prest, All mor-tals en-



joy the sweet bles-sing of rest, A boy

knock'd at my door, I awoke with the noise; Who

is it, I said, Who is it, I

said, that my rest thus destroys?

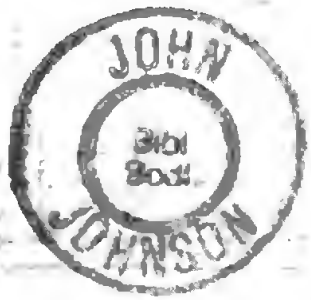
He answer'd so softly, so gently, so mild,
I am a poor little unfortunate child:
It's a cold rainy night, I am wet to the skin,
And I have lost my way, so pray let me in.

In compassion I rose, and striking a light,
I open'd the door, when a boy stood in sight;
He had wings at his shoulders, the rain from them
dripp'd,
And with bow and with arrows the boy was equipp'd.

I stirr'd up my fire, set him down by my side,
And with a warm napkin the wet from him dried;
I chaf'd him all o'er to keep out the cold air,
And I wrung with my hands the wet from his hair.

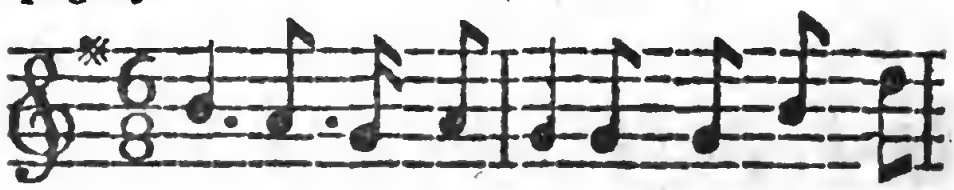
No sooner from wet and from cold he found ease,
Than he took up his bow, and said, Ma'am, if you
please,
I would fain, with your leave, by experiment know
If the rain has not damag'd the string of my bow.

Then straight from his quiver an arrow he drew,
Which he aim'd at my heart, and twang went the
yew:
My bow is undamag'd, and so is my dart,
But you will find trouble in bearing the smart.

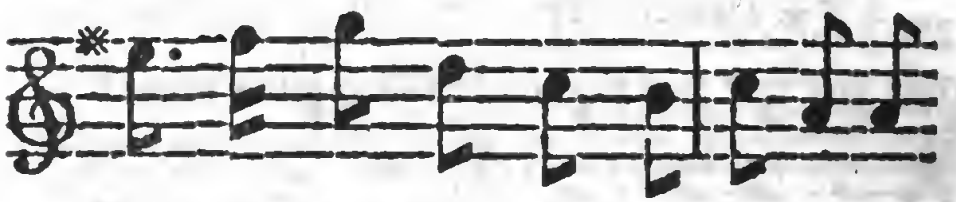


Nothing in Life can sadden us.

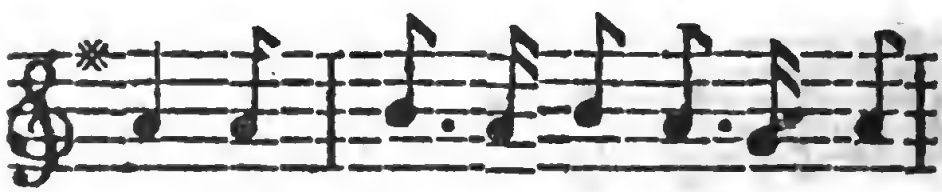
Sprightly.



Oh! nothing in life can sad - den us,



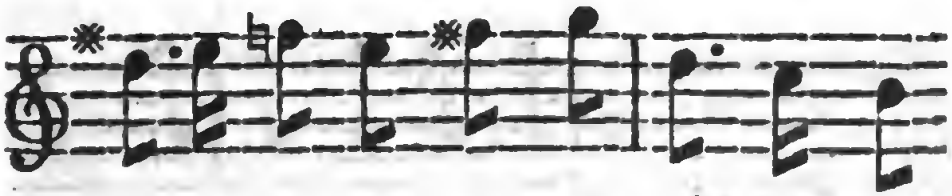
While we have wine and good humour in



store; With these, and a lit - - tle of

love to madden us, Shew me the fool that could

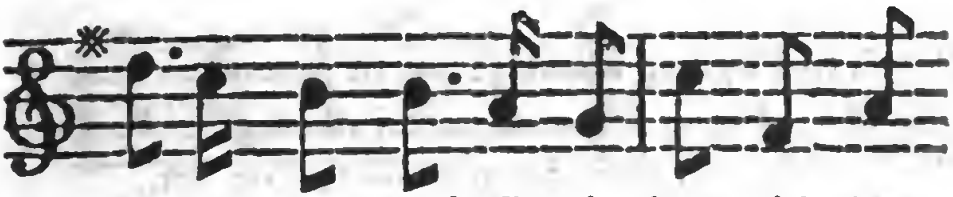
la-bour for more. Come then, bid Ganymede



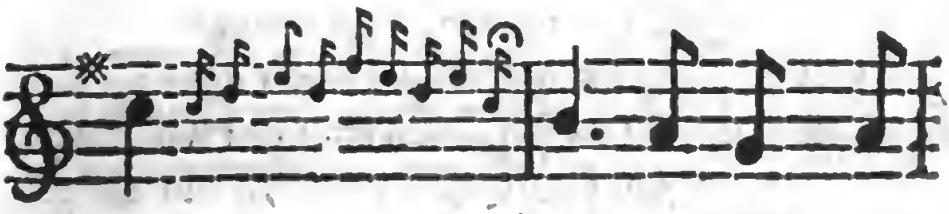
fill ev'-ry bowl for you, Fill them up

bumpers, and drink as I call; I'm going to

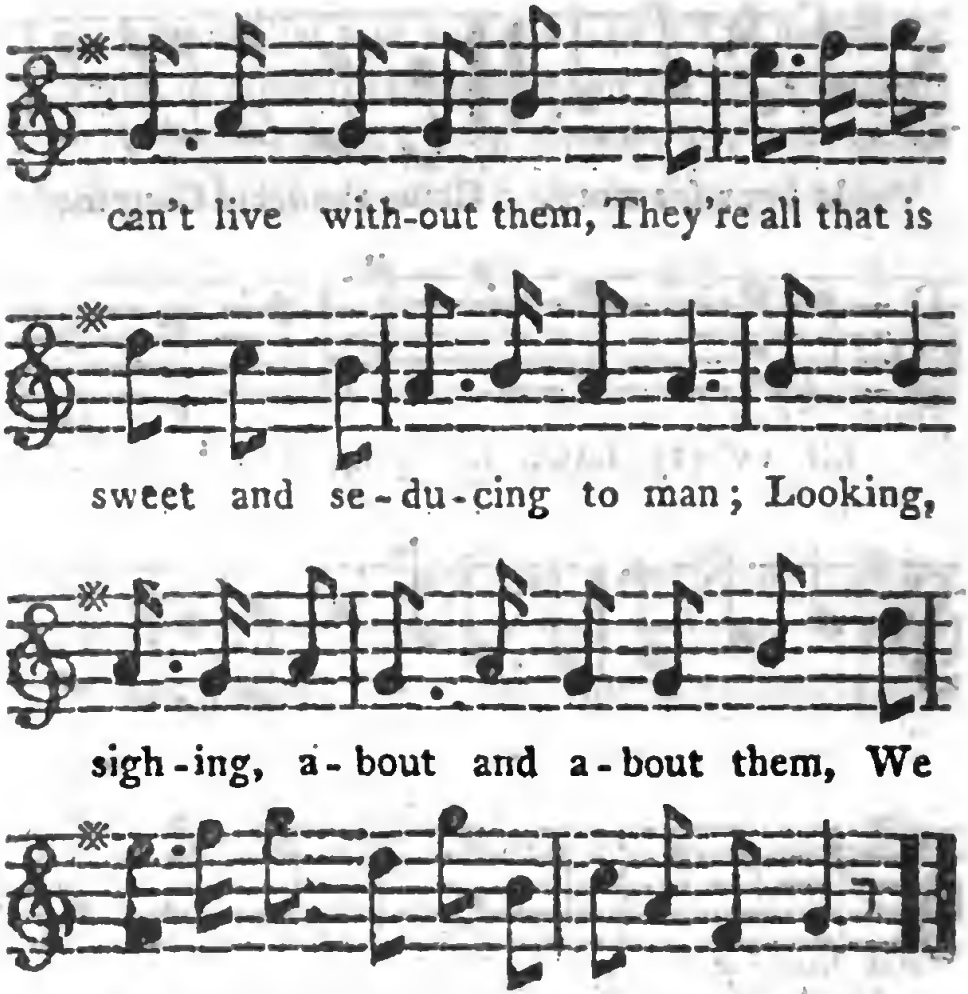
toast ev'-ry nymph of my soul for you,



Ay, on my soul I'm in love with them



all. - - - - - Dear creatures! we



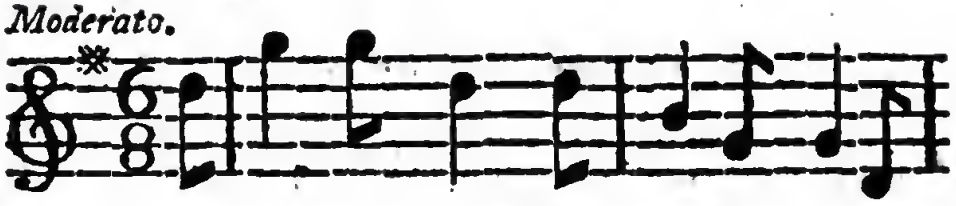
Here's to Phyllis, whose innocent bosom
Is always agog for some novel desires;
To-day to get lovers, to-morrow to lose 'em,
Is all that the innocent Phyllis requires.
Here's to the gay little Jessy, who simpers
So very good humour'd, whatever is done;
She'll kiss you, and that without whining or whimpers,
And do what you please with you—all out of fun.
Dear creatures, &c.

A bumper to Fanny—I know you will scorn her,
Because she's a prude, and her nose is so curl'd;
But if ever you chatted with Fan in a corner,
You'd say she's the best little girl in the world.
Another to Lyddy, still struggling with duty,
And asking her conscience still whether she should,
While her eyes, in the silent confession of beauty,
Say, " Only for something I certainly would."
Dear creatures, &c.

Fill for Chloe, bewitchingly simple,
Who angles the heart without knowing her lure,
Still wounding around with a blush or a dimple,
Nor seeming to feel that she also can cure.
Here's pious Susan, the saint who alone, Sir,
Could ever have made me religious outright,
For if I'd such a dear little saint of my own, Sir,
I'd pray on my knees to her half the long night.
Dear creatures, &c.

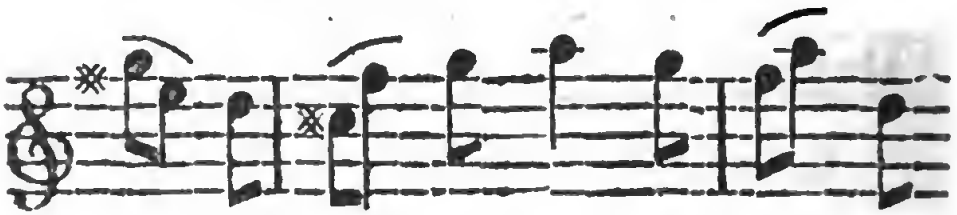
Every Man his Hobby.

Moderato.

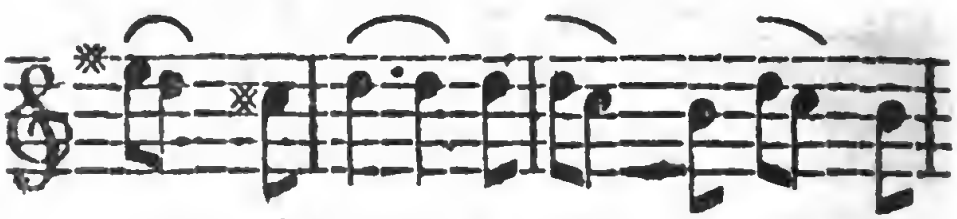


THAT mo-ney makes the mare to go, A

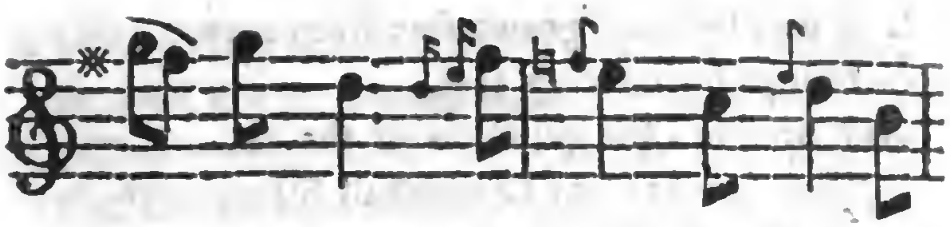
proverb is of old, And true, as



all man-kind still show, And wo-men

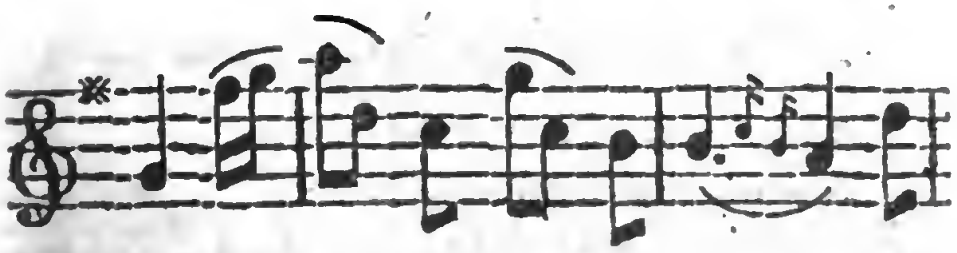


too, we're told: For each their fav'-rite



hob - by rides, As dup'd by fan - cy's

sway; It mat - - ters not what else be-



tides, If fa - shion leads the way; It

mat-ters not what else be - tides, If

fa - shion leads the way.

The wealthy cit, grown free from care,
Enjoys his country seat,
And breathes the pureness of the air,
Three miles from Leadenhall Street:
Then view him on a Sunday gay,
With spouse and Master Bobby,
In one-horse chaise, jig jole away,
And this, Sirs, is his hobby.

The lawyer too has his, d'ye see,
Which here I will describe;
It is, as oftentimes we find,
The purse which does him bribe.
But view him when a cause is lost,
And mark me, gentle Sirs,
His hobby cannot trot so fast,
Because he has no spurs.

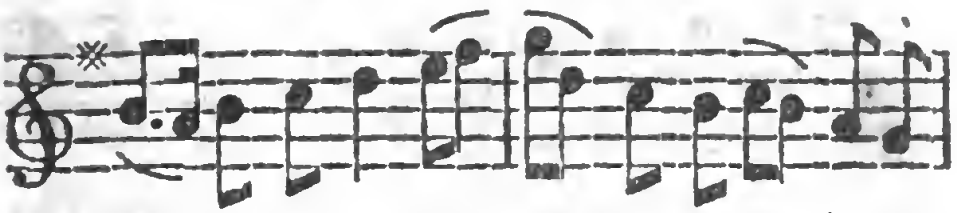
The modern beau, which now-a-days
Is nothing but a crop,
And ever dupe to fancy's praise,
From bottom, Sir, to top:
But that's his hobby, as we find,
And pray let him enjoy it;
Since fashion varies as the wind,
Time only can destroy it.

The grateful hobby let me ride,
And be to all subservient,

For gratitude's the noblest pride—
Then view your humble servant:
He mounts him with a hearty glee,
If your kind smiles attend;
He's gain'd the journey, in which he
Hopes he has pleas'd each friend.

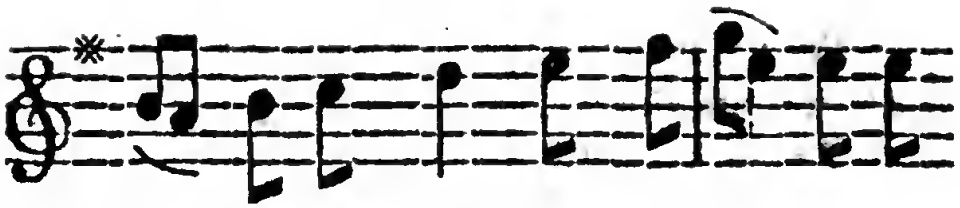
The Ploughman Sailor.

I THAT once was a ploughman, a

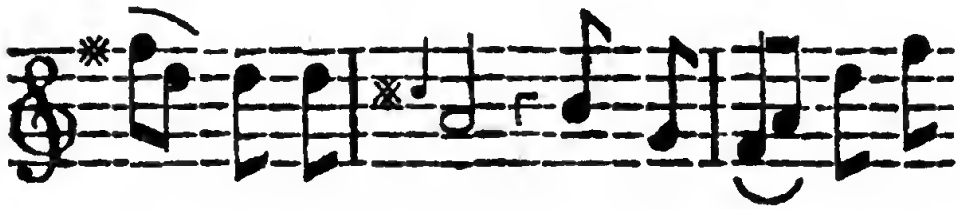


sai-lor am now, No lark that's a-loft in the

sky, E-ver flutter'd his wings to give



speed to the plough, Was so gay and so

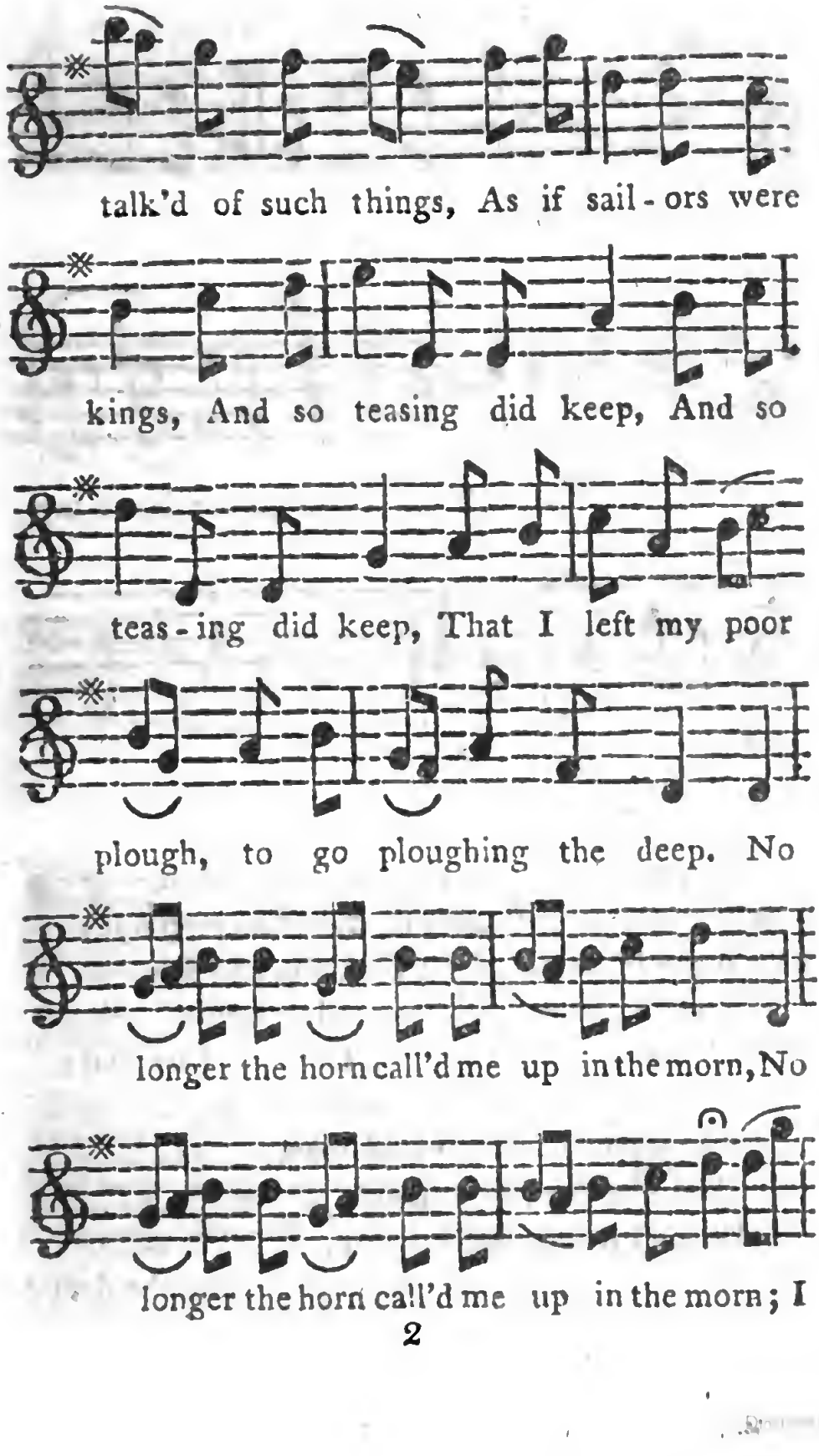


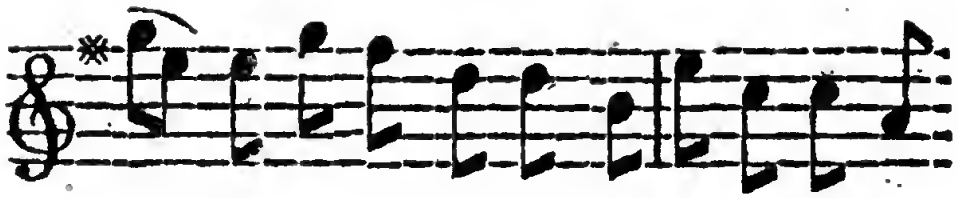
careless as I, Was so gay and so

careless as I. But my friend was a

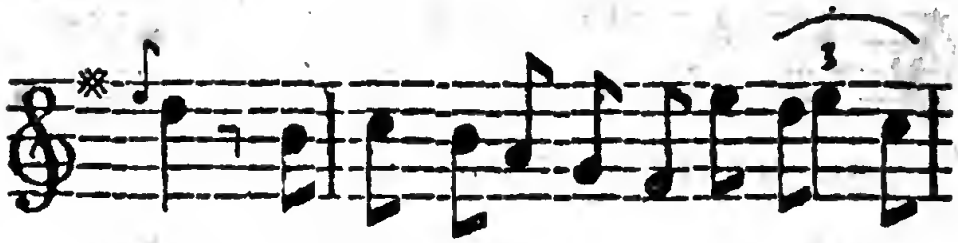
car - fin - do aboard a king's ship, And he

ax'd me to go just to sea for a trip; And he

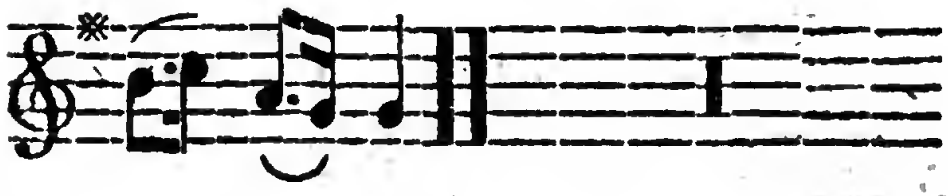

talk'd of such things, As if sail-ors were
kings, And so teasing did keep, And so
teas-ing did keep, That I left my poor
plough, to go ploughing the deep. No
longer the horn call'd me up in the morn, No
longer the horn call'd me up in the morn; I



trust-ed the car - fin - do and the inconstant



wind, That made me for to go and leave my



dear be - hind.

I did not much like for to be aboard a ship,
When in danger there's no door to creep out;
I lik'd the jolly tars, I lik'd bumbo and flip,
But I did not much like rocking about.
By and by came a hurricane, I did not like that;
Next a battle, that many a sailor laid flat.
Ah! cried I, who would roam,
That like me had a home,
When I'd sow and I'd reap,
Ere I left my poor plough, to go ploughing the deep?

Where sweetly the horn
Call'd me up in the morn:
I trusted to the carfindo, and the inconstant wind,
That made me for to go and leave my dear behind.

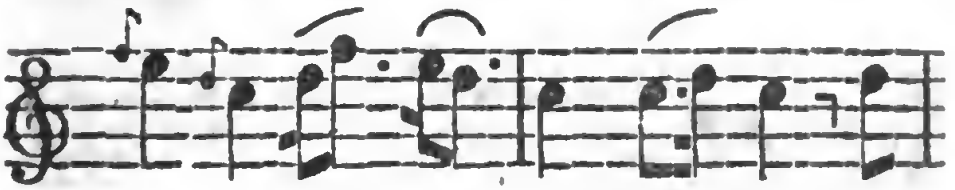
At last safe I landed, and in a whole skin,
Nor did I make any long stay,
Ere I found by a friend, who I ax'd for my kin,
Father's dead, and my wife's run away!
Ah! who but thyself, said I, hast thou to blame?
Wives losing their husbands, oft lose their good name.
Ah! why did I roam
When so happy at home?
I could sow and could reap,
Ere I left my poor plough, to go ploughing the deep;
When so sweetly the horn
Call'd me up in the morn:
Curse light upon the carfindo and the inconstant wind,
That made me for to go and leave my dear behind.

Why, if that be the case, said this very same friend,
And you ben't no more minded to roam,
Gi'e's a shake by the fist, all your care's at an end,
Dad's alive, and your wife's safe at home.

Stark staring with joy, I leapt out of my skin,
Buss'd my wife, brother, sister, and all of my kin:
Now, cried I, let them roam,
Who want a good home;
I am well, so I'll keep,
Nor again leave my plough, to go ploughing the deep.
Once more shall the horn
Call me up in the morn,
Nor shall any d——'d carfindo, nor the inconstant wind,
E'er tempt me for to go and leave my dear behind.

The Sovereign of the Sea.

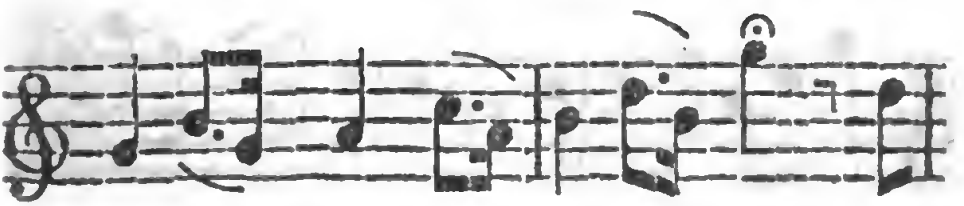
Thus, thus, my boys, our anchor's weigh'd, The



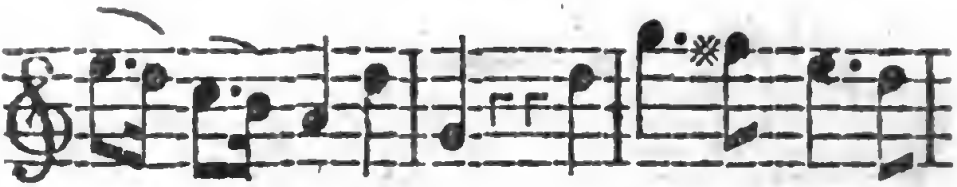
glo-rious Bri - tish flag's dis-play'd, Un-

furl'd the swelling sail: Sound, sound,

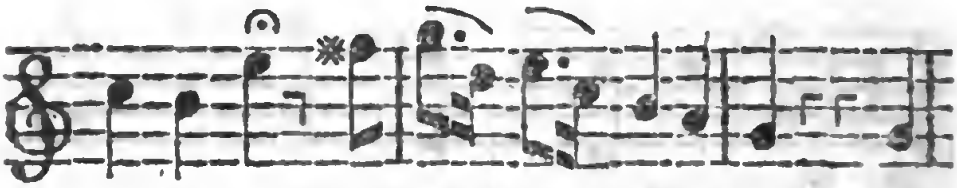
sound your shells, ye Tri-tons sound, Let



ev'--ry heart with joy rebound, We

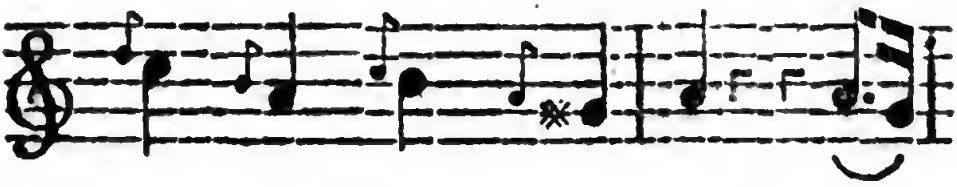


scud be-fore the gale; Let ev'-ry heart with



joy rebound, We scud be-fore the gale. For

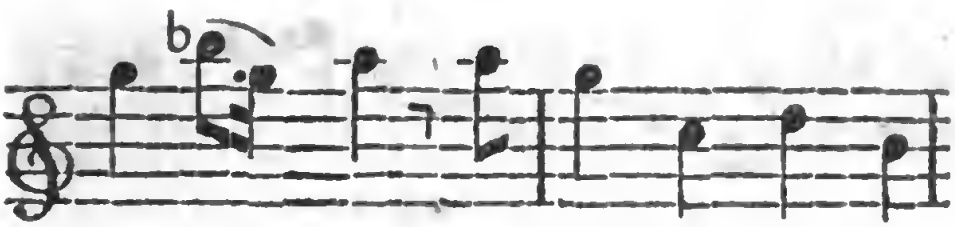
Nep-tune quits his wa-t'ry car, De-



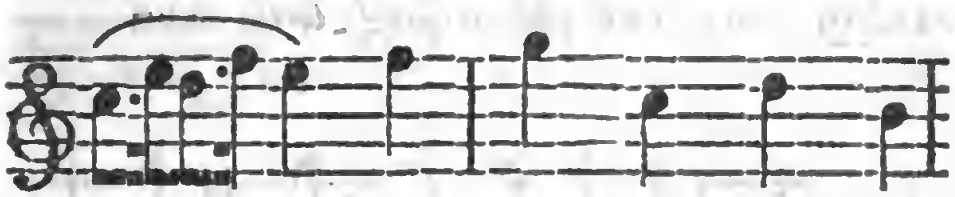
pos'd by Jove's de---cree, Who

hails a free-born Bri-tish tar, The

soy'reign of the sea: Who hails a true-born



Bri - - tish tar, The sov'-reign of the



sea, - - - - The sov'-reign of the

sea, - - - The sov'reign of the sea.

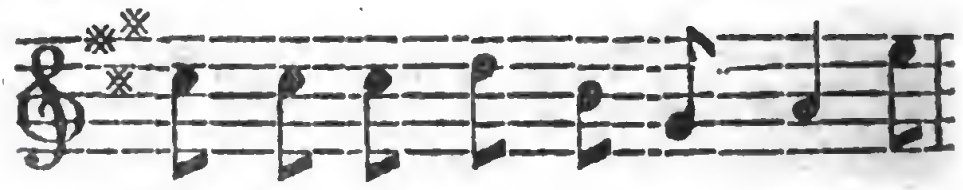
A sail a-head, our decks we clear,
Our canvas crowd, the chase we near;
In vain the Frenchman flies:
A broadside pour'd thro' clouds of smoke;
Our captain roars, My hearts of oak,
Now draw and board your prize.
For Neptune, &c.

Away with this Pouting and Sadness.

AWAY with this pouting and sadness, Sweet

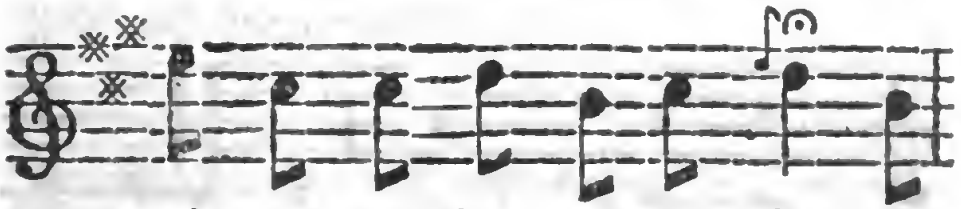
girl, will you ne-ver give o'er? I

love you, by Heaven, to madness, And



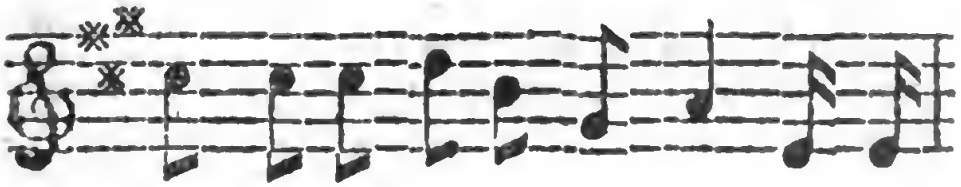
what can I swear to you more? Be-

lieve not the old women's fa-ble, That



oaths are as short as a kiss; I'll

love you as long as I'm a-ble, And



swear for no long-er than this. Then a-

way with this pou-ting and sad-ness, Sweet

girl, will you ne-ver give o'er? I

love you, by Heaven, to madness, And

what can I swear to you more?

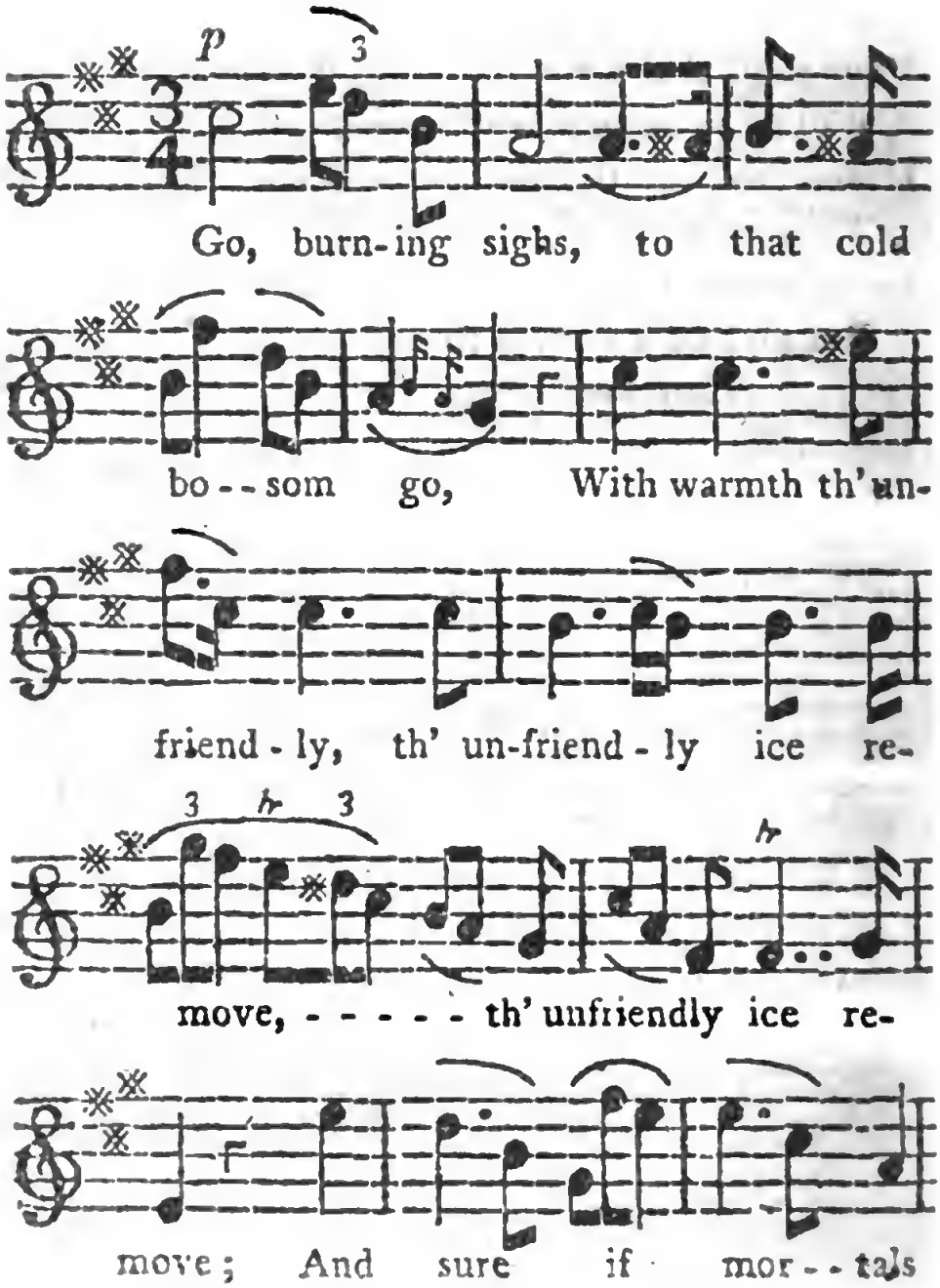
Come, waste not the time with professions,
For not to be blest when we can,
Is one of the darkest transgressions
That happen 'twixt woman and man.
Pretty moralist! why thus beginning
My innocent warmth to reprove?
Heav'n knows that I never lov'd sinning,
Except little sinnings in love.
Then away, &c.

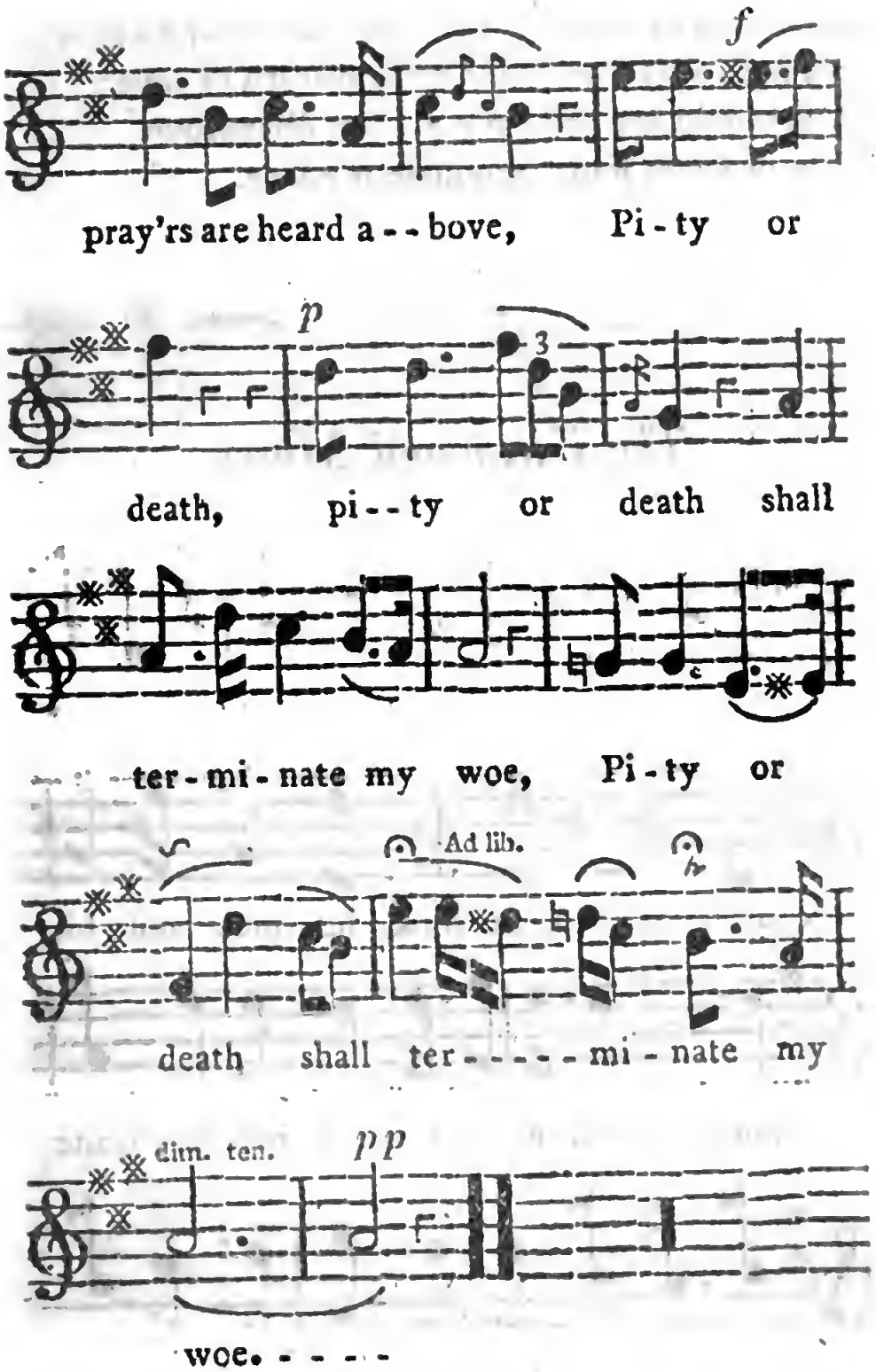
If swearing, however, will do it,
Come, bring me the calendar, pray;
I vow by that lip I'll go through it,
And not miss a saint on my way.
The angels shall help me to wheedle;
I'll swear upon every one

That e'er danc'd on the point of a needle,
Or rode on a beam of the sun.
Then away, &c.

Oh! why should Platonic controul, love,
Enchain an emotion so free?
Your soul, tho' a very sweet soul, love,
Will ne'er be sufficient for me.
If you think by this coldness and scorning
To seem more angelic and bright,
Be an angel, my love, in the morning,
But oh! be a woman to-night.
Then away, &c.

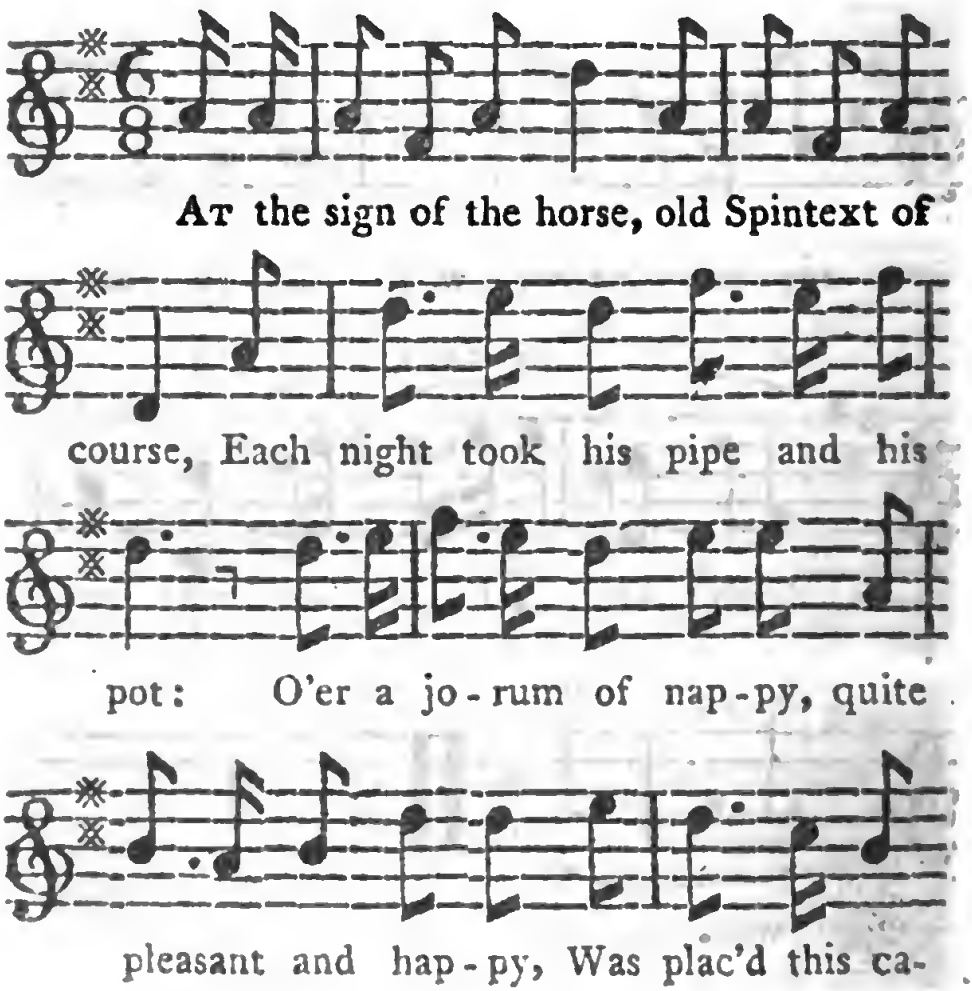
Go, burning Sighs.

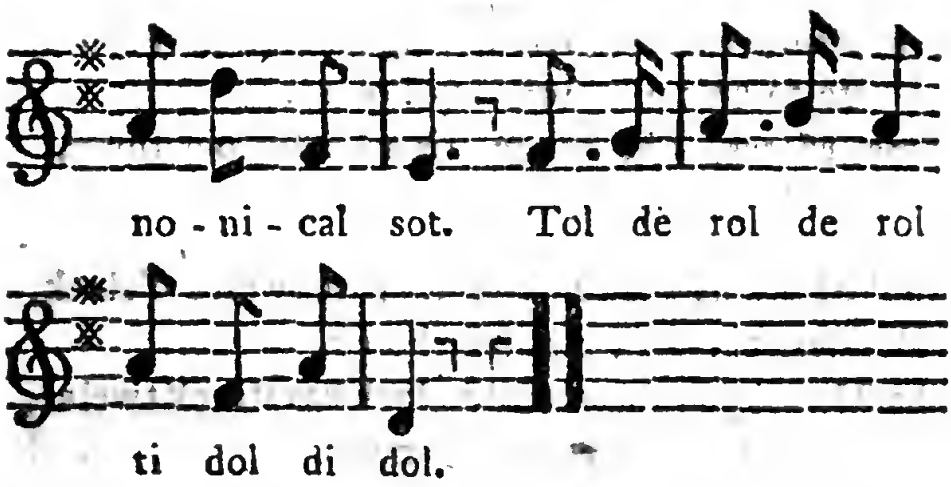



f
pray'rs are heard a - - bove, Pi - ty or
p
3
death, pi - - ty or death shall
- - ter - mi - nate my woe, Pi - ty or
Ad lib.
death shall ter - - - - - mi - nate my
dim. ten.
p p
woe. - - - - -

Go, tender thoughts, go make the fair one know
All her sweet eyes could ne'er discern of love;
And should her heart my passion disapprove,
Pity or death must terminate my woe.

The Vicar and Moses.





The evening was dark, when in came the clerk,
With reverence due and submission;
First stroked his cravat, then twirl'd round his hat,
And bowing, preferr'd his petition.

I'm come, Sir, said he, to beg, d'ye see,
Of your reverend worship and glory,
To inter a poor baby, with as much speed as may be,
And I'll walk with the lanthorn before ye.

The body we'll bury, but pray where's the hurry?
Why, Lord, Sir, the corpse it does stay:
You fool, hold your peace, since miracles cease,
A corpse, Moses, can't run away.

Then Moses he smil'd, saying, Sir, a small child
Cannot long delay your intentions.
Why that's true, by St Paul, a child that is small
Can never enlarge its dimensions.

Bring Moses some beer, and bring me some, d'ye hear?
I hate to be call'd from my liquor:
Come, Moses, The King; 'tis a scandalous thing,
Such a subject should be but a Vicar.

Then Moses he spoke, Sir, 'tis past twelve o'clock,
Besides, there's a terrible show'r..
Why Moses, you elf, since the clock has struck twelve,
I'm sure it can never strike more.

Besides, my dear friend, this lesson attend,
Which to say and to swear I'll be bold,
That a corpse, snow or rain can't endanger, that's plain;
But perhaps you or I may take cold.

Then Moses went on, Sir, the clock has struck one,
Pray, master, look up at the hand.
Why, it ne'er can strike less; 'tis a folly to press
A man for to go that can't stand.

At length hat and cloak old Orthodox took,
But first cramm'd his jaw with a quid;
Each tipt off a gill for fear they should chill,
And then stagger'd away side by side.

When come to the grave, the clerk humm'd a stave,
Whilst the surplice was wrapt round the priest;
Where so droll was the figure of Moses and Vicar,
That the parish still talk of the jest.

Good people, let's pray:—put the corpse t'other way,
Or perchance I will over it stumble;
'Tis best to take care, tho' the sages declare,
A *mortuum caput* can't tremble.

Woman that's born of man,—that's wrong, the leaf's torn;
A man that is born of a woman
Can't continue an hour, but's cut down like a flow'r:
You see, Moses, death spareth no man.

Here, Moses, do look what a confounded book;
Sure the letters are turn'd upside down:
Such scandalous print! sure the devil is in't,
That this Basket should print for the crown.

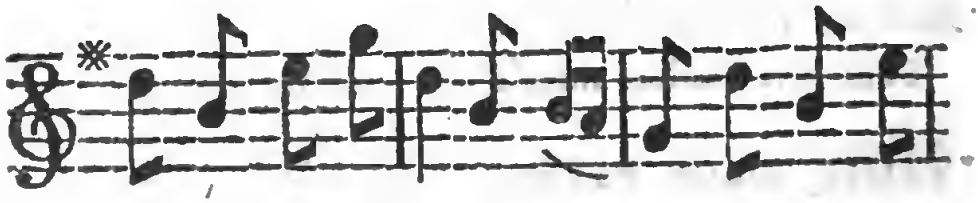
Pr'ythee, Moses, you read, for I cannot proceed,
And bury the corpse in my stead.
(*Amen, Amen.*)
Why, Moses, you're wrong, pray hold still your tongue,
You've taken the tail for the head.

O where's thy sting, Death!—put the corpse in the earth,
For, believe me, 'tis terrible weather.
So the corpse was interr'd without praying a word,
And away they both stagger'd together,
Singing, Tol de rol ti dol di dol.

Peter Pulhaul's Medley.

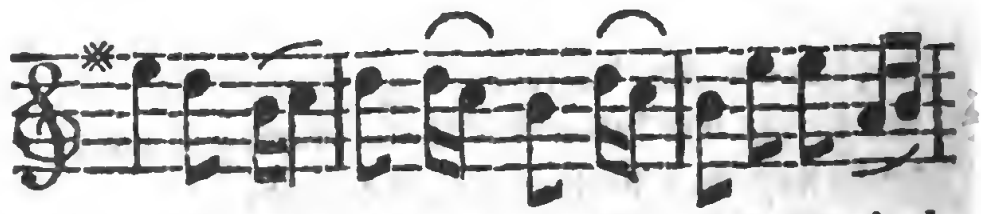
Moderato.

NEAR Kew one morn was Pe-ter born, At

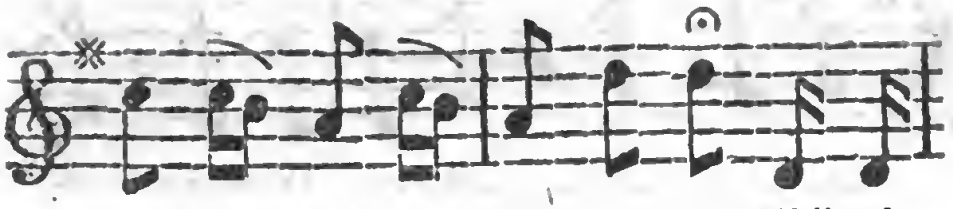


Limehouse e-du-ca-ted, I learnt to pull with

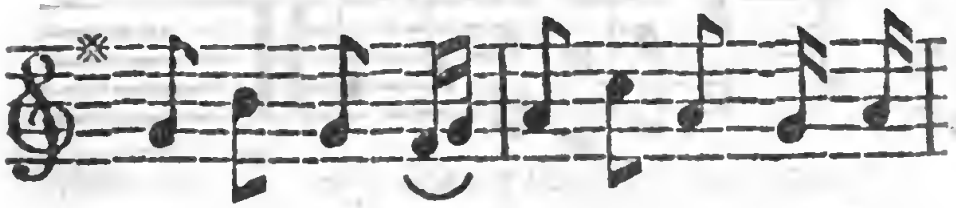
Si-mon Scull, And a tightish lad was



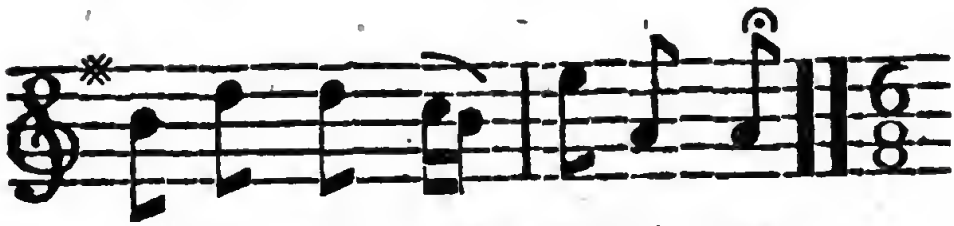
rated. For coat and barge I'd often try, And



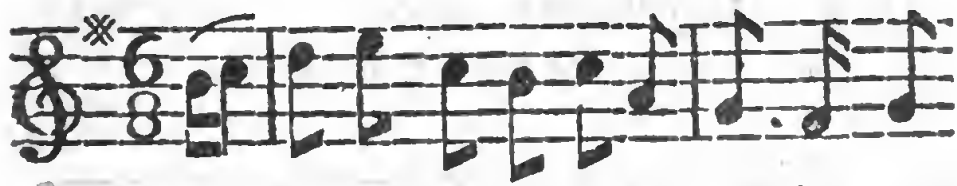
when first oars, 'twas who but I; While the



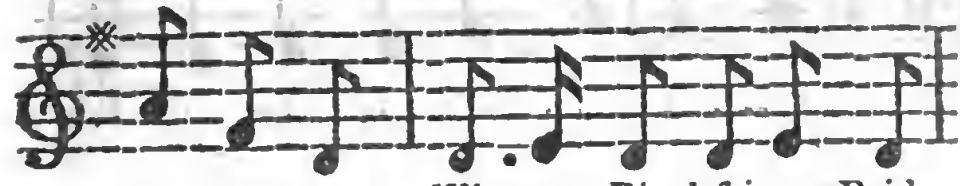
pret - ty girls would arch - ly cry, While the



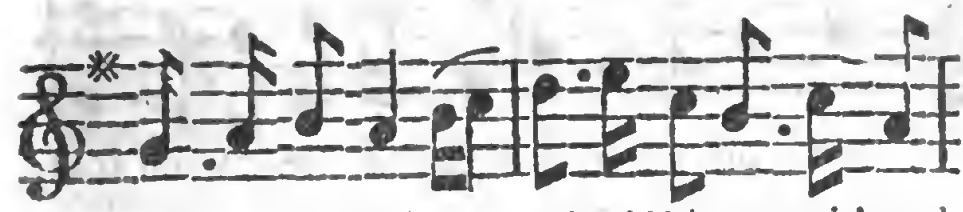
pret - ty girls would arch - ly cry—



And did you not hear of a jol - ly young

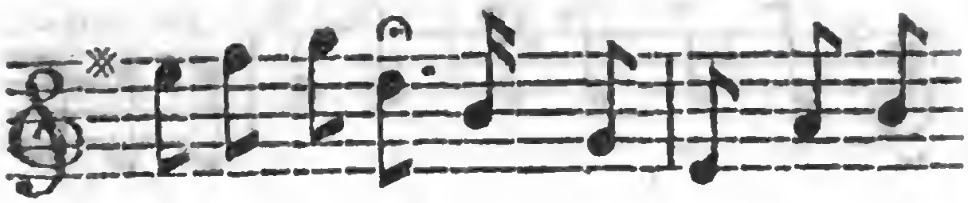


wa - ter - man, Who at Blackfriars Bridge

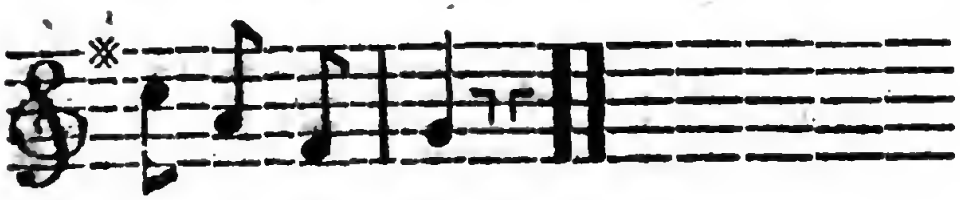


us'd for to ply? He feather'd his oars withsuch

But grown a man, I soon began
To quit each boyish notion,
With old Benbow I swore to go
And brave the foaming ocean:
With him I sail'd twelve years or nigh,
And saw the gallant hero die,
Yet 'scap'd each shot myself, for why—

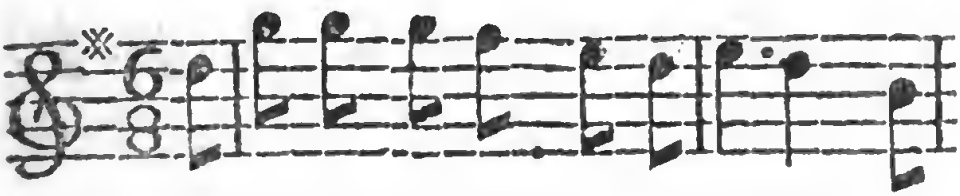


sits up a-loft, To keep watch for the



life of poor Jack.

To Italy a great grandee
Brought me, thro' Fortune's steerage;
By chance of war a British tar
May meet Italian peerage.
Now hither sent by friends unkind,
And in this island close confin'd,
I sigh for that I've left behind—



For O it's a nice lit-tle island, A

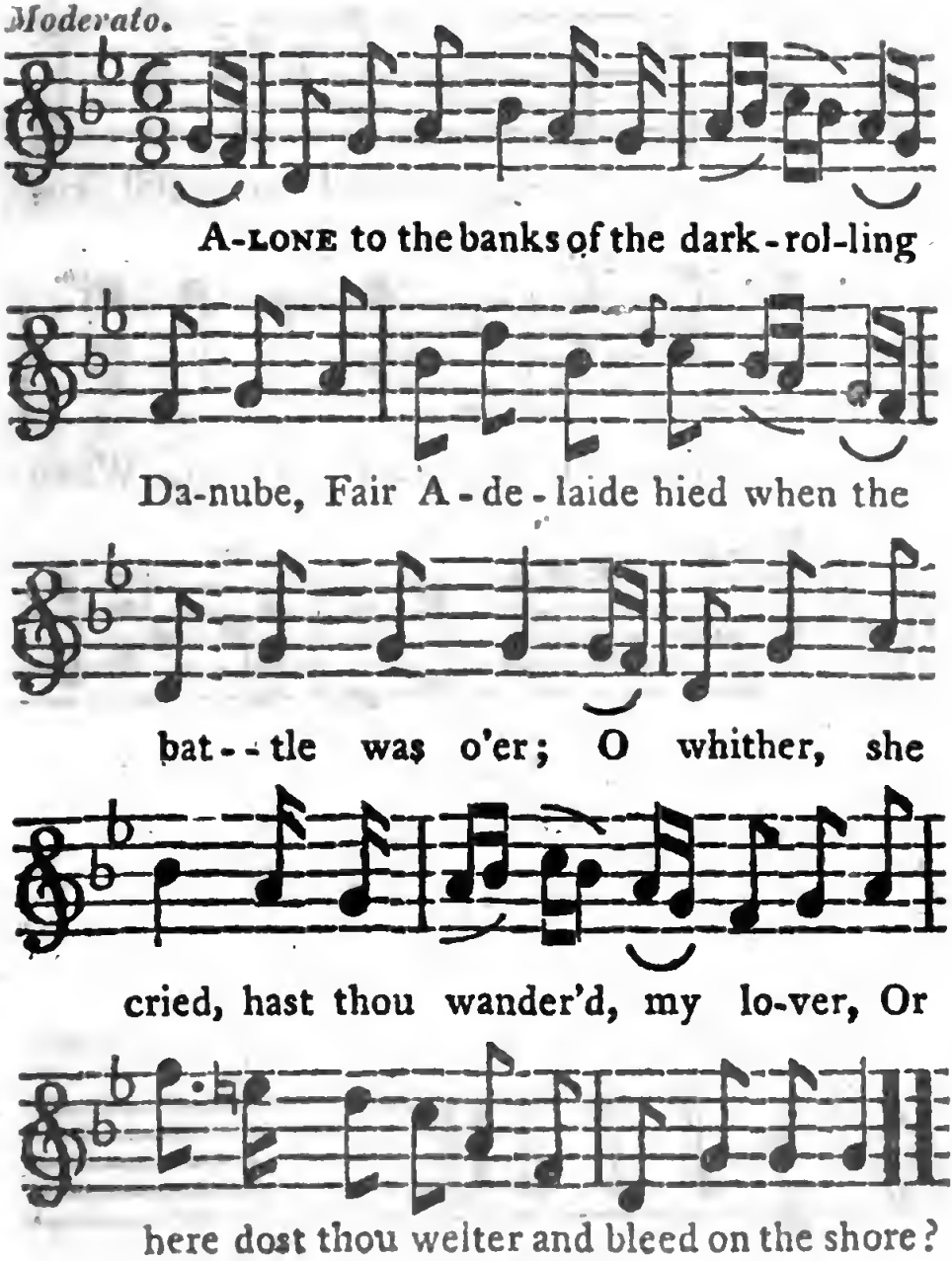
right lit-tle tight lit-tle island; May its

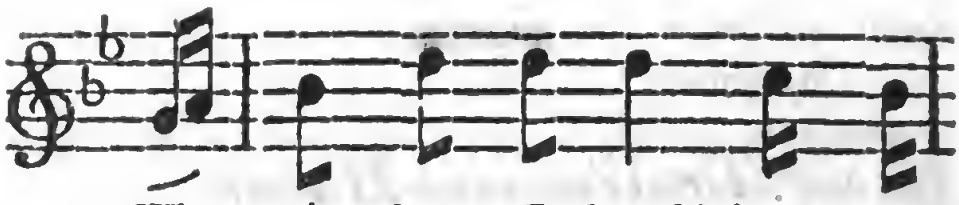
commerce increase, while the blessings of

peace Make glad ev'-ry heart in the island;

The Wounded Hussar.

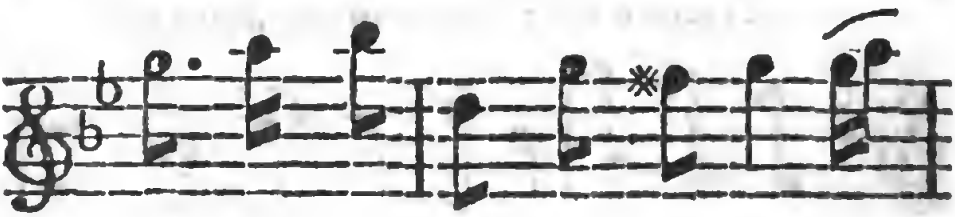
Moderato.



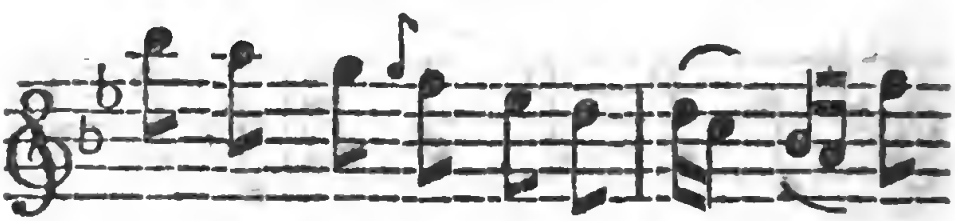


What voice have I heard? 'twas my

Hen-ry that sigh'd; All mournful she



has-ten'd, nor wan-der'd she far, When



bleeding, and low on the heath, she de-

scri-ed, By the light of the moon, her poor

wounded hussar.

From his bosom that heav'd, the last torrent was
streaming,
And pale was his visage, deep mark'd with a scar,
And dim was that eye, once expressively beaming,
That melted in love, and that kindled in war.
How smit was poor Adelaide's heart at the sight!
How bitter she wept o'er the victim of war!
" Hast thou come, my fond love, this last sorrowful
" night,
" To cheer the lone heart of your wounded hussar?"

" Thou shalt live!" she replied, " Heaven's mercy,
" relieving
" Each anguishing wound, shall forbid me to
" mourn."
" Ah, no! the last pang in my bosom is heaving,
" No light of the morn shall to Henry return.
" Thou charmer of life, ever tender and true,
" Ye babes of my love that await me afar——"
His fault'ring tongue scarcely could murmur, Adieu!
When he sunk in her arms, the poor wounded
hussar.

The Soldier's Dream.

TO THE SAME AIR.

Our bugles sung truce, for the night-cloud had lower'd,
And the centinel stars set the watch in the sky,
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpower'd,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die;
When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And twice ere the cock crew I dreamt it again.

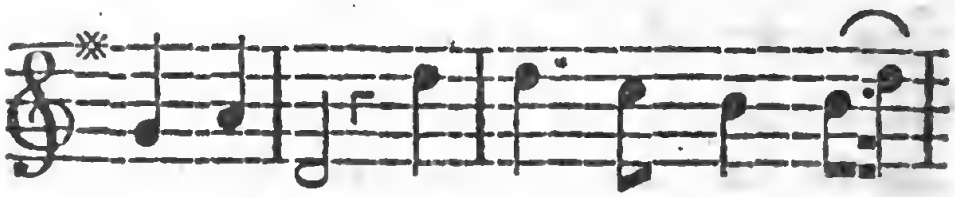
Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track,
Till nature and sunshine disclos'd the sweet way
To the house of my father, who welcom'd me back.
I flew to the pleasant fields, travell'd so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young,
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And well knew the strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledg'd we the wine cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
My little ones kiss'd me a hundred times o'er,
And my wife sobb'd aloud in the fulness of heart.
Stay! stay with us! rest! thou art weary and worn!
And fain was the war-broken soldier to stay;
But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

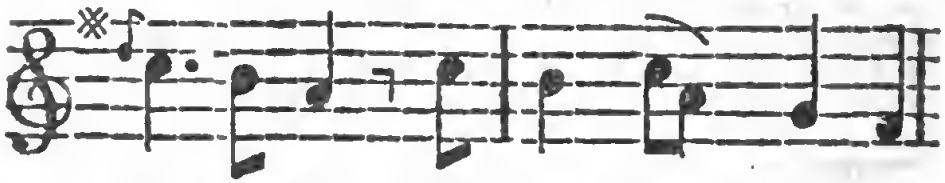
The Joys of Saturday Night.

Andantino.

'Tis said we vent'rous die-hards, when we

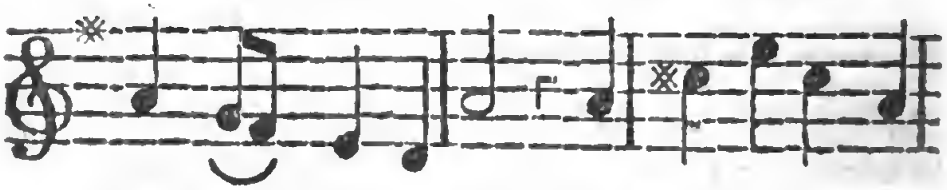


leave the shore, Our friends should mourn, Lest



we re-turn To bless their sight no

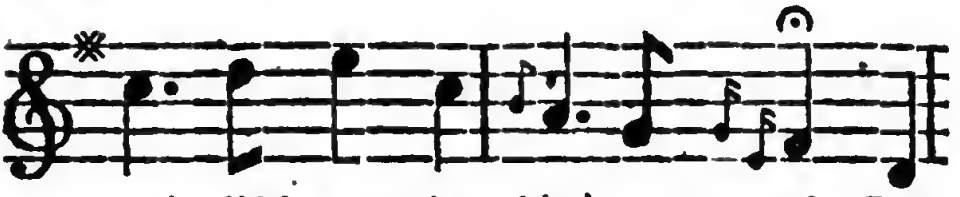
more. But this is all a notion Bold



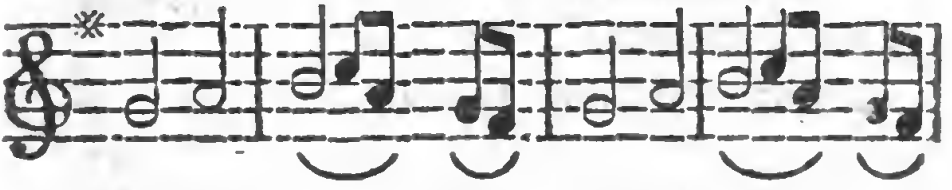
Jack can't understand; Some die up-on the

o-cean, And some on land. Then

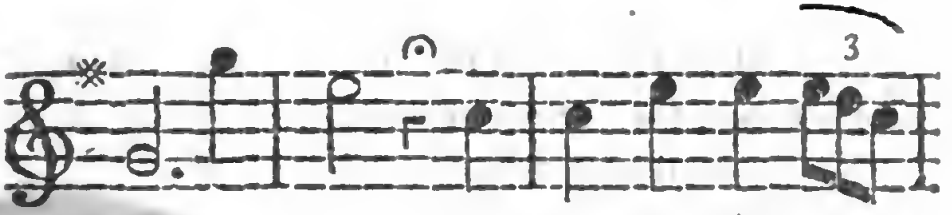
since 'tis clear, How-e'er we steer, No



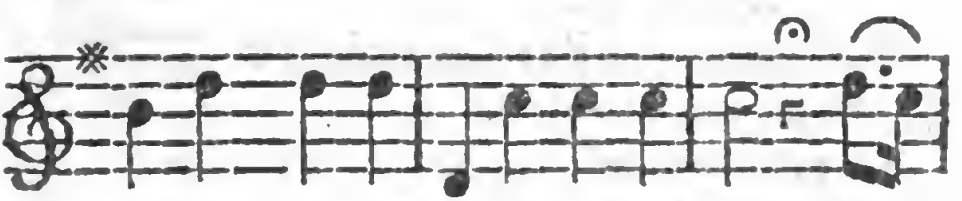
man's life's un-der his 'com-mand, Let



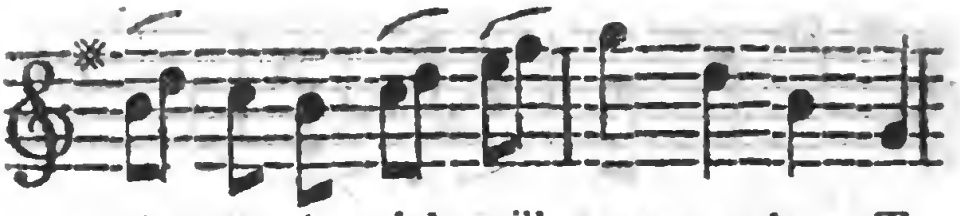
tempests howl, And billows roll, And

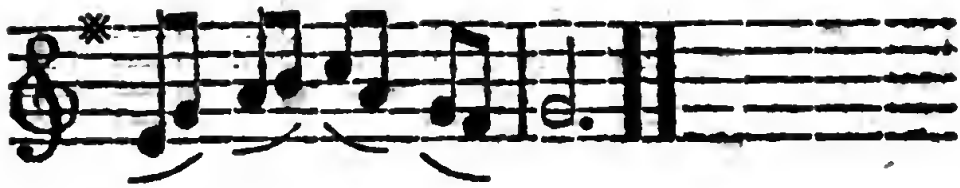


dan-ger press, Of those in spite there



are some joys, Us jol-ly tars to bless; For





One seaman hands the sails, another heaves the log,
The purser swops
Our pay for slops,
The landlord sells us grog.
Thus each man to his station,
To keep life's ship in trim,
What argufies noration?
The rest is Fortune's whim:
Cheerly, my hearts,
Then play your parts,
Boldly resolv'd to sink or swim.
The mighty surge
May ruin urge,
And danger press;
Of those in spite there are some joys
Us jolly tars to bless,
For Saturday night still comes, my boys,
To drink to Poll and Bess.

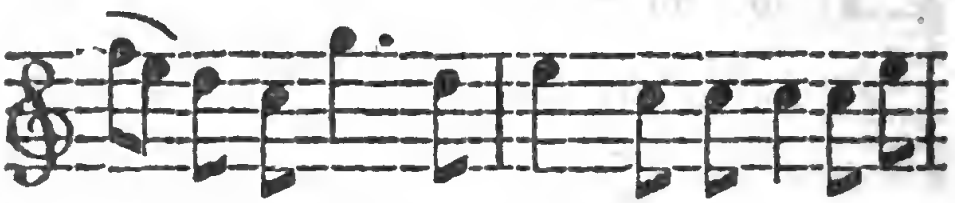
For all the world just like the ropes aboard a ship,
Each man's rigg'd out,
A vessel stout,
To take for life a trip:
The shrouds, and stays, and braces,
Are joys, and hopes, and fears;
The halliards, sheets, and traces,
Still as each passion veers,
And whim prevails,
Direct the sails,
As on the sea of life he steers.
Then let the storm
Heav'n's face deform,
And danger press;
Of those in spite there are some joys
All jolly tars to bless,
For Saturday night still comes, my boys,
To drink to Poll and Bess.

The Liquor of Life.

Allegro Moderato.

To ba-nish life's troubles, the Grecian old

sage Prest the fruit of the vin-tage oft



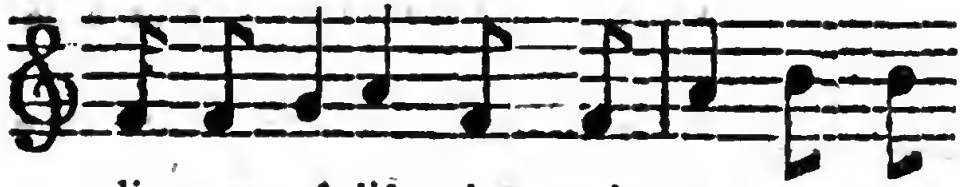
in-to the bowl, Which made him forget all the

cares of old age, It bloom'd in his face, and made

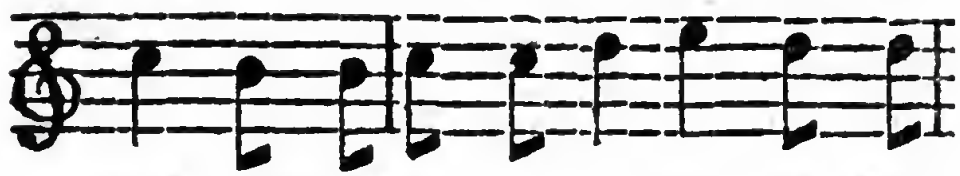
happy his soul, It bloom'd in his face, and made

happy his soul. While here we are found, - -

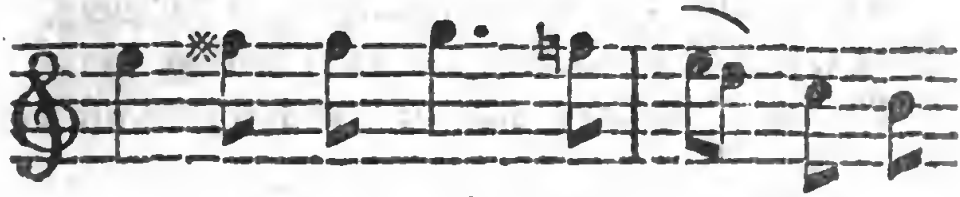
- - - Put the bumper around, - - - 'Tis the



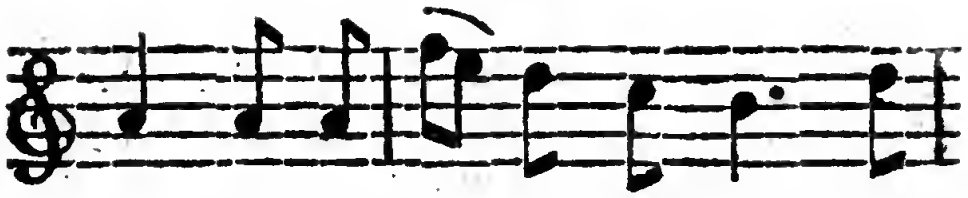
li-quor of life, that each care can con-



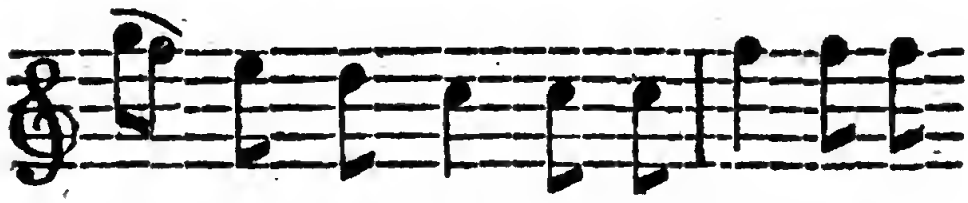
troul, 'Tis the li-quor of life, that each



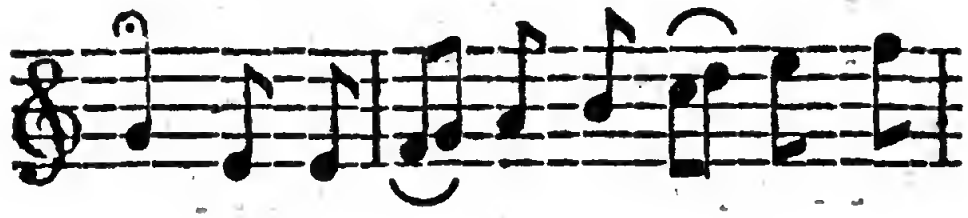
care can con-troul: While here we are



found, Put the bum-per a-round, While



here we are found, Put the bum-per a-



round, 'Tis the li-quor of life, that each

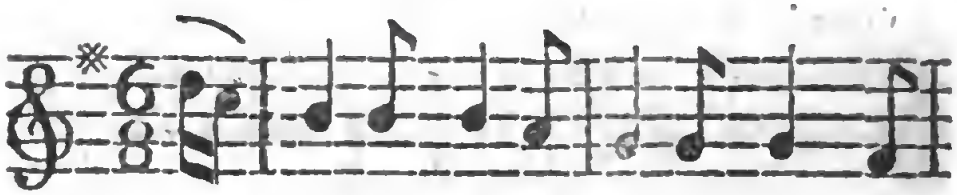
care can controul.

This jovial philosopher taught, that the sun
Was thirsty, and often drank deep of the main,
That the planets would tipple away as they run,
The earth wanted moisture, and soak'd up the rain.

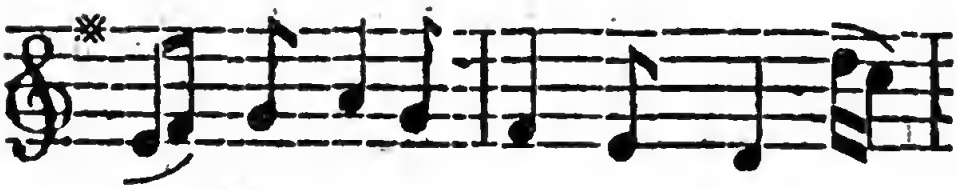
While here we are found,
Put the bumper around;
'Tis the liquor of life, and why should we refrain?

Its virtues are known both in war and in love,
The hero and lover alike it makes bold:
Vexations in life's busy day 'twill remove,
Delightful alike to the young and the old.
While here we are found,
Put the bumper around,
That every ill may by wine be controul'd.

Monsieur Nong Tong Paw.

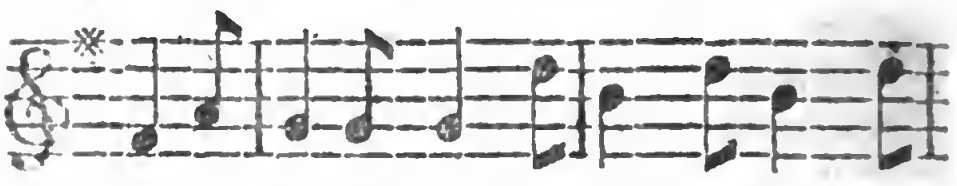


JOHN BULL for pastime took a prance, Some

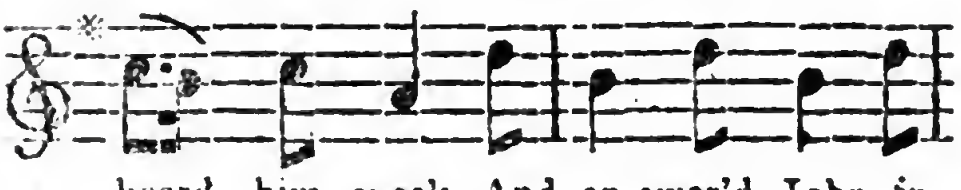


time a-go, to peep at France, To

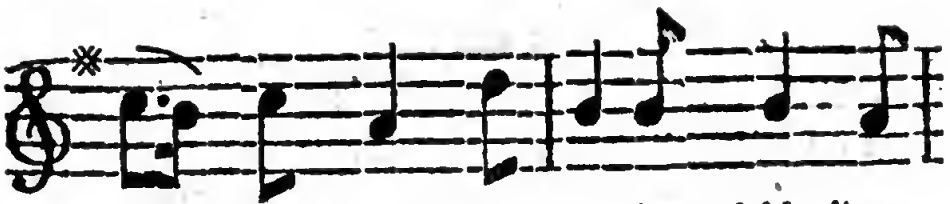
talk of sci-en-ces and arts, And knowledge



gain'd in foreign parts. Monsieur, ob-se-quious,

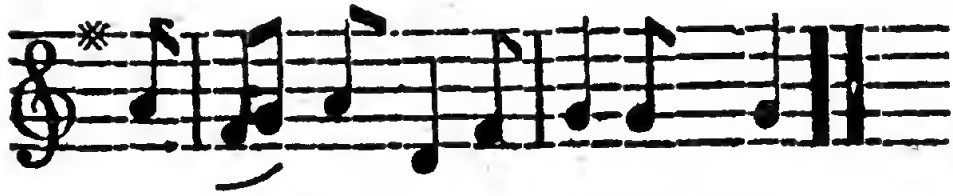


heard him speak, And an-swer'd John in



hea - then Greek; To all he ask'd, 'bout

all he saw, To all he ask'd, 'bout all he saw,



'Twas, *Monsieur, je vous n'entends pas.*

John to the Palais Royal come,
Its splendour almost struck him dumb:
I say, whose house is that there here?
Hosse! Je vous n'entends pas, Monsieur.
What! Nong Tong Paw again? cries John,
This fellow is some mighty Don,
No doubt has plenty for the maw;
I'll breakfast with this Nong Tong Paw.

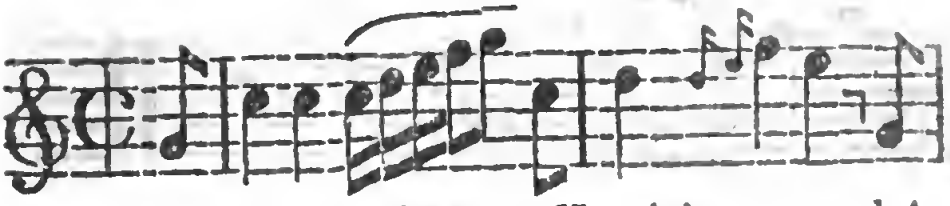
John saw Versailles from Marli's height,
And cried, astonish'd at the sight,
Whose fine estate is that there here?
Stat! Je vous n'entends pas, Monsieur.

His! what, the lands and houses too?
The fellow's richer than a Jew:
On every thing he lays his claw;
I should like to dine with Nong Tong Paw.

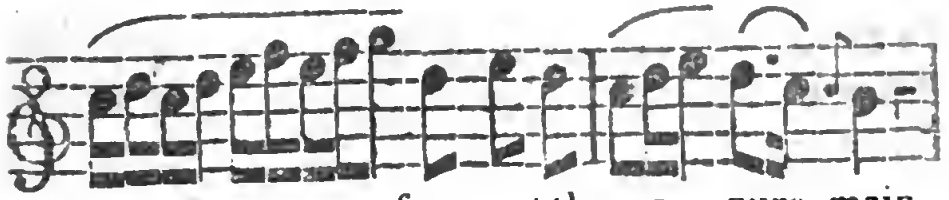
Next tripping came a courtly fair;
John cried, enchanted with her air,
What lovely wench is that there here?
Ventch! Je vous n'entends pas, Monsieur.
What! he again? Upon my life,
A palace, lands, and then a wife
Sir Joshua might delight to draw;
I should like to sup with Nong Tong Paw.

But hold, whose funeral's that, cries John.
Je vous n'entends pas. What! is he gone?
Wealth, fame, and beauty, could not save
Poor Nong Tong Paw, then, from the grave.
His race is run, his game is up,
I'd with him breakfast, dine, and sup;
But since he chooses to withdraw,
Good night t'ye, Mounseer Nong Tong Paw.

Rule Britannia.

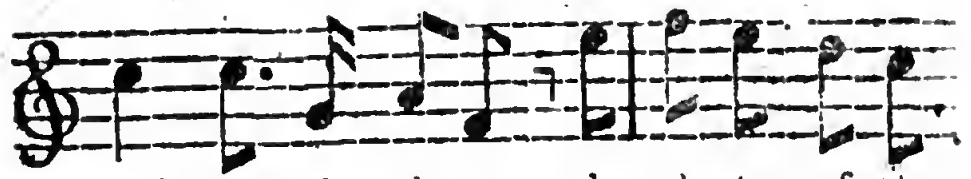


When Britain first, at Heav'n's command, A-



rose - - - - from out the a - - zure main,

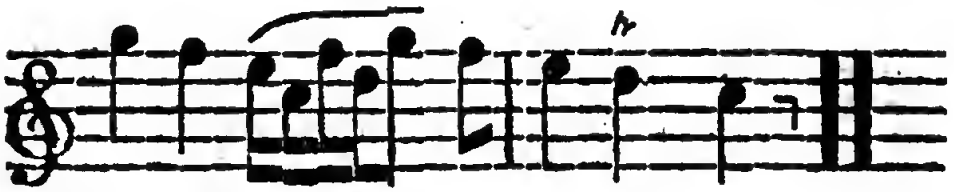
Arose from out - - - the azure main;



This was the charter, the charter of the

land, And guardian an - - - - gels sung the strain;

Rule Britannia, Britannia rule the waves!



Britons ne - - - - ver shall be slaves.

The nations not so blest as thee
Must in their turn to tyrants fall,
Must in, &c.
Whilst thou shalt flourish—shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke,
More dreadful, &c.
As the loud blast—loud blast that tears the skies
Serves but to root thy native oak.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
All their attempts to bend thee down,
All their attempts, &c.

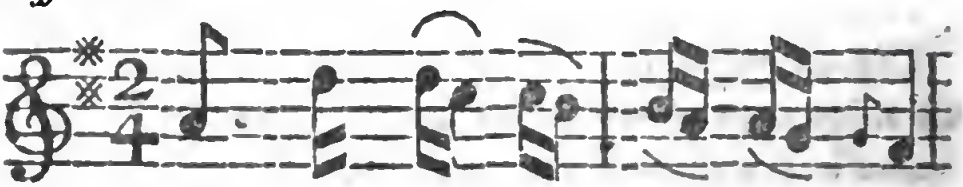
Will but arouse—arouse thy generous flame,
And work their woe, and thy renown.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine,
Thy cities, &c.
All thine shall be—shall be the subject main,
And every shore it circles thine.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

The Muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair,
Shall to, &c.
Blest isle, with beauty, with matchless beauty crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

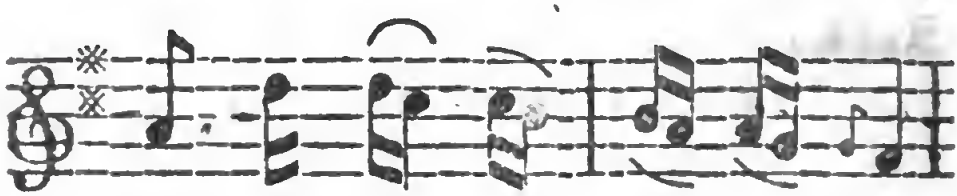
Whilst with Village Maids I stray.

Affettuoso.



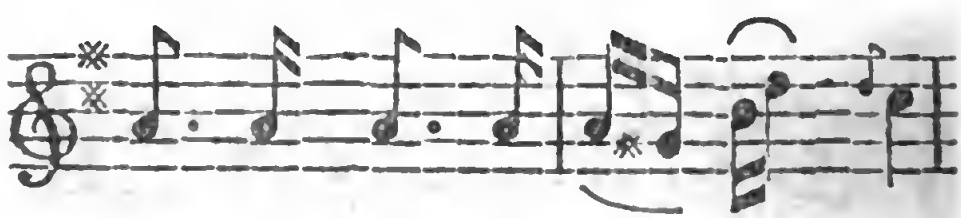
Whilst with vil--lage maids I stray,

Sweet-ly wears the joy--ous day,



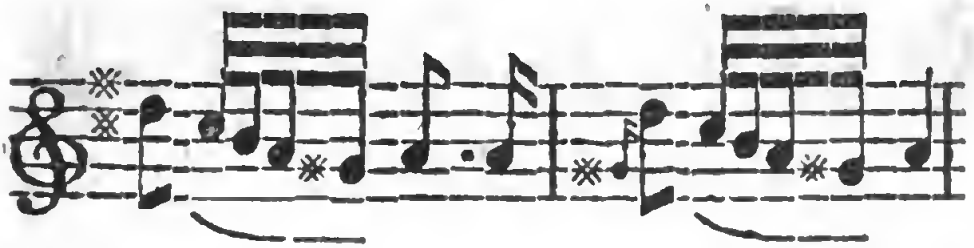
Whilst with vil--lage maids I stray,

Sweet-ly wears the joy--ous day:



Cheer-ful glows my art--less breast,

Mild con - - tent the con - - stant guest,

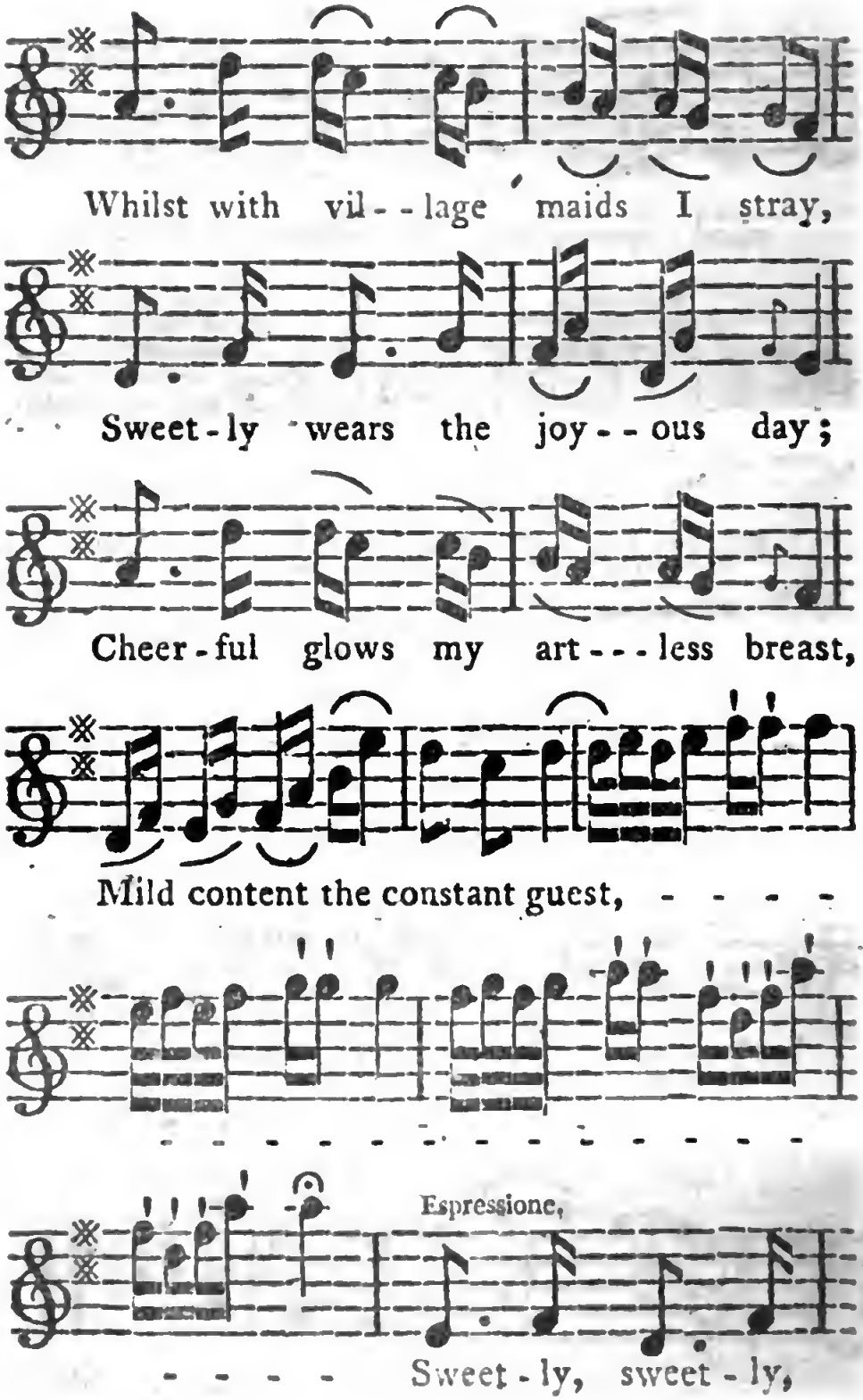


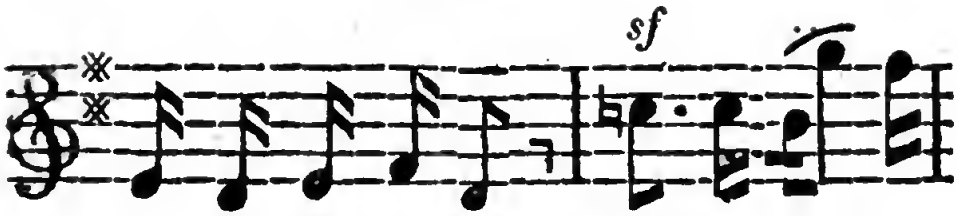
Cheer - ful glows my art - - - less breast,

Mild con - - tent the constant guest,

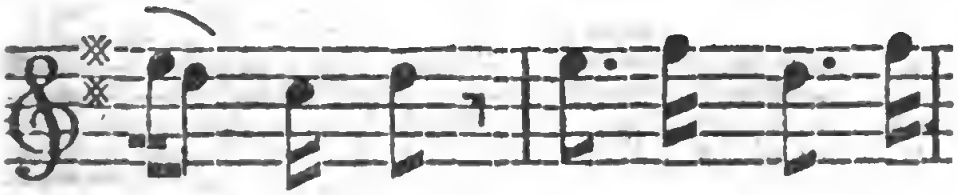
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

- - - - - - the constant guest. *V. S.*


Whilst with vil - - lage maids I stray,
Sweet - ly wears the joy - - ous day;
Cheer - ful glows my art - - - less breast,
Mild content the constant guest, - - - - -
- - - - - - - - - - - - - -
Espressione.
- - - - Sweet - ly, sweet - ly,

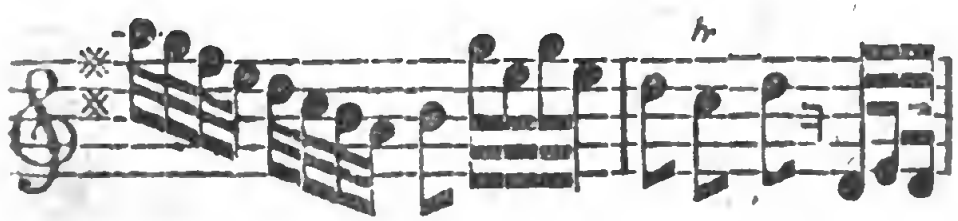


wears the joy-ous day. Whilst with vil-lage

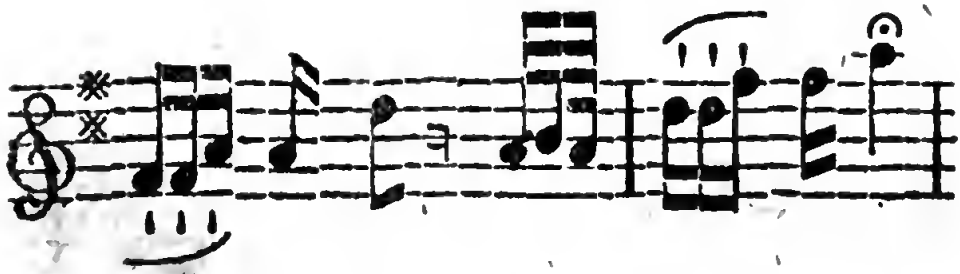


maids I stray, Sweet-ly, sweet-ly,

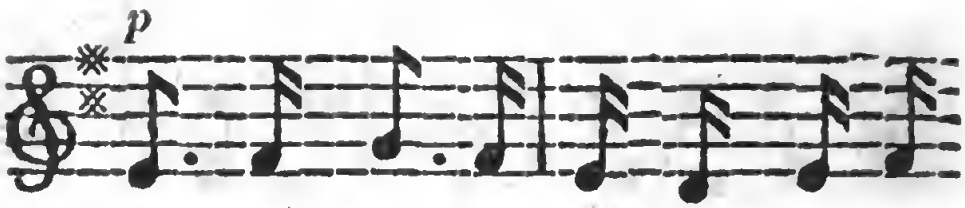
wears the joy-ous day, - - - - -



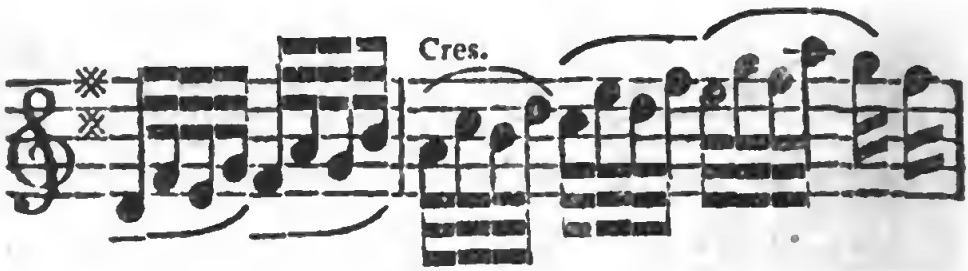
- - - - - - the joyous day, the



joy--ous day, the joy--ous day,



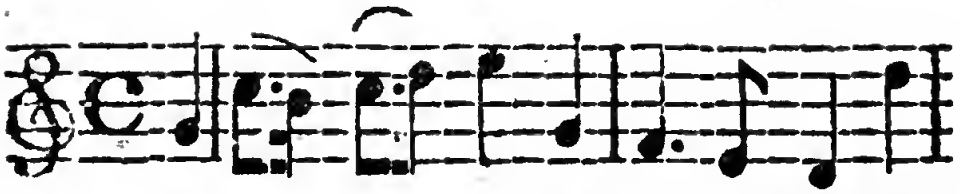
Sweet - ly, sweet - ly, wears the joy - ous



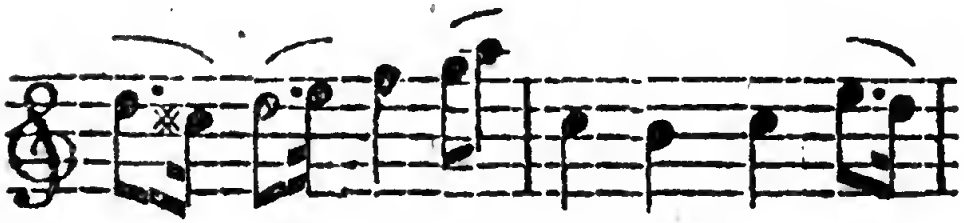
day, - - - - - - - - - - - - the

joy - ous day.

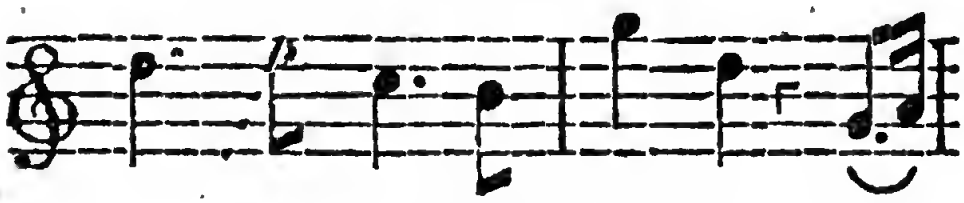
Lovely Polly.



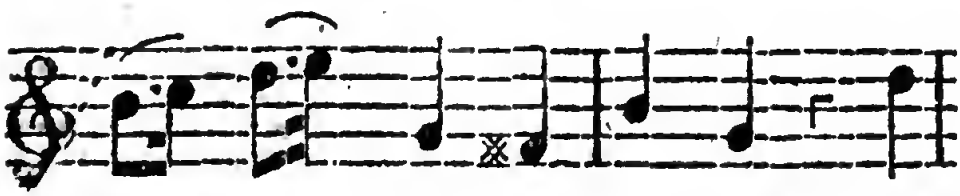
A SEA-MAN's love is void of art, Plain



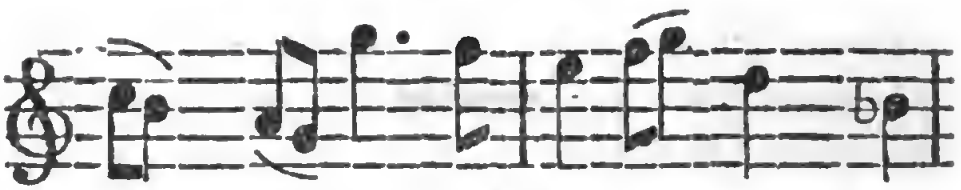
sail--ing to his port the heart; He



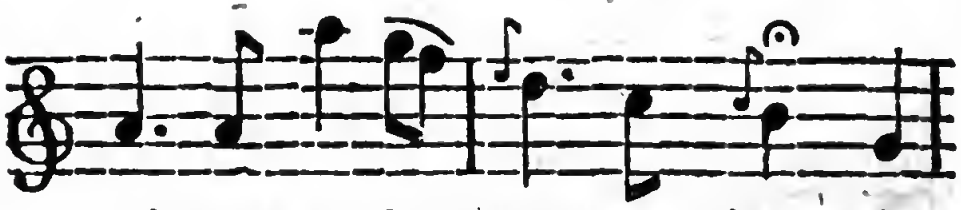
knows no jea--lous fol--ly, He



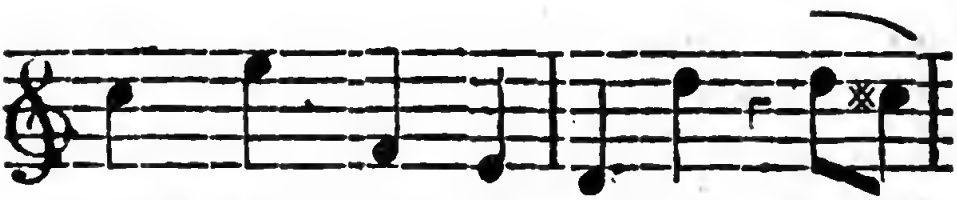
knows no jea--lous fol--ly. 'Tis



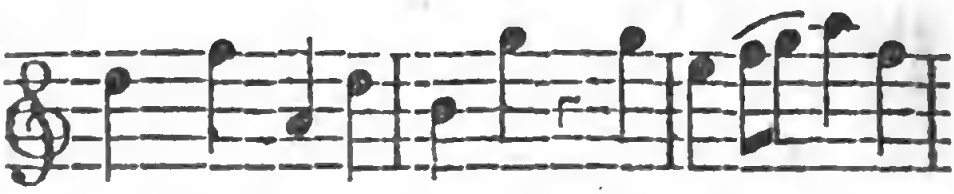
hard e-nough at sea to war With



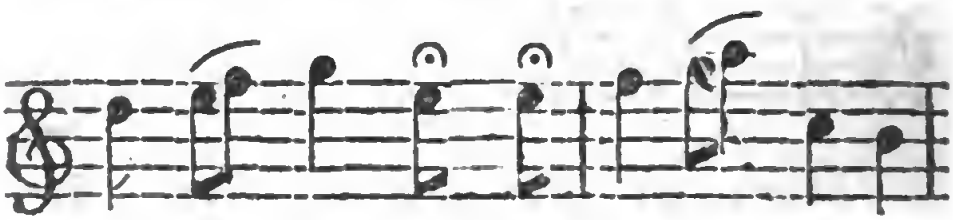
boist'rous e - le - ments that jar: All's



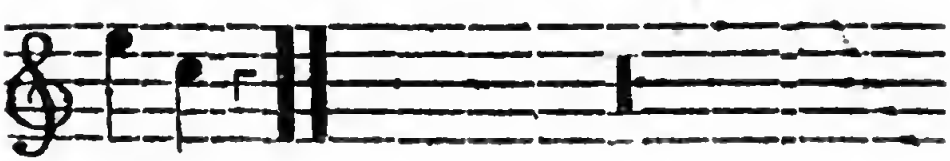
peace with love - ly Pol - - ly, All's



peace with lovely Polly, With lovely Polly,



love - - ly Pol - - ly, All's peace with love - ly



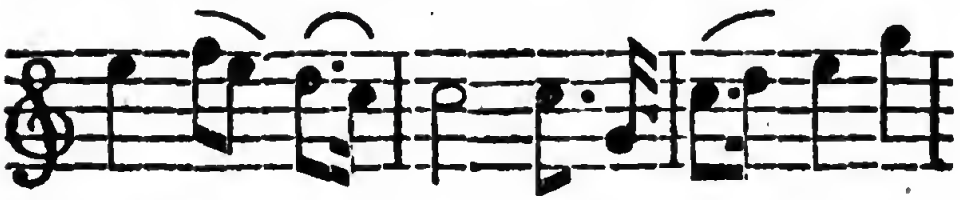
Polly.

Enough, that far from sight of shore,
Clouds frown, and angry billows roar,
  Still he is brisk and jolly,
And while surrounded by his mates,
Her health he drinks, anticipates
  The smiles of lovely Polly.

Should thunder on th' horizon press,
Mocking our signal of distress,
  Ev'n then dull melancholy
Vainly intrudes; he braves the din,
In hopes to find a calm within
  The snowy arms of Polly.

When in War on the Ocean.

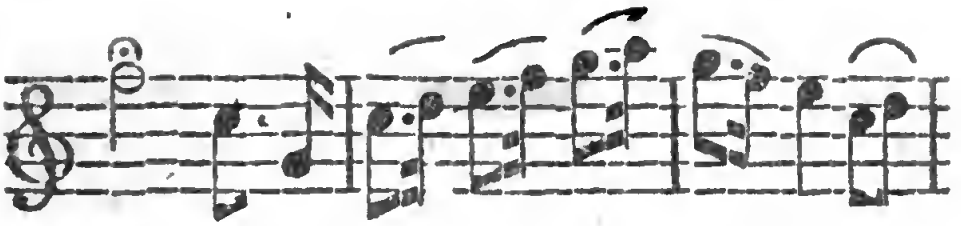
When in war on the o--cean we



meet the proud foe, Tho' with ar-dour for

conquest our bo-soms may glow, Let us

see on their ves-sels old England's flag

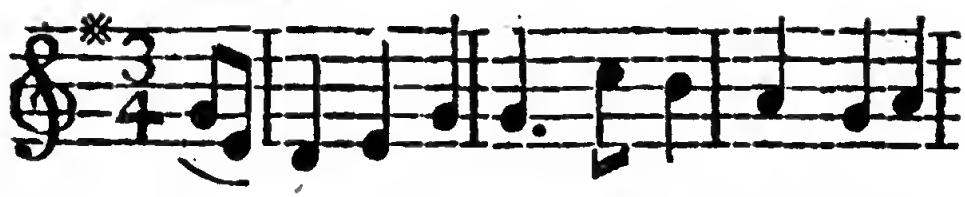


When their tri-colour'd ensigns we view from afar,
With three cheers they're welcom'd by each British tar,
While the Genius of Britain still bids us advance,
Our guns hurl in thunder defiance to France.

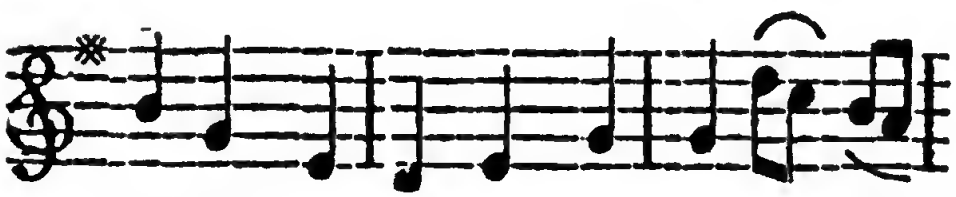
But mark the last broadside: She sinks! down she goes!
Quickly man all your boats, boys, they no longer are foes:
To snatch a brave fellow from a watery grave,
Is worthy of Britons, who conquer to save.

Inkle and Yarico.

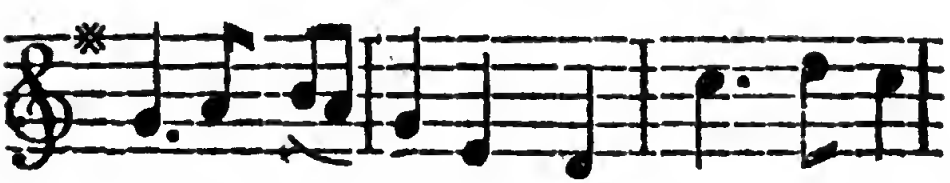
INKLE.



O SAY, simple maid, have you form'd a-ny

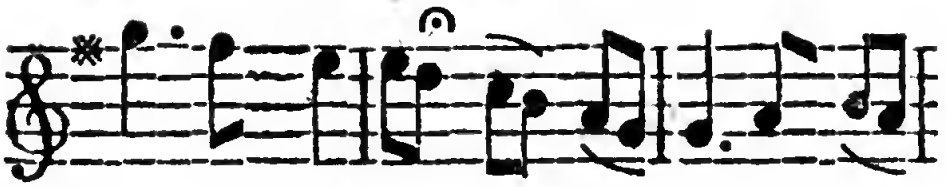


no-tion Of all the rude dan-gers in

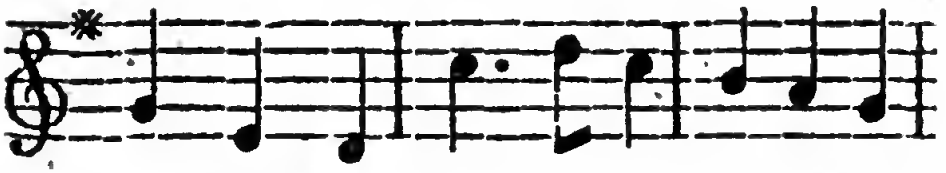


crossing the ocean? When winds whis-tle

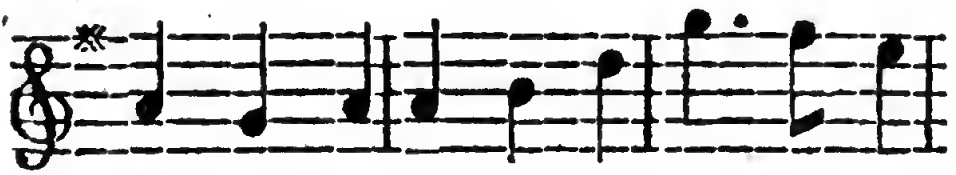
shrilly, ah! won't they remind you, To



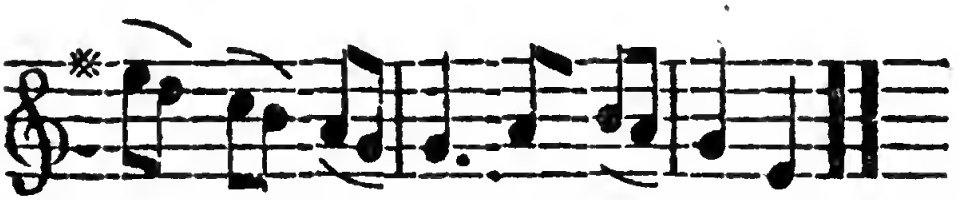
sigh with re-gret for the grot left be-



hind you? When winds whistle shrilly, ah!



won't they remind you, To sigh with re-



gret for the grot left behind you?

YARICO.

Ah, no! I could follow, and sail the world over,
Nor think of my grot when I look on my lover:
The winds which blow round us, your arms for my pillow,
Shall lull us to sleep, while we're rock'd by each billow.

INKLE.

Then say, lovely lass, what if haply espying
A rich gallant vessel, with gay colours flying?

YARICO.

I'll journey with thee, love, to where the land narrows,
And fling all my cares at my back with my arrows.

BOTH.

O say, then, my true love, we never will sunder,
Nor shrink from the tempest, nor dread the loud thunder;
While constant, we'll laugh at all changes of weather,
And journey all over the world both together.

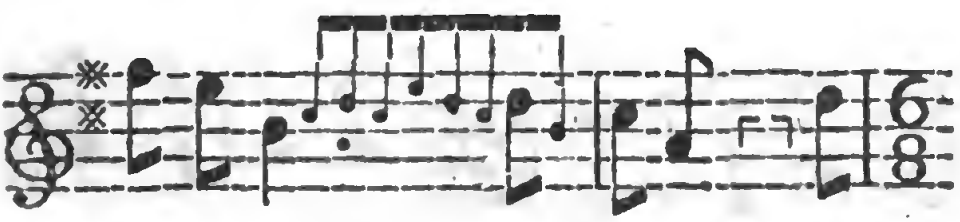
Dulce Domum.

Largo.

DEEP in a vale a cottage stood, Oft

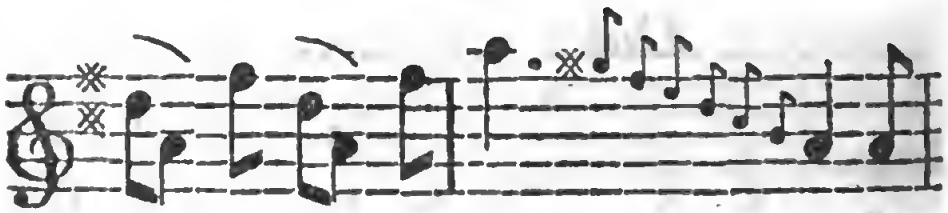
sought by trav'lers weary, And long it prov'd the

blest a - bode Of Edward and of Mary, Of

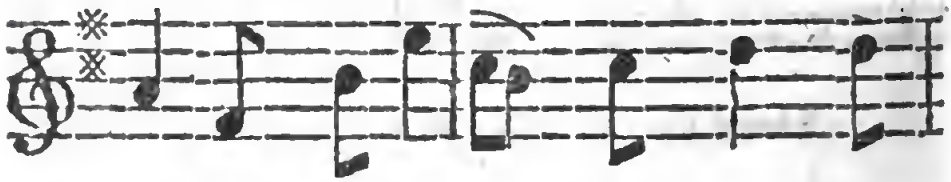


Edward and - - of Mary. For

her he'd chase the mountain goat, O'er



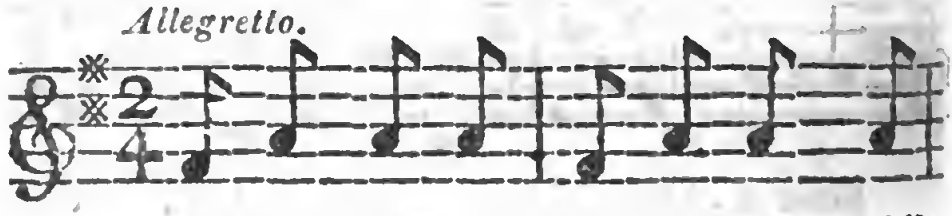
Alps and glaciers bound - - - - ing, For



her the chamois he would shoot, Dark

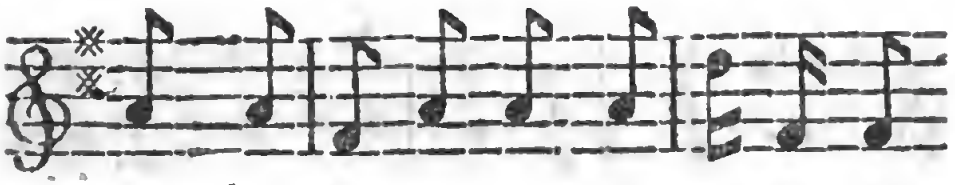
hor - rors all sur - roun - ding: But

Allegretto.

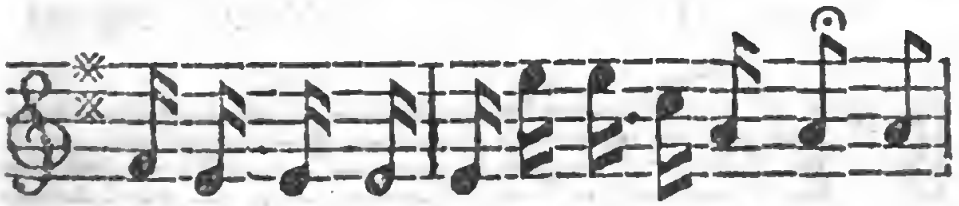


ev'ning come, he sought his home, While

anxious, lovely wo - - man, She hail'd the



sight, and ev'-ry night The cottage rung



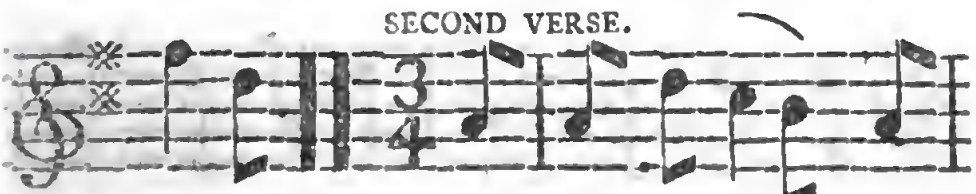
as they sung, The cottage rung as they sung, Oh,

dulce dulce do-mum! Oh, dulce dulce

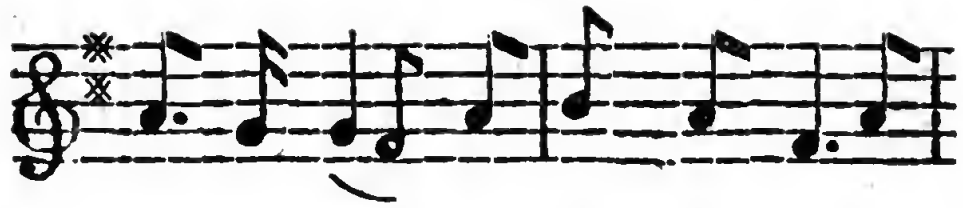
do--mum! The cottage rung as they sung, Oh,

dul-ce dul-ce domum! Oh, dul-ce dul-ce

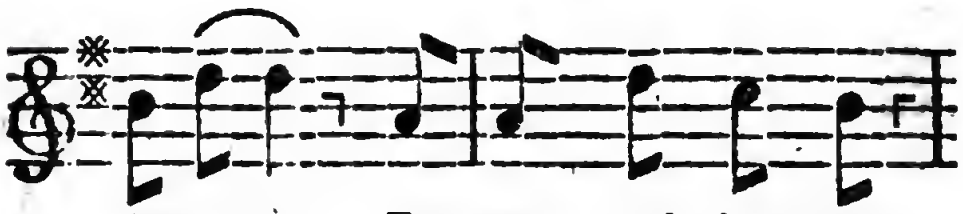
SECOND VERSE.



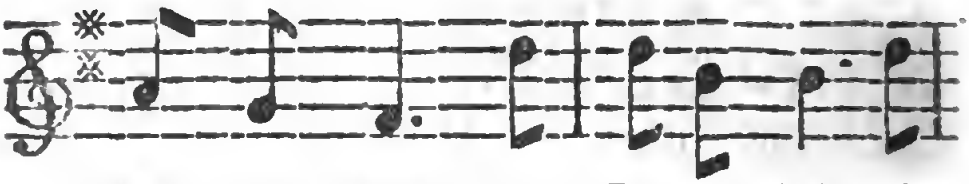
domum! But soon, a--las! this



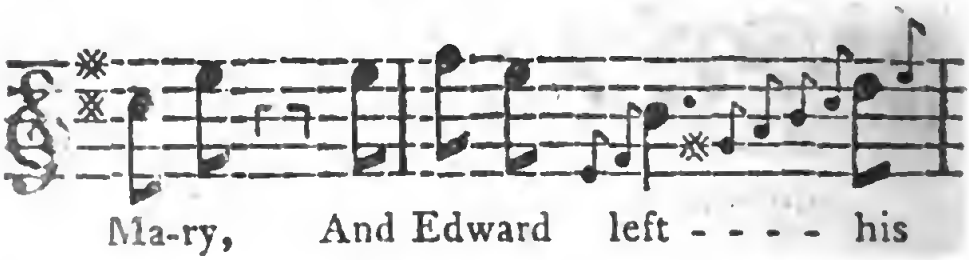
scene of bliss Was chang'd to prospects



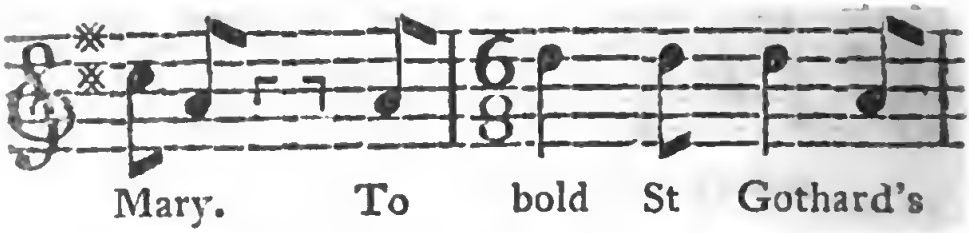
drea - ry, For war and ho - nour



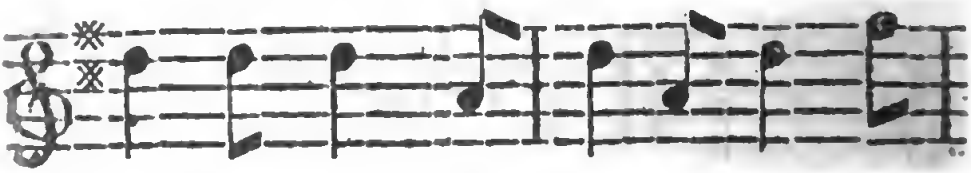
rous'd each Swiss, And Edward left his



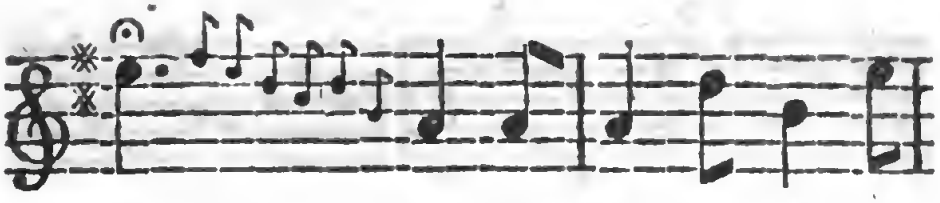
Ma-ry, And Edward left - - - - his



Mary. To bold St Gothard's

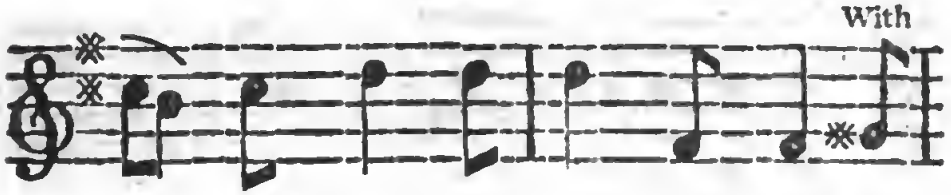


'height he rush'd, 'Gainst Gallia's force con-



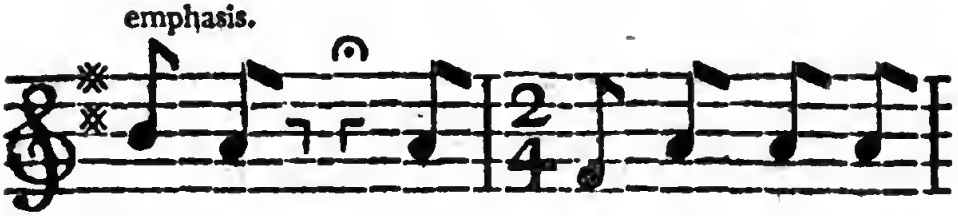
tend - - - - - ing, And, by un - e - qual

With



numbers crush'd, He died his land de-

emphasis.

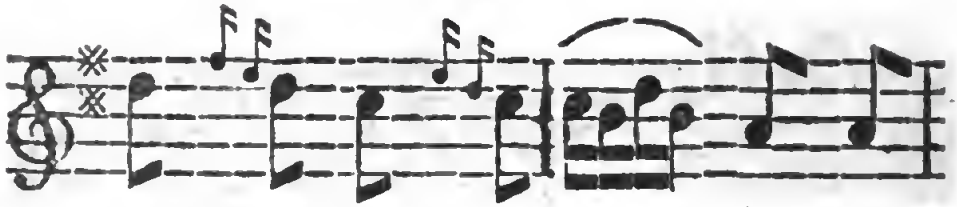


fend - ing. The ev'n - ing come, he

sought not home, While she, distracted wo - -

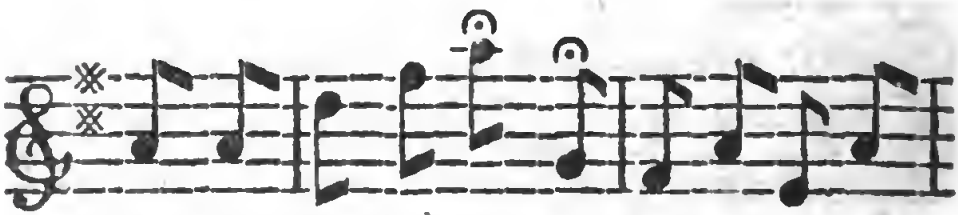
man! Grown wild with dread, now seeks him

dead, And hears the knell that bids farewel To

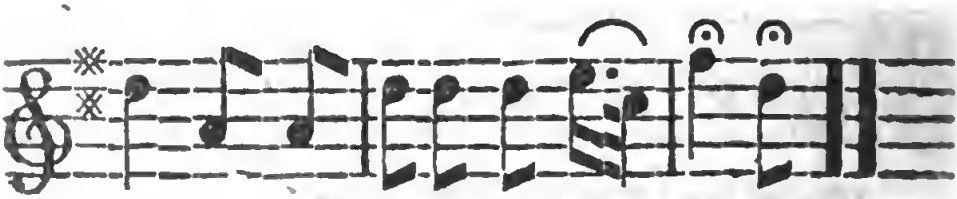


dul - - - ce dul - - - ce do - - - mum, To

dul-ce dul-ce do - - mum, And hears the



knell that bids farewel To dul - ce dul - ce



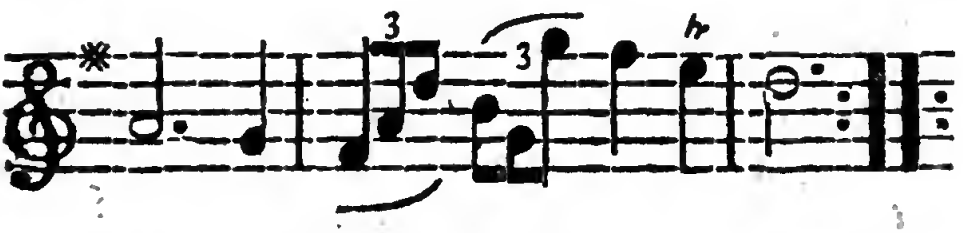
domum, To dul - ce dul - ce, domum.

Anna's Urn.

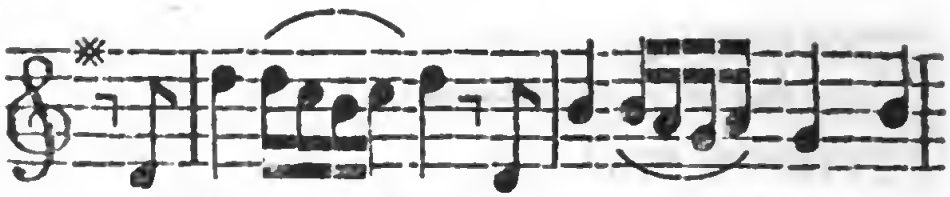
ENCOMPASS'D in an angel's frame, An

an-gel's vir-tues lay; Too soon did heav'n as-

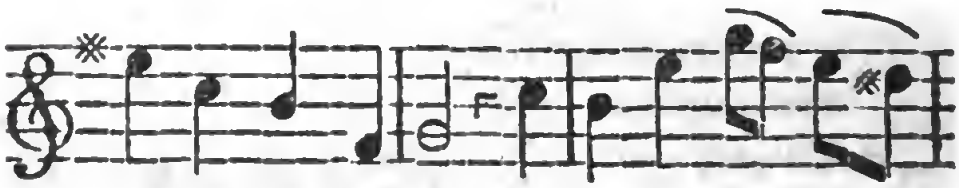
sert its claim, And call'd its own a-



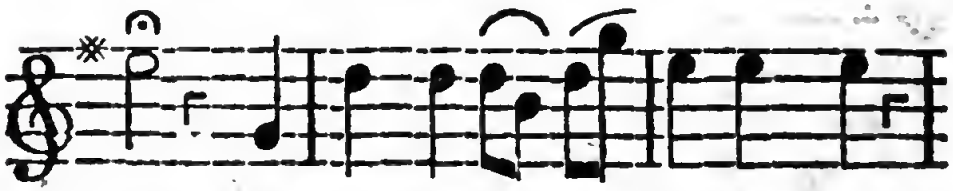
way, And call'd its own a--way.



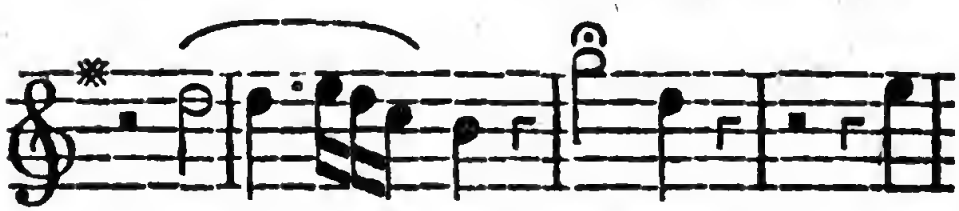
My An - na's worth, my An - na's charms, Can



never more return, Can never more re-



turn; What then shall fill these widow'd arms?



Ah - - - - me! Ah me! Ah

me! my An - na's urn!

Can I forget that bliss refin'd,
Which, blest with her, I knew?
Our hearts, in sacred bonds entwin'd,
Were bound by love too true.

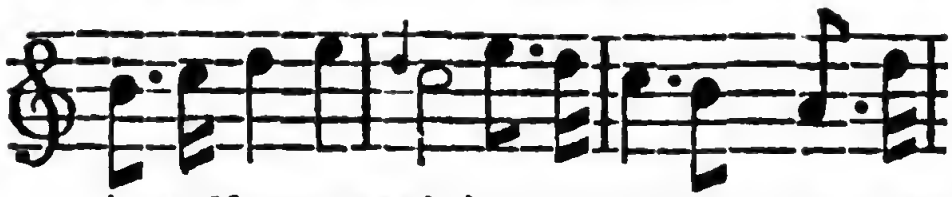
That rural train, which once were us'd
In festive dance to turn,
So pleas'd, when Anna they amus'd,
Now weeping deck her urn.

The soul escaping from its chain,
She clasp'd me to her breast;
" To part with thee is all my pain,"
She cried, then sunk to rest!
While memory shall her seat retain,
From beauteous Anna torn,
My heart shall breathe its ceaseless strain
Of sorrow o'er her urn.

There with the earliest dawn, a dove
Laments her murder'd mate;
There Philomela, lost to love,
Tells the pale moon her fate.
With yew and ivy round me spread,
My Anna there I'll mourn,
For all my soul, now she is dead,
Concentres in her urn.

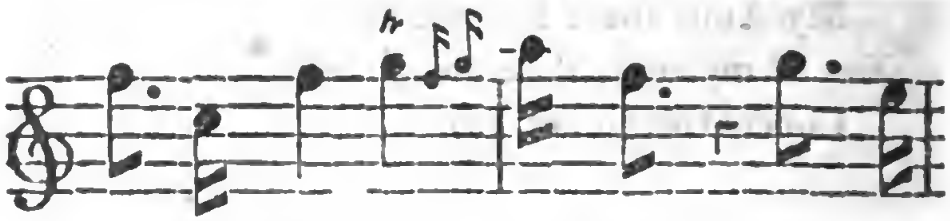
Crazy Jane.

WHY, fair maid, in ev'-ry feature, Are such

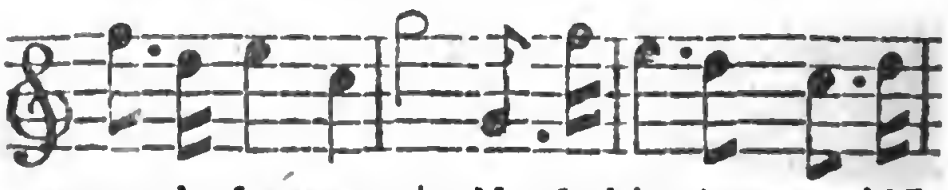


signs of fear express'd? Can a wand'ring, wretched

creature, With such terror fill thy breast? Do my

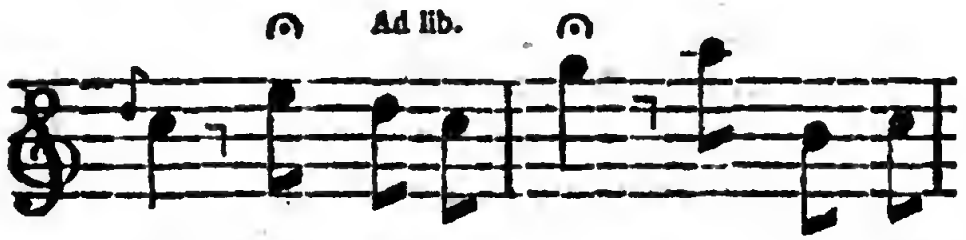


frenzied looks a---larm thee? Trust me,

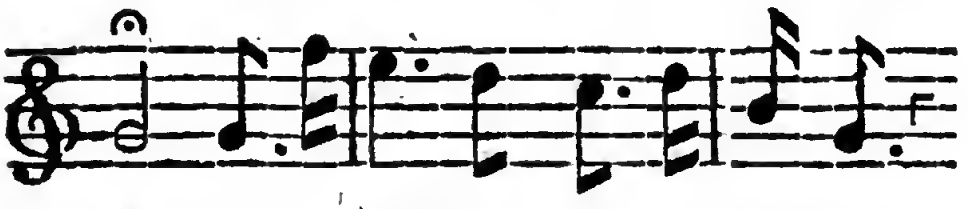


sweet, thy fears are vain: Not for kingdoms would I

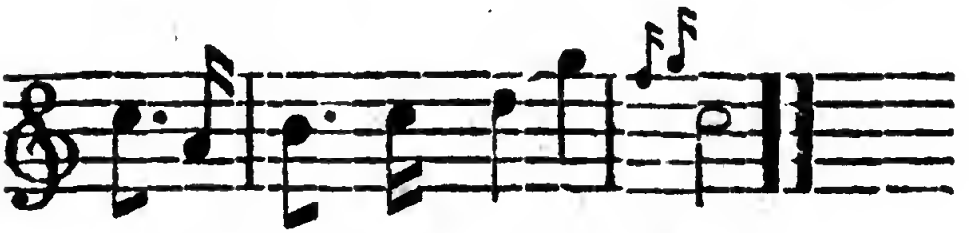
harm thee, Shun not then poor cra - zy



Jane, poor cra - zy Jane, poor cra - zy



Jane. Not for kingdoms would I harm thee,



Shun not then poor cra - zy Jane.

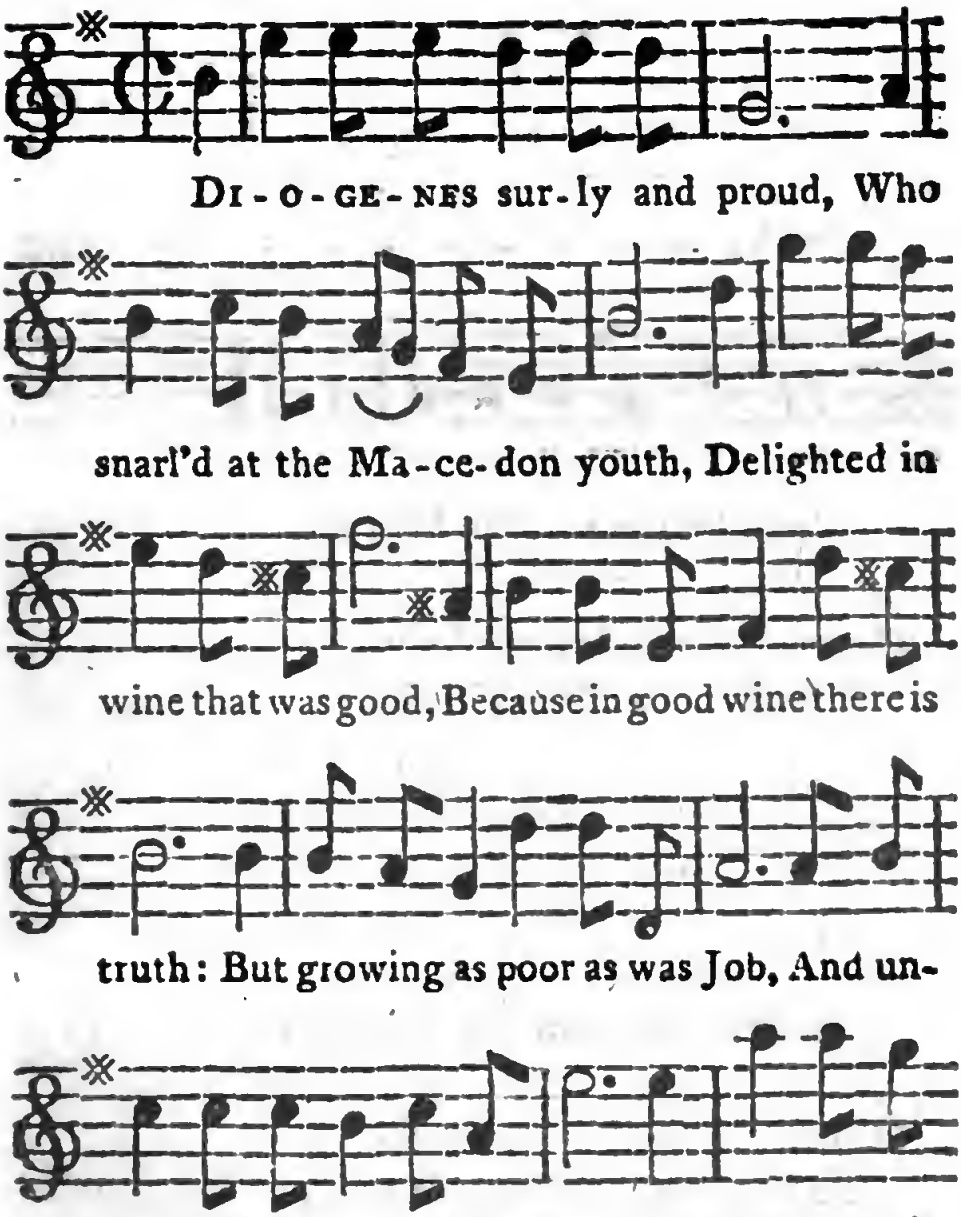
Dost thou weep to see my anguish?
Mark me, and avoid my woe;
When men flatter, sigh, and languish,
Think them false—I found them so;
For I lov'd, oh! so sincerely,
None can ever love again;

But the youth I lov'd so dearly
Stole the wits of crazy Jane.

Fondly my young heart receiv'd him,
Which was doom'd to love but one;
He seem'd true, and I believ'd him;
He was false, and I undone.
From that hour has Reason never
Held her empire o'er my brain:
Henry fled—with him for ever
Fled the wits of crazy Jane.

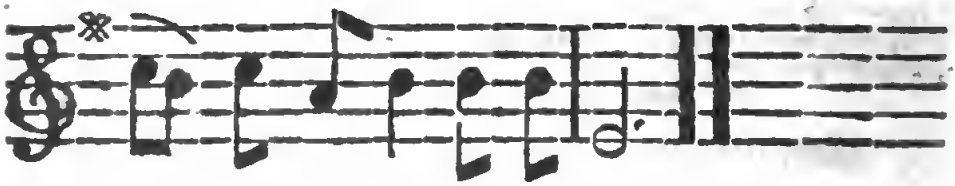
Now forlorn and broken-hearted,
Still with frenzied thoughts beset,
On that spot where last we parted,
On that spot where first we met,
Still I sing my love-lorn ditty,
Still I slowly pace the plain,
While each passer-by, in pity,
Cries, God help thee, crazy Jane!

Diogenes surly and proud.



mansion a tub, And liv'd by the scent of his

cask, - - - - - - - - - - - And



liv'd by the scent of his cask.

Heraclitus would never deny
A bumper to cherish his heart,
And when he was maudlin, would cry,
Because he had emptied his quart:
Though some were so foolish as think
He wept at men's folly and vice,
When 'twas only his custom to drink
Till the liquor ran out at his eyes.

Democritus always was glad
To tipple and cherish his soul;

Would laugh like a man that was mad,
When over a jolly full bowl.
While his cellar with wine was well stor'd,
His liquor he'd merrily quaff,
And when he was drunk as a lord,
At those that were sober he'd laugh.

Copernicus, too, like the rest,
Believ'd there was wisdom in wine,
And knew that a cup of the best
Made reason the brighter to shine:
With wine he replenish'd his veins,
And made his philosophy reel;
Then fancied the world, as his brains,
Turn'd round like a chariot wheel.

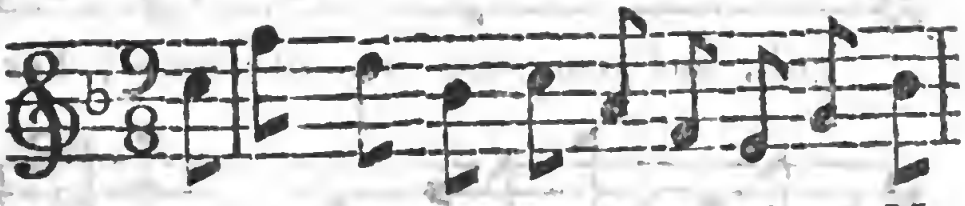
Aristotle, that master of arts,
Had been but a dunce without wine;
For what we ascribe to his parts
Is due to the juice of the vine:
His belly, most authors agree,
Was as big as a watering-trough;
He therefore leapt into the sea,
Because he'd have liquor enough.

When Pyrrho had taken a glass,
He saw that no object appear'd
Exactly the same as it was
Before he had liquor'd his beard;

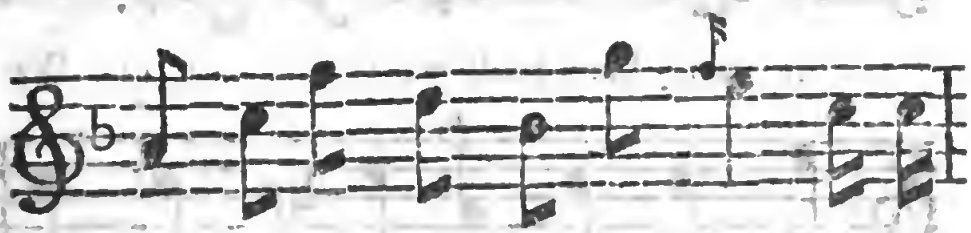
For things running round in his drink,
Which sober he motionless found,
Occasion'd the sceptic to think
There was nothing of truth to be found.

Old Plato was reckon'd divine,
Who wisely to virtue was prone,
But had it not been for good wine,
His merit had never been known.
By wine we are generous made,
It furnishes fancy with wings;
Without it we ne'er should have had
Philosophers, poets, or kings.

The Tar for all Weathers.

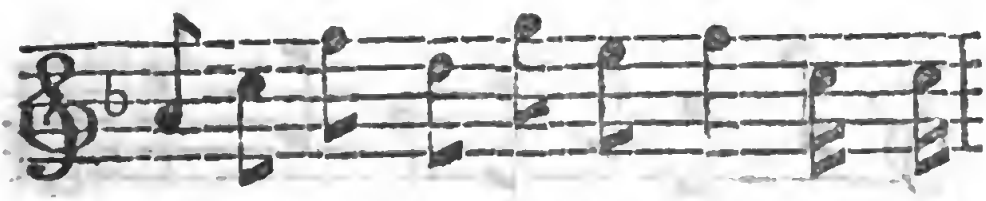


I SAIL'D from the Downs in the Nancy, My

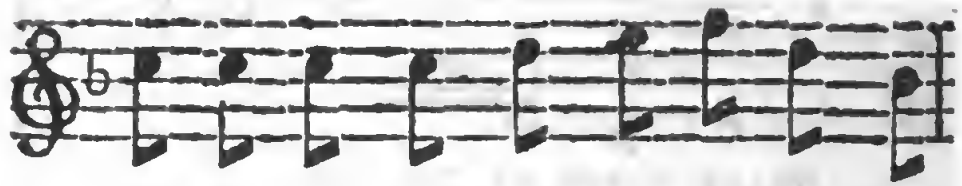


jib, how she smack'd thro' the breeze! She's a

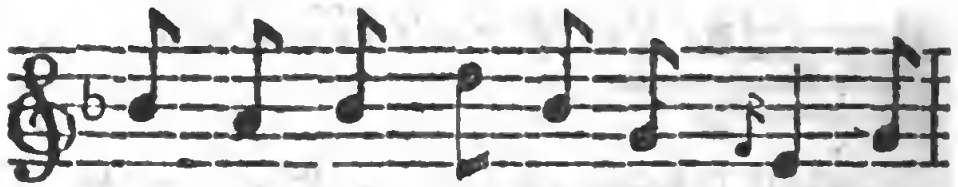
ves-sel as tight to my fan-cy, As



e-ver sail'd on the salt seas. So a-

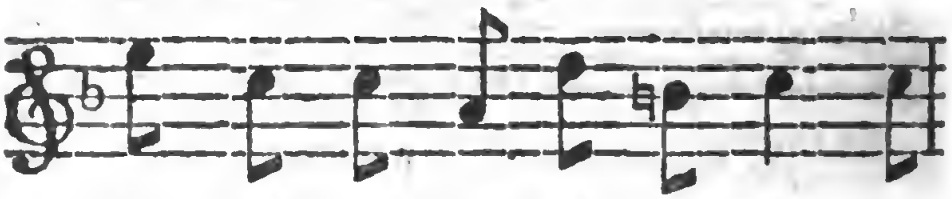


dieu to the white cliffs of Britain, Our

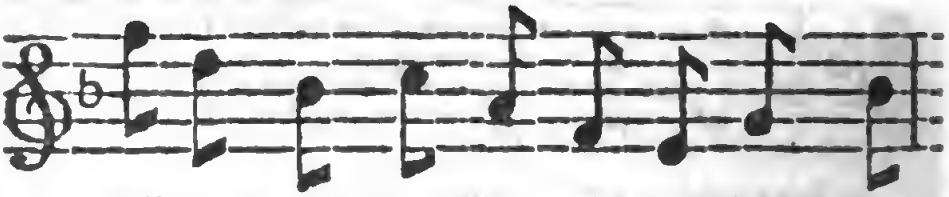


girls, and our dear na - tive shore; For

if some hard rock we should split on, We

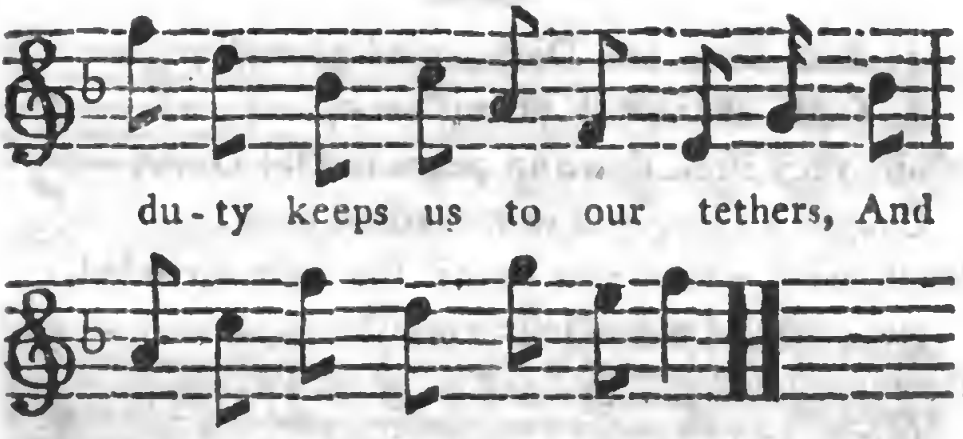


ne'er shall see them a - - ny more. But



sail - ors were born for all weathers, Great

guns, let it blow high, blow low, Our



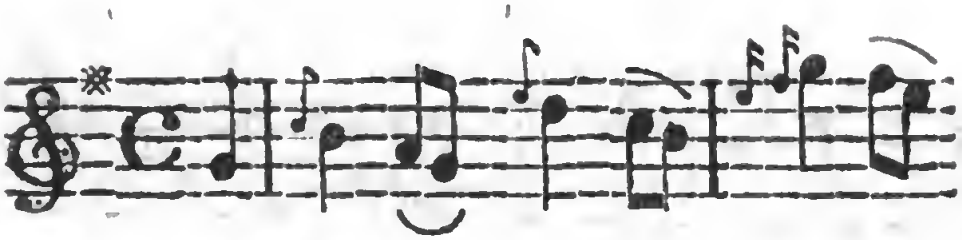
When we enter'd the Gut of Gibraltar,
I verily thought she'd have sunk,
For the wind so began for to alter,
She yaw'd just as thof she was drunk.
The squall tore the mainsail to shivers,
Helm a-weather, the hoarse boatswain cries,
Brace the foresail athwart, see, she quivers,
As through the rough tempest she flies.
But sailors, &c.

The storm came on thicker and faster,
As black just as pitch was the sky;
When truly a doleful disaster
Befel three poor sailors and I;
Ben Buntline, Sam Shroud, and Dick Handsail,
By a blast that came furious and hard,
Just while we were furling the mainsail,
Were every soul swept from the yard.
But sailors, &c.

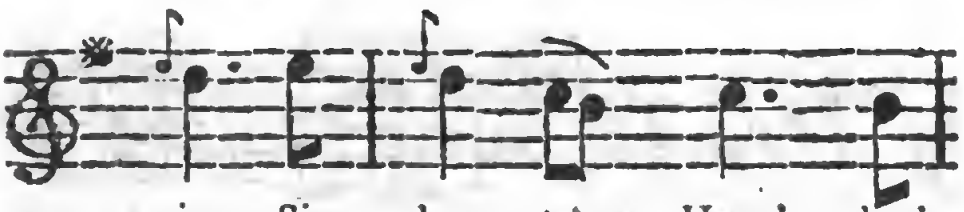
Poor Ben, Sam, and Dick, cried peccavi;
As for I, at the risk of my neck,
While they sunk down in peace to Old Davy,
Caught a rope, and so landed on deck.
Well—what would you have? We were stranded,
And, out of a fine jolly crew
Of three hundred, that sail'd, never landed,
But I, and, I think, twenty-two.
But sailors, &c.

After thus we at sea had miscarried,
Another guess way sat the wind,
For to England I came, and got married
To a lass that was comely and kind;
But whether for joy or vexation,
We know not for what we were born;
Perhaps I may find a kind station,
Perhaps I may touch at Cape Horn.
But sailors, &c.

Plato's Advice.

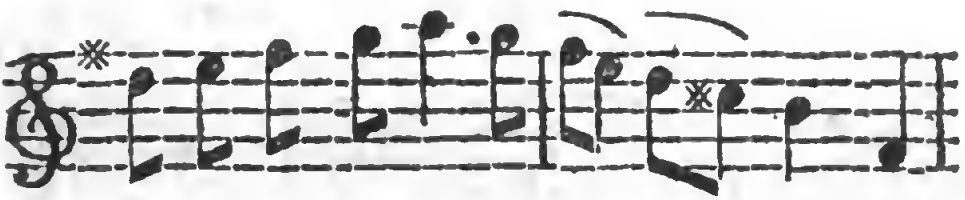


Says Pla - - to, why should man be

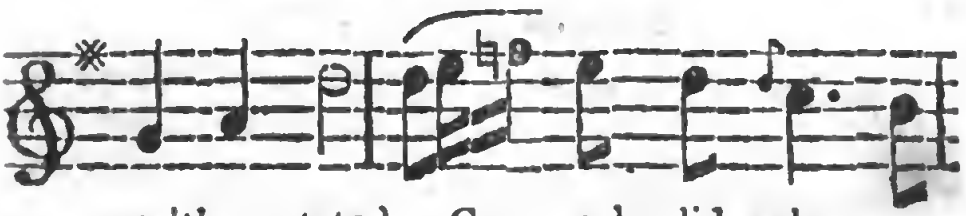


vain, Since boun - te'ous Heav'n hath

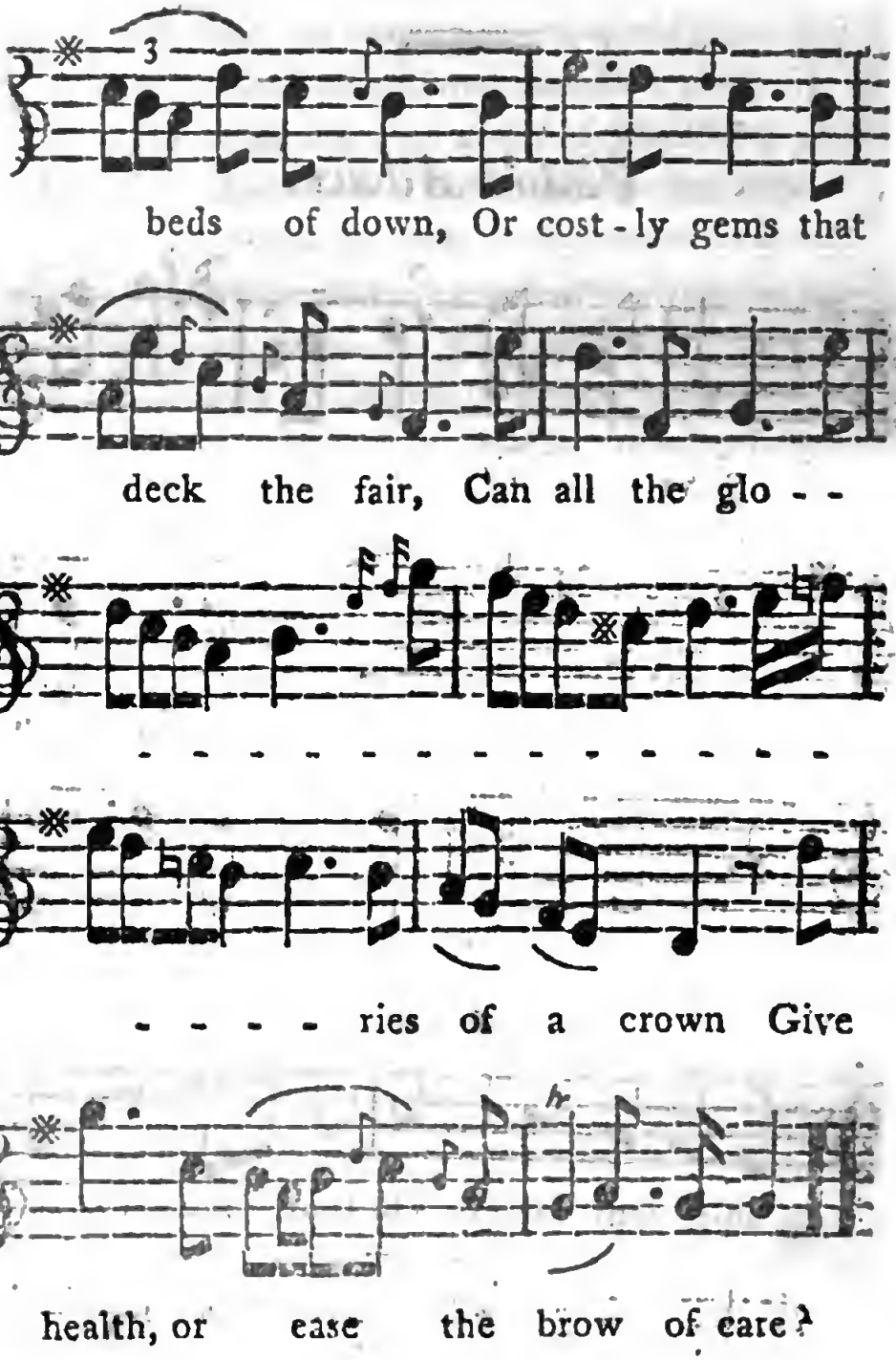
made him great? Why looketh he with



in-so-lent disdain On those undeck'd with



wealth or state? Can splendid robes, or



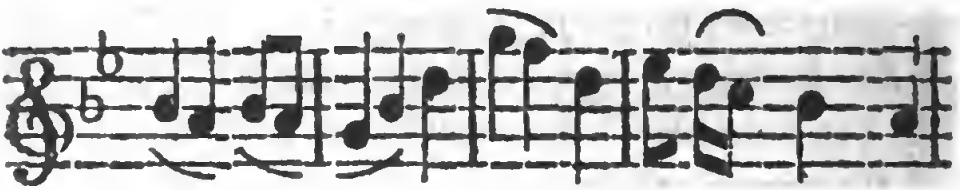
The sceptred king, the burden'd slave,
The humble and the haughty, die;

The rich, the poor, the base, the brave,
In dust, without distinction, lie.
Go, search the tombs where monarchs rest,
Who once the greatest titles bore;
The wealth and glory they possess'd,
And all their honours, are no more.

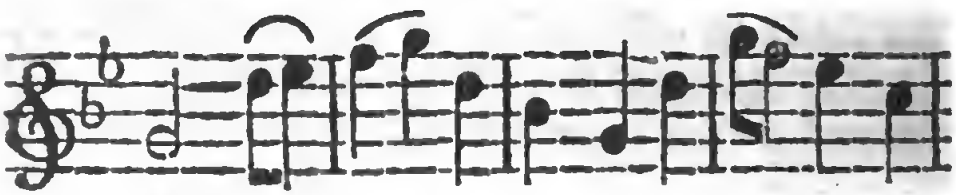
So glides the meteor through the sky,
And spreads along a gilded train,
But when its short-liv'd beauties die,
Dissolves to common air again.
So 'tis with us, my jovial souls:—
Let friendship reign while here we stay;
Let's crown our joys with flowing bowls;—
When Jove us calls, we must obey.

Queen Mary's Farewel to France.

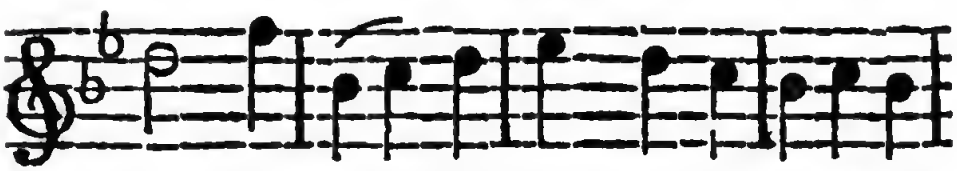
O THOU lov'd country, where my youth was



spent, Dear golden days, all past in sweet con-



tent, Where the fair morning of my clouded

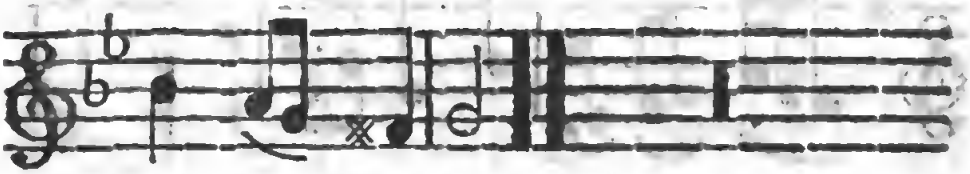


day Shone mild - ly bright, and temperately

gay; Dear France, a - dieu! a long

and last fare - wel! No thought can image, and

no tongue can tell, The pangs I feel at that

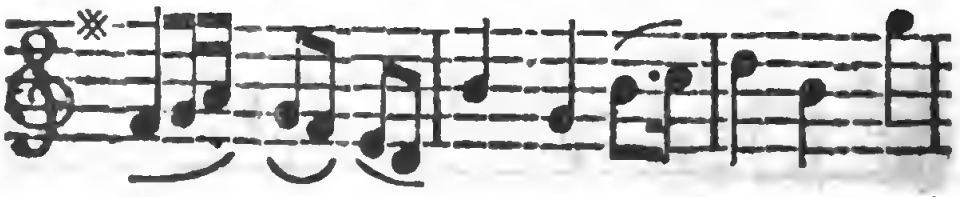


drear word—farewel!

The ship that wafts me from thy friendly shore,
Conveys my body, but conveys no more:
My soul is thine; that spark of heav'nly flame,
That better portion of my mingled frame,
Is wholly thine. That part I give to thee;
That in the temple of thy memory
The other ever may enshrined be.

Bill Bobstay.

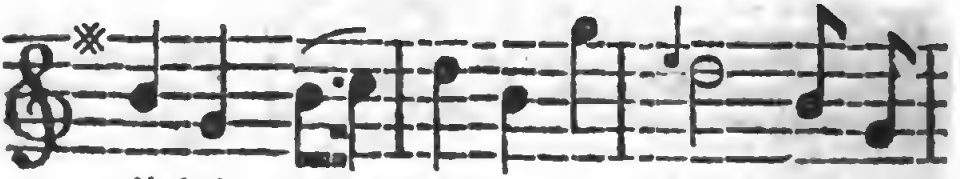
TIGHT lads have I sail'd with, but



none e'er so sight-ly As honest Bill

Bobstay, so kind and so true; He'd

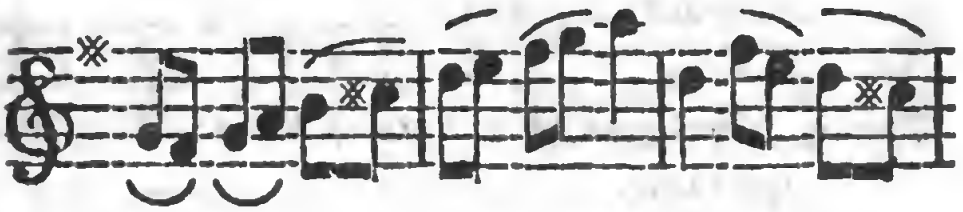
sing like a mermaid, and foot it so



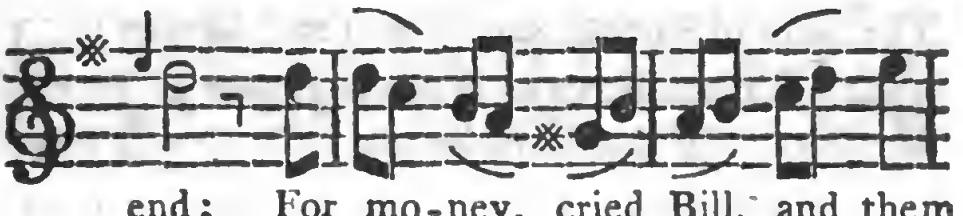
lightly, The forecastle's pride, the de-

light of the crew: But poor as a

beggar, and of - - ten in tat - - ters, He

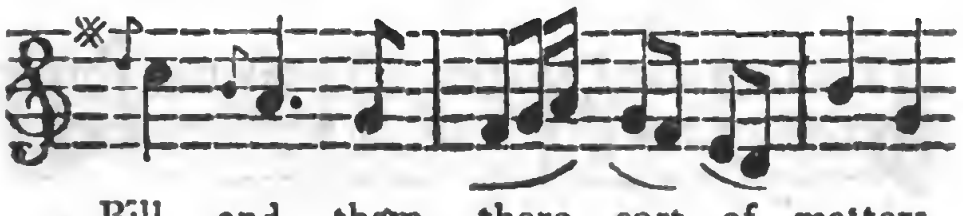


went, tho' his fortune was kind without

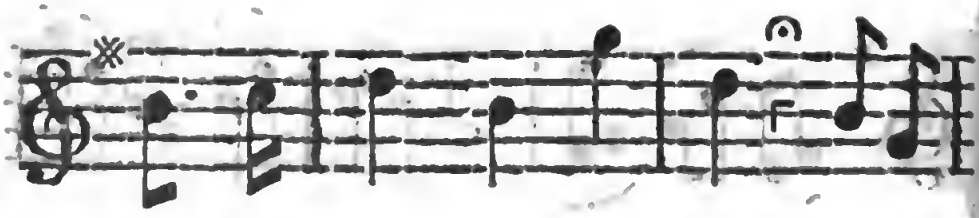


end; For mo-ney, cried Bill, and them

there sort of mat - - ters, For money, cried



Bill, and them there sort of matters,



What's the good on't, d'ye see, but to

suc-cour a friend?

There's Nipcheese, the purser, by grinding and squeezing,
First plundering, then leaving the ship like a rat,
The eddy of fortune stands on a stiff breeze in,
And mounts, fierce as fire, a dog-vane in his hat.
My bark, tho' hard storms on life's ocean should rock her,
Tho' she roll in misfortune, and pitch end for end,
No, never shall Bill keep a shot in the locker,
When by handing it out he can succour a friend.

Let them throw out their wipes, and cry, Spight of the crosses,
And forgetful of toil that so hardily they bore,
That sailors at sea earn their money like horses,
To squander it idly like asses ashore.

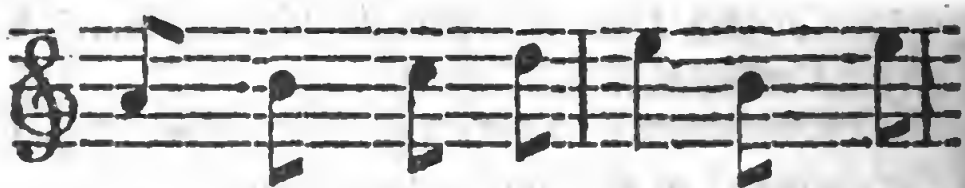
Such lubbers their jaw would coil up, could they measure,
By their feeling, the generous delight without end,
That gives birth in us tars to that truest of pleasure,
The handing our rhino to succour a friend.

Why, what's all this nonsense they talks of, and pother,
All about *rights of men?* What a plague are they at?
If they means that each man to his messmate's a brother,
Why, the lubberly swabs, every fool can tell that.
The rights of us Britons we knows to be loyal,
In our country's defence our last moments to spend,
To fight up to the ears to protect the blood royal,
To be true to our wives—and to succour a friend.

Ere I had well grown to an Age.

Allegretto.

ERE I had well grown to an age, Al-

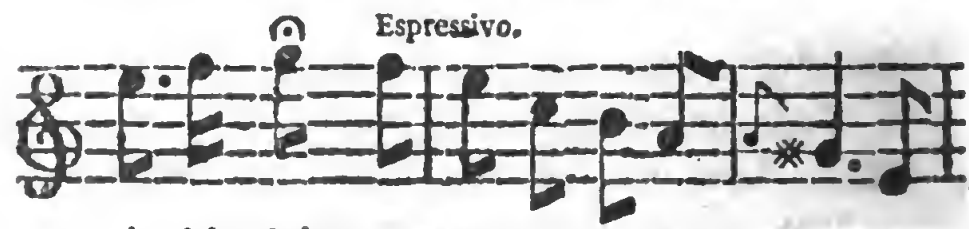


low'd young maids to mar--ry, Three

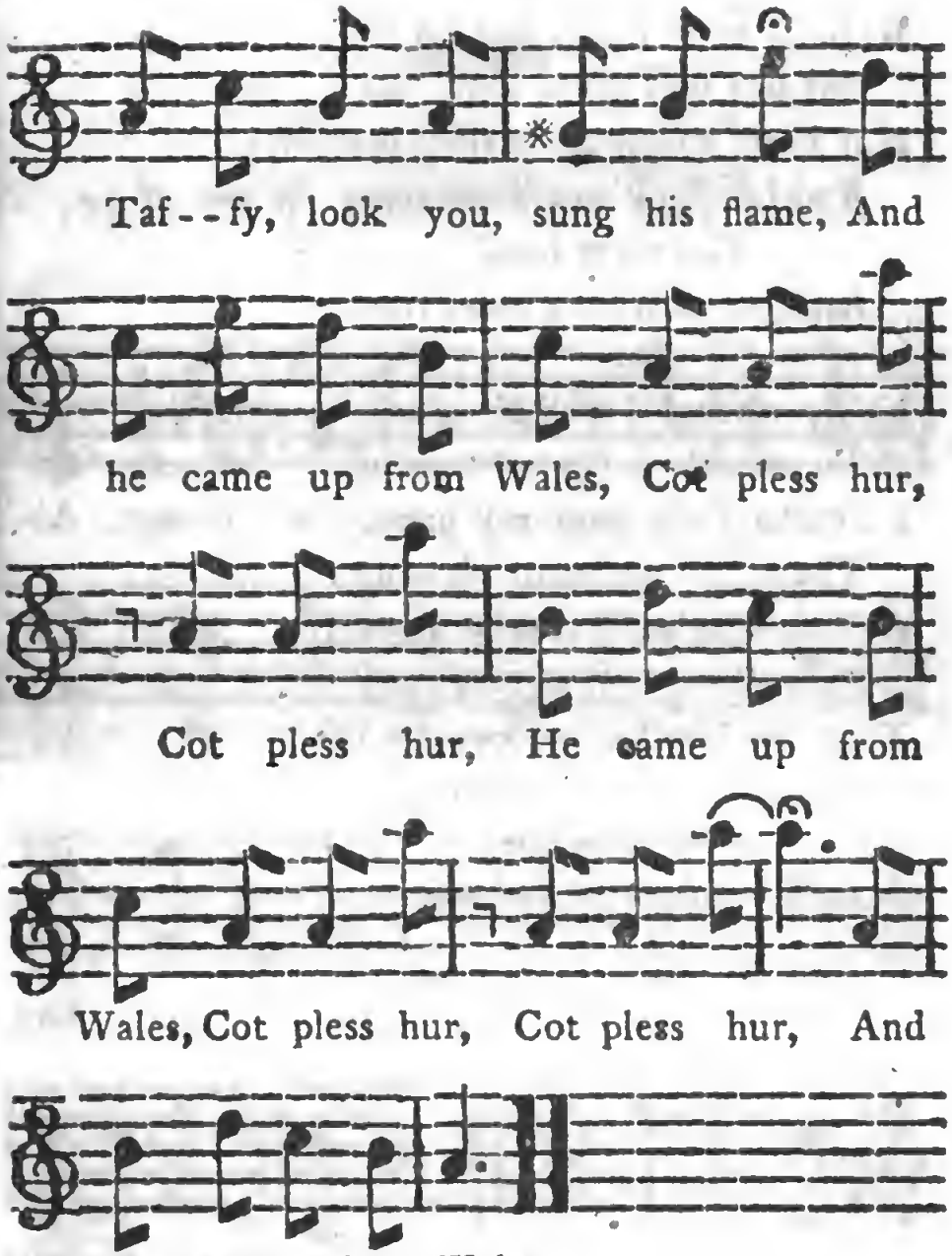
youths would fain my hand en-gage, And

tried their suits to car-ry. Young Paddy first put

Espressivo.



in his claim, Then Sandy told soft tales, And



Och! I'm the cratur, Paddy sung,
Take me, I tell you, honey.
Hoot, hoot, cried Sandy, haud your tongue,
I've, lassie, got the money.

Well, I, says Taffy, cot no pelf,
But hur will give, look you,
Hur heart and soul, besides hurself,
And hur will love most true,
Cot pless hur,
And hur will love most true.

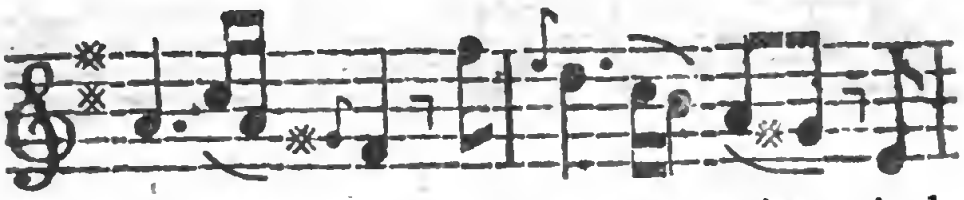
Now, when I'd well their merits scann'd,
To stop their further teazing,
I e'en to Taffy gave my hand,
The lad to me most pleasing:
And now he's got me for a wife,
So well we both agree,
That few live half so sweet a life
As my dear Taff and me,
Cot pless hur,
As my dear Taff and me.

The Laplander's Song.

Allegretto.

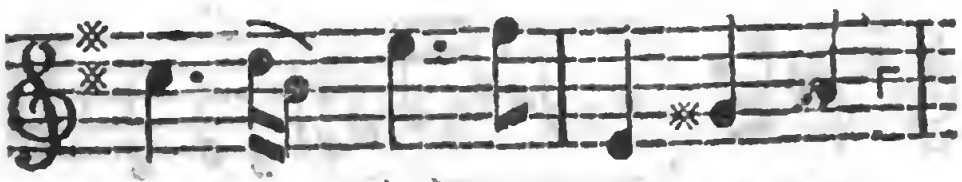
Thou rising sun, whose gladsome ray In-

vites my fair to ru - ral play, Dis-

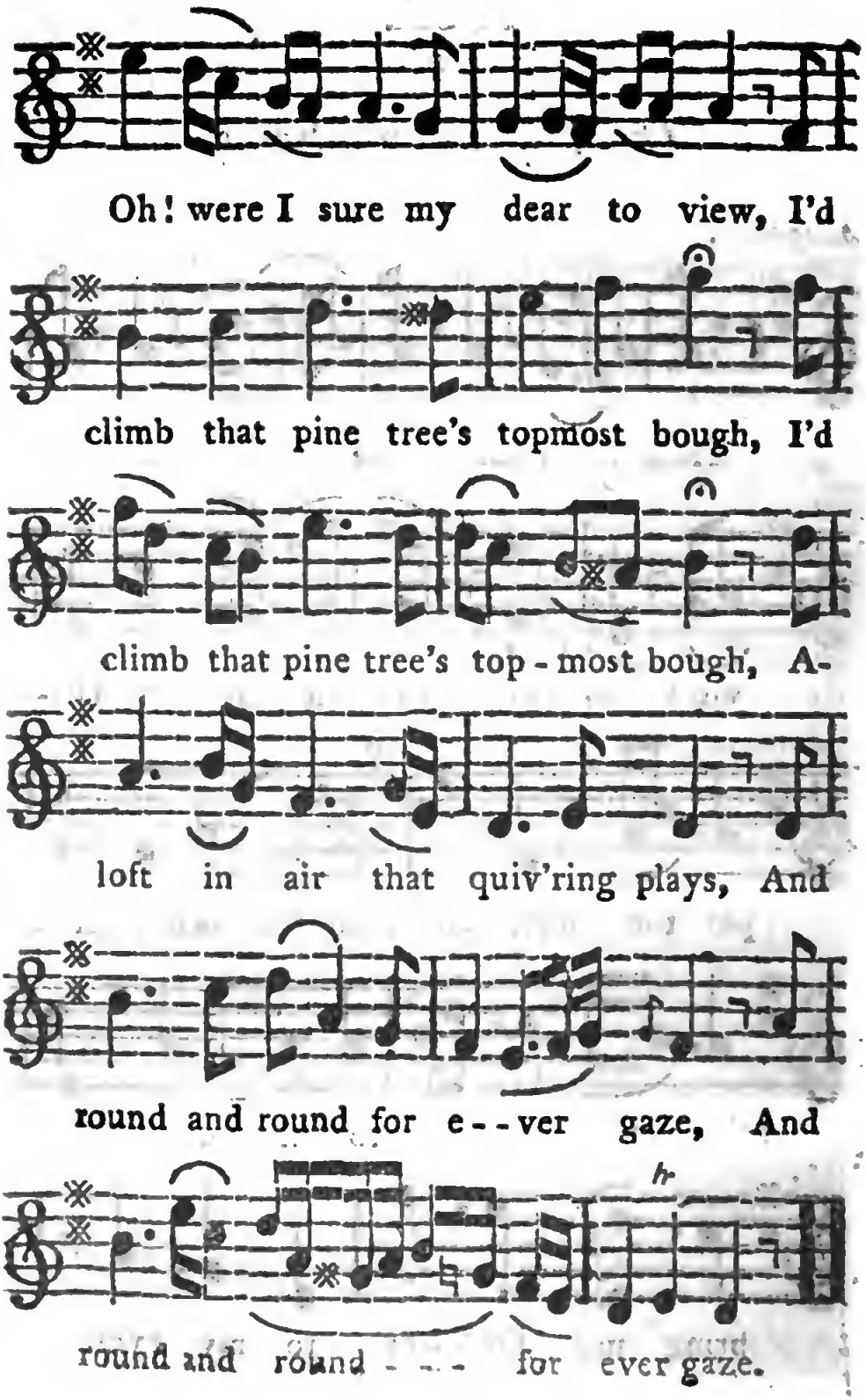


pel the mist, and clear the skies, And

bring my Or - - ra to my eyes, And



bring my Or - - ra to my eyes.


Oh! were I sure my dear to view, I'd
climb that pine tree's topmost bough, I'd
climb that pine tree's top - most bough, A-
loft in air that quiv'ring plays, And
round and round for e - - ver gaze, And
hr
round and round - - - for ever gaze.

My Orra Moor, where art thou laid?
What wood conceals my sleeping maid?
Fast by the roots enrag'd I'll tear
The trees that hide my promis'd fair.
Oh! could I ride the clouds and skies,
Or on the raven's pinions rise!
Ye storks, ye swans, a moment stay,
And waft a lover on his way.

My bliss too long my bride denies,
Apace the wasting summer flies,
Nor yet the wintry blast I fear,
Nor storms or night shall keep me here.
What may for strength with steel compare?
Oh! love has fetters stronger far!
By bolts of steel are limbs confin'd,
But cruel love enchains the mind.

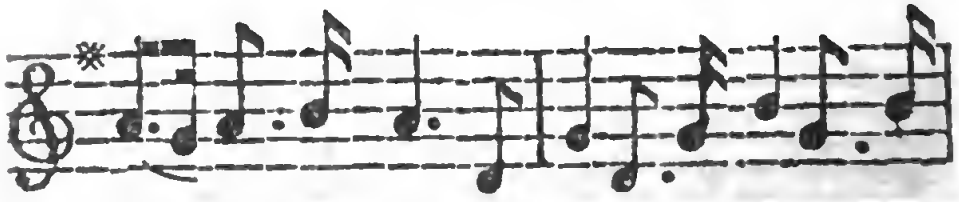
JOHN
Bibl
Bodl.
JOHNSON

Tom Trigger's Adieu.

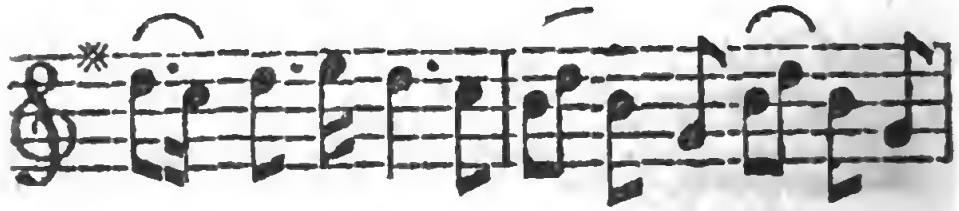
Spiritoso.

HARK, hark, the loud drums call the

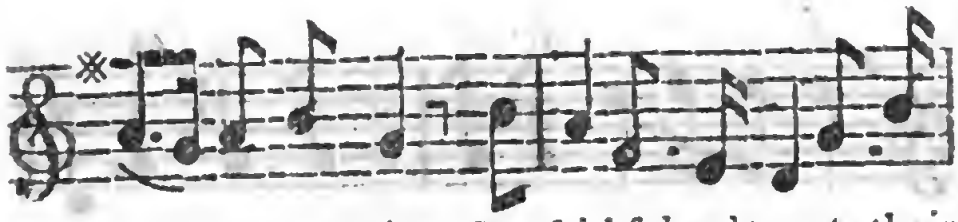
sol-diers away, Adieu, my dear charmer, for



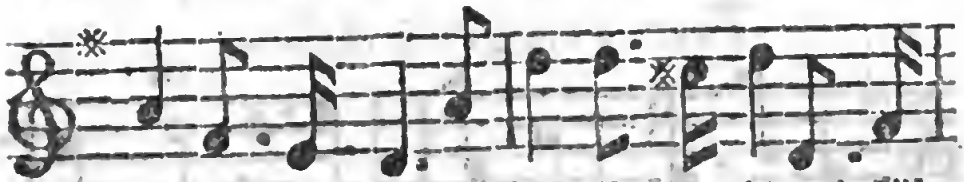
time's on the wing; 'Tis glory invites, and I



proudly o-bey, To fight in defence of my

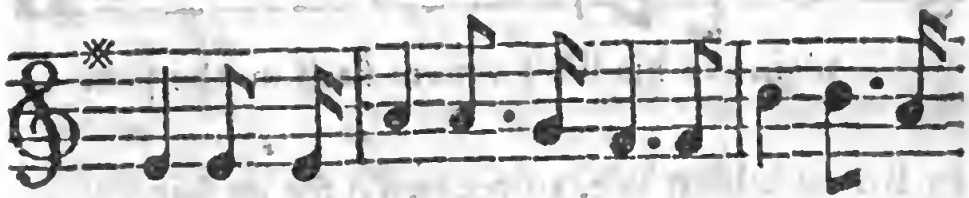


Country and King: But faithful and true to their

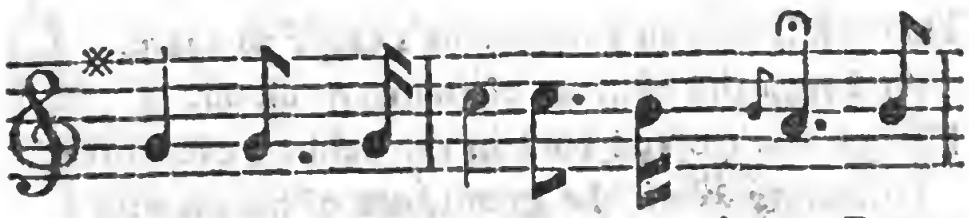


cause while I prove, Amidst the dread battle I'll

think of my Nan; For he who de-



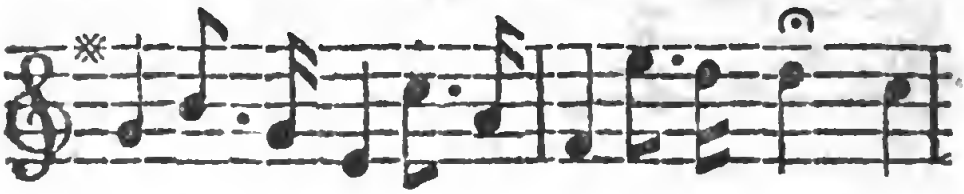
serts from the standard of love, For he who de-



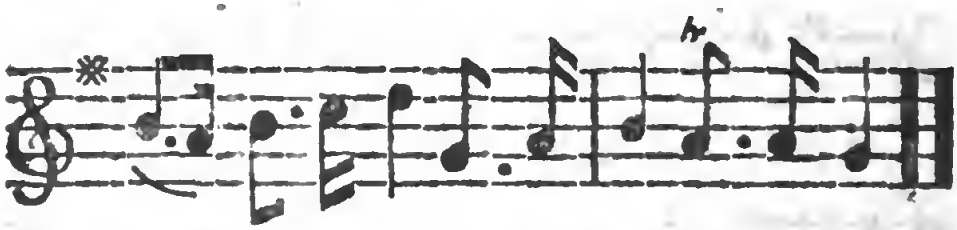
serts from the standard of love, Proves

plainly his life's a mere flash in the pan, mere

flash in the pan, a mere flash in the pan; For



he who deserts from the standard of love, Proves



plain - ly his life's a mere flash in the pan.

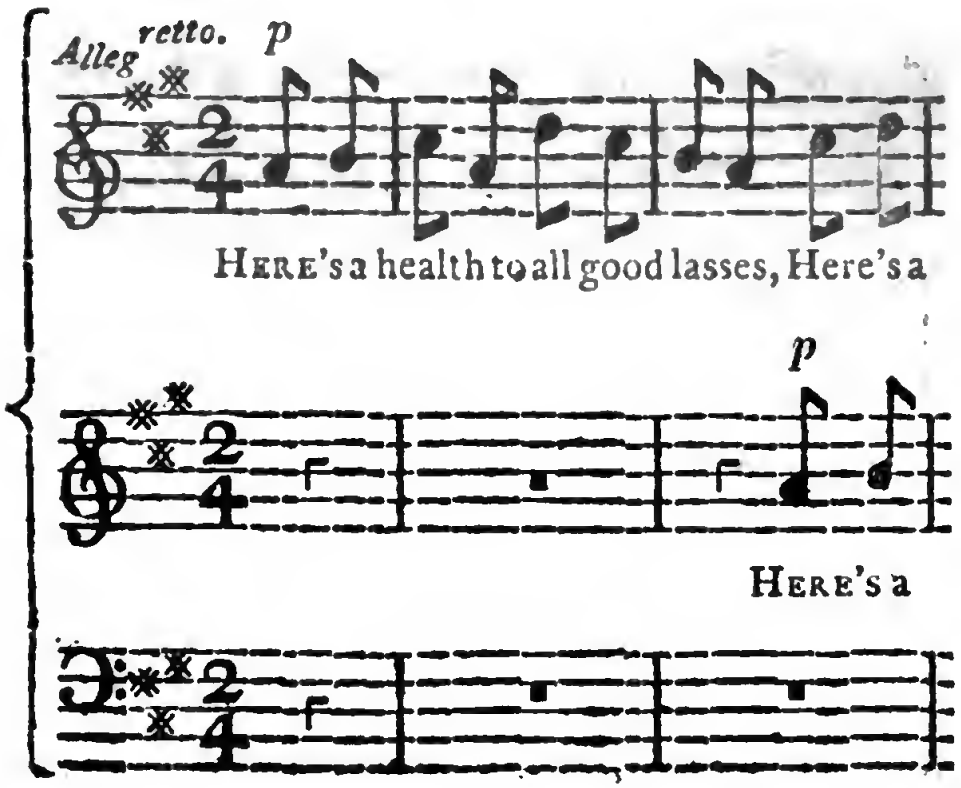
In Britain's blest isle, so renown'd for its fair,
The fame of a soldier is thus understood,
That while he can conquer he's eager to spare,
And stop the effusion of innocent blood.
Though fearless and bold in the field he can prove,
Humanity forms the grand base of his plan:
But he who deserts from the standard of love,
Proves plainly his life's a mere flash in the pan.

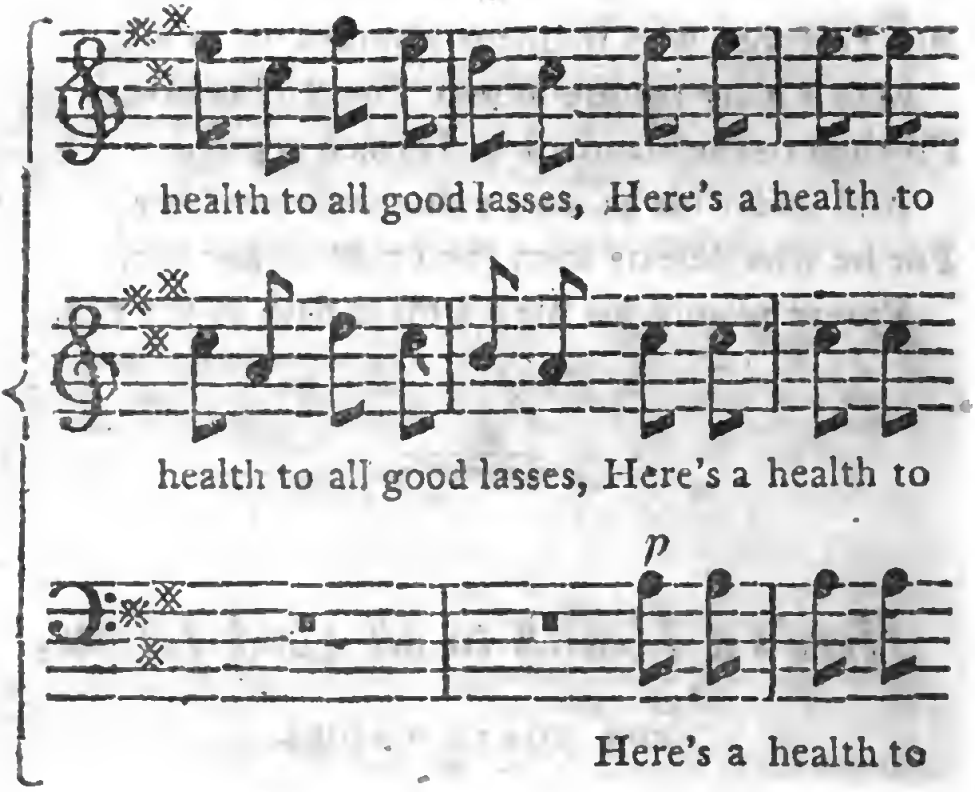
In defence of Old England I'll glory to fall,
If orders for that shall be sent from above;

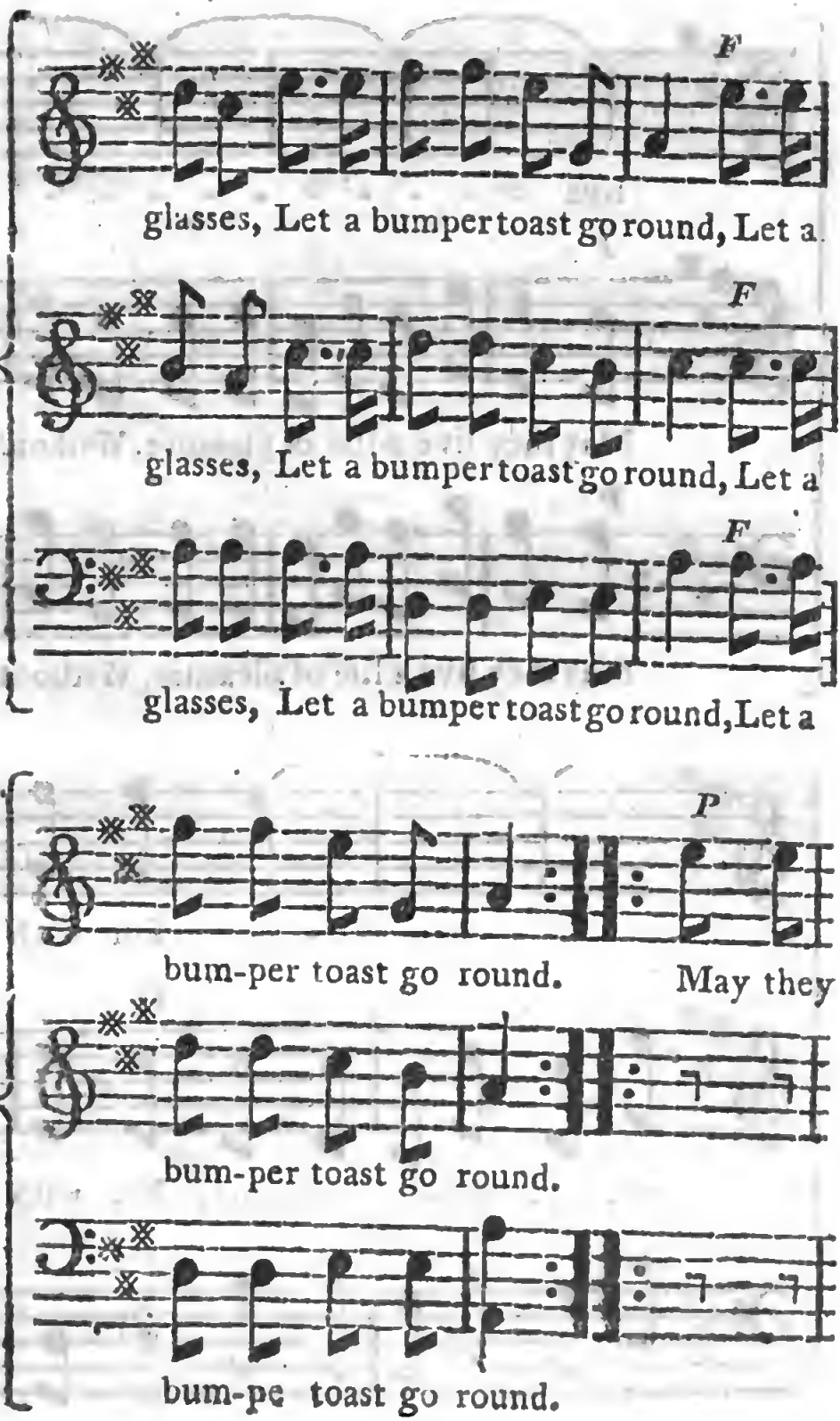
But Fortune, who frequently smiles on us all,
May kindly restore honest Tom to his love.
I'll then to the standard of Hymen repair,
And under his banners enlist with my Nan;
For he who deserts from the cause of the fair,
Proves plainly his life's a mere flash in the pan.

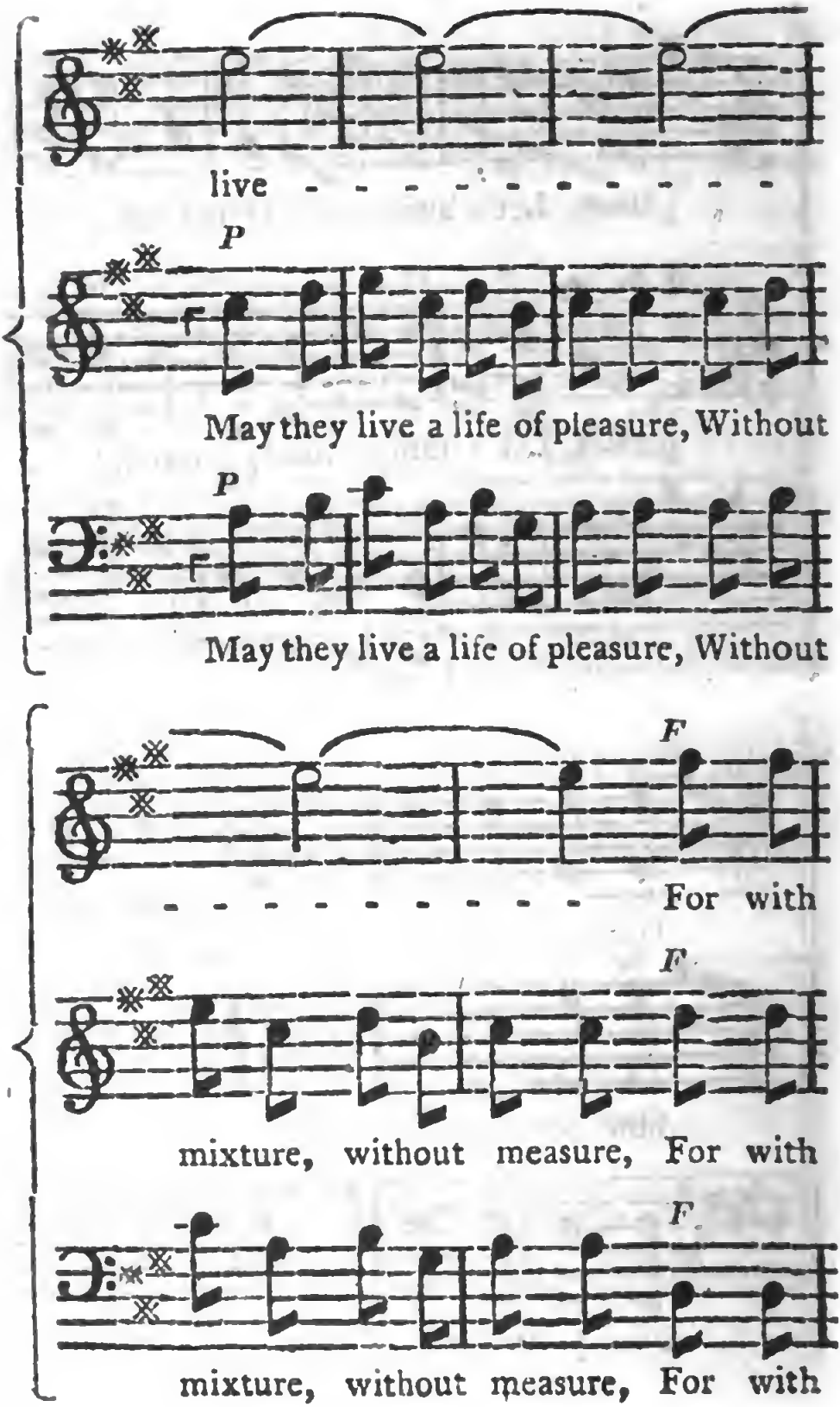
Here's a Health to all good Lasses.

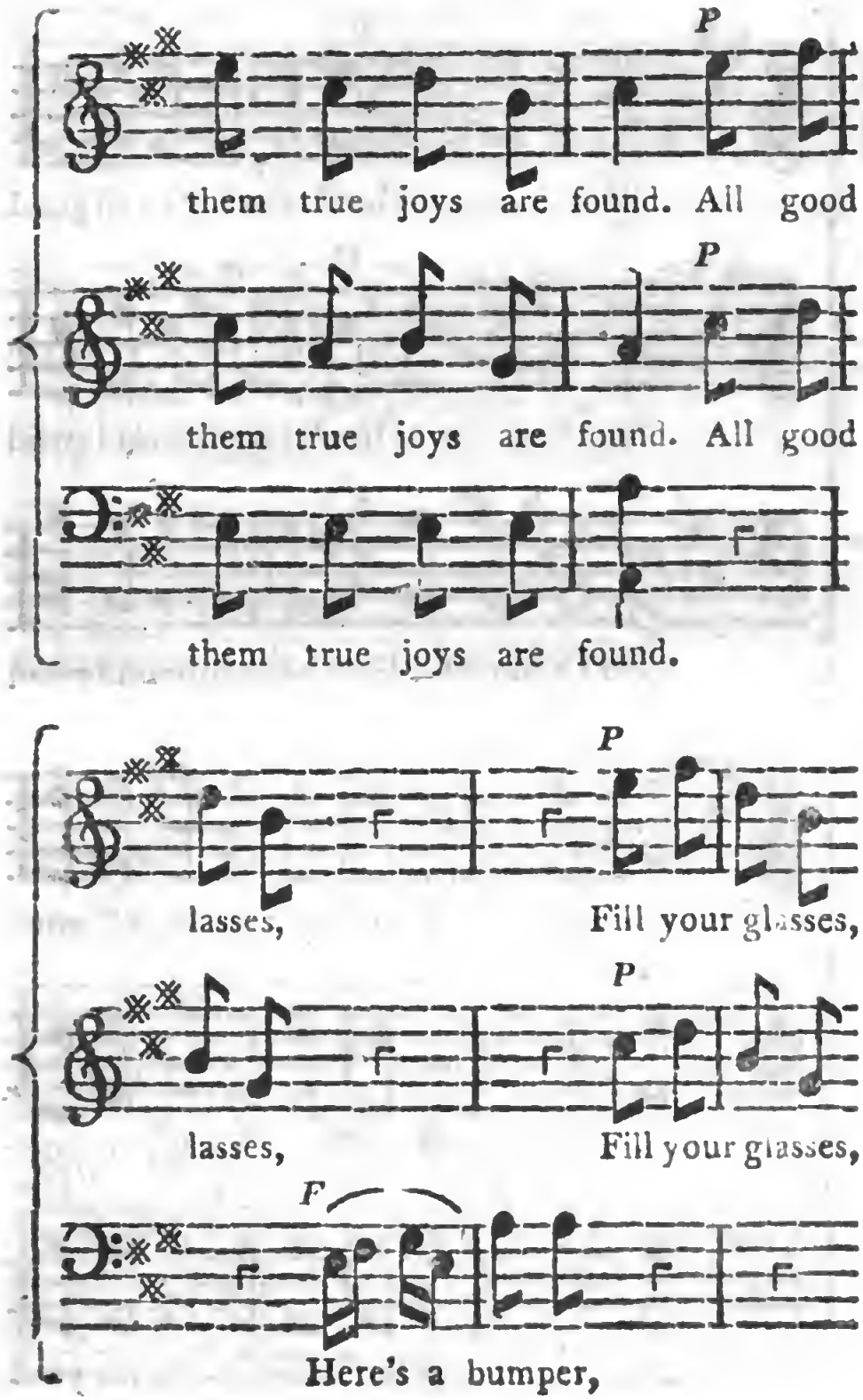
FOR THREE VOICES.

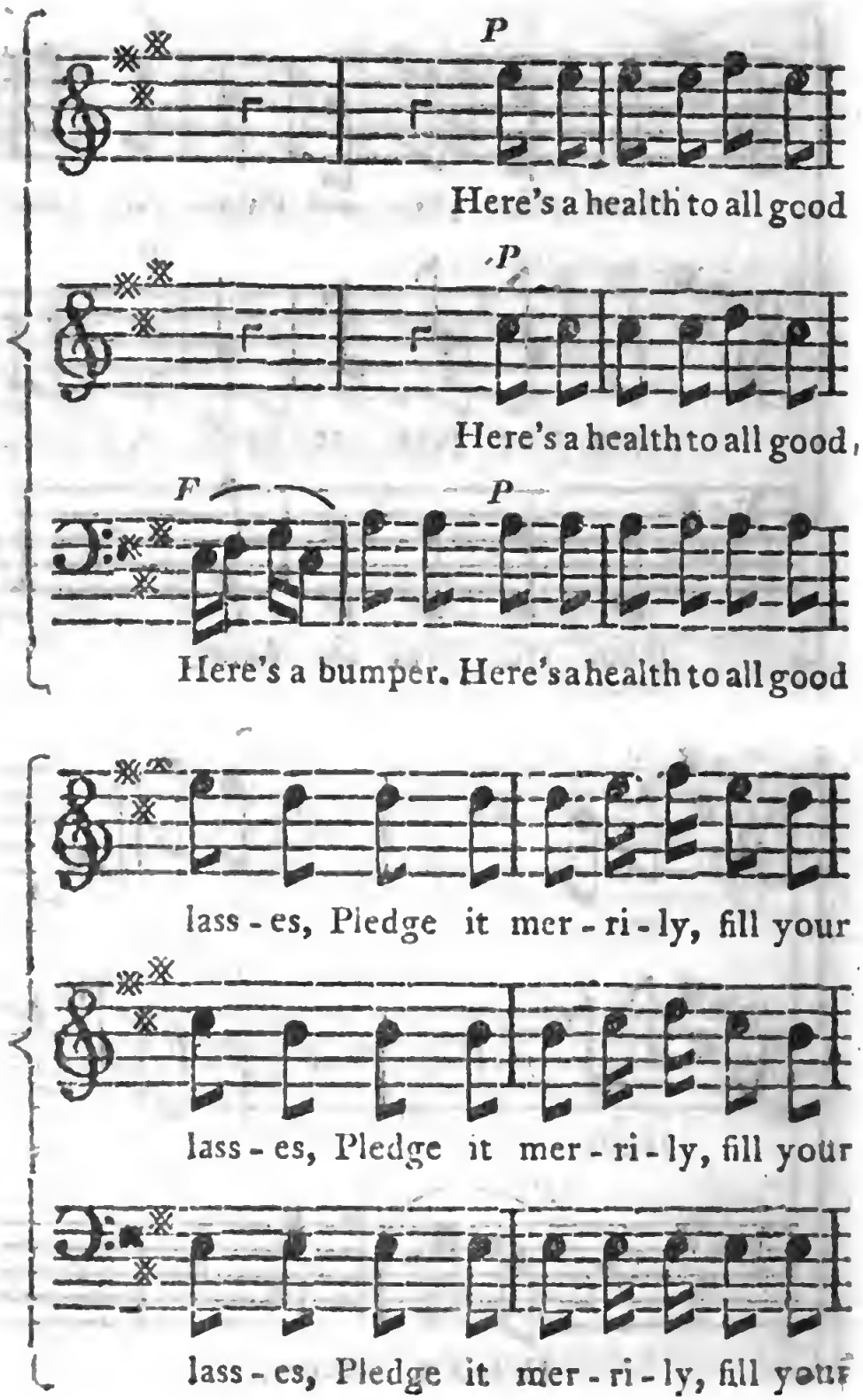


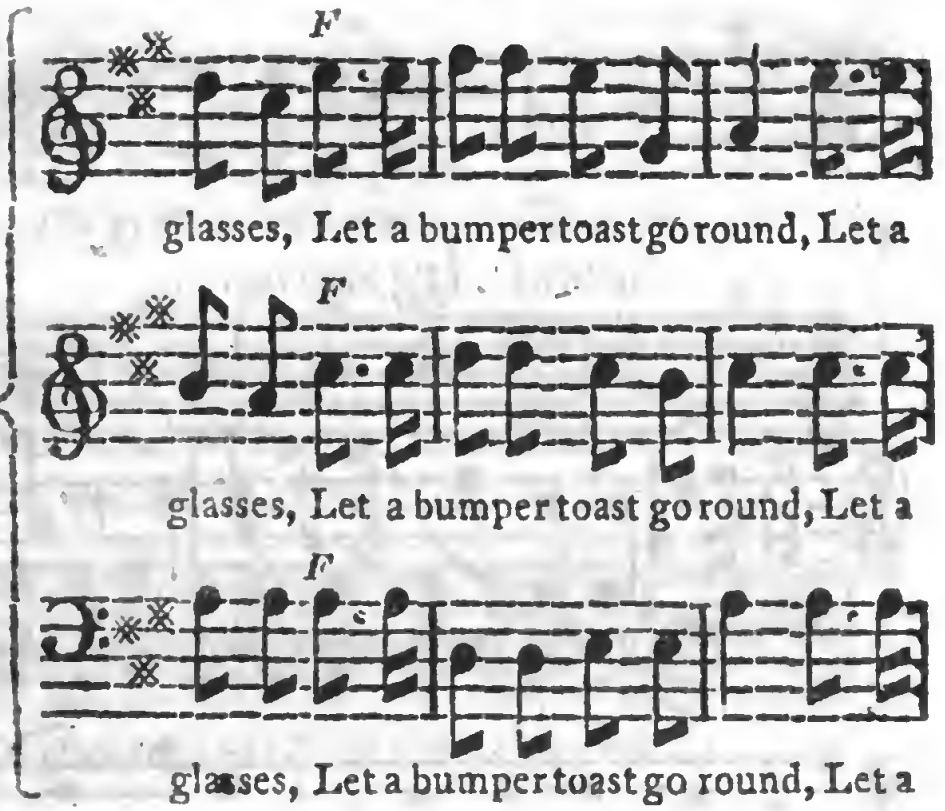

health to all good lasses, Here's a health to
health to all good lasses, Here's a health to
p
Here's a health to
all good lasses, Pledge it merrily, fill your
all good lasses, Pledge it merrily, fill your
all good lasses, Pledge it merrily, fill your

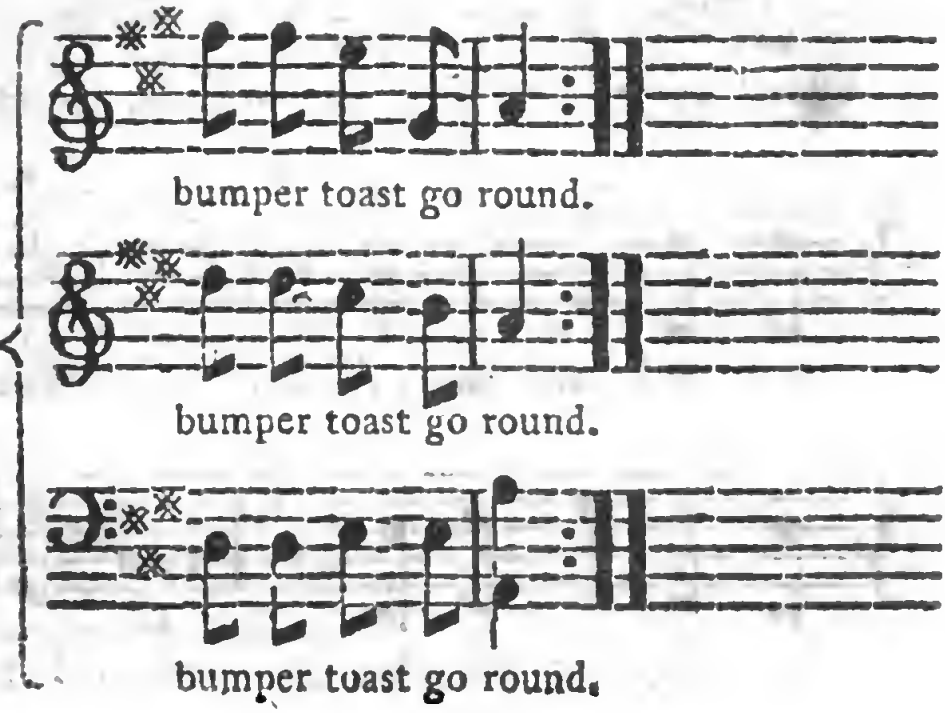

F
glasses, Let a bumper toast go round, Let a
F
glasses, Let a bumper toast go round, Let a
F
glasses, Let a bumper toast go round, Let a
P
bum-per toast go round. May they
bum-per toast go round.
bum-pe toast go round.


live - - - - - - - - - - - -
P
May they live a life of pleasure, Without
P
May they live a life of pleasure, Without
F
- - - - - - - - - - - For with
F
mixture, without measure, For with
F
mixture, without measure, For with

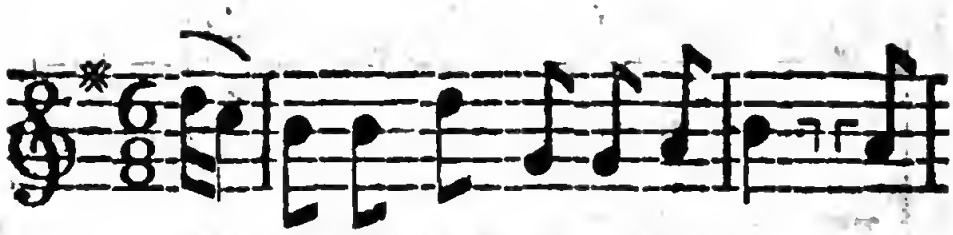

P
them true joys are found. All good
P
them true joys are found. All good
them true joys are found.
P
lasses, Fill your glasses,
P
lasses, Fill your glasses,
F
Here's a bumper,


P
Here's a health to all good
P
Here's a health to all good,
F
P
Here's a bumper. Here's a health to all good
lass - es, Pledge it mer - ri - ly, fill your
lass - es, Pledge it mer - ri - ly, fill your
lass - es, Pledge it mer - ri - ly, fill your


F
glasses, Let a bumper toast go round, Let a
F
glasses, Let a bumper toast go round, Let a
F
glasses, Let a bumper toast go round, Let a

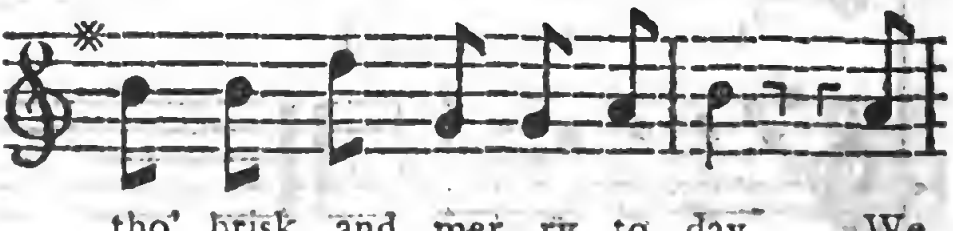

bumper toast go round.
bumper toast go round.
bumper toast go round.

Sound Argument.

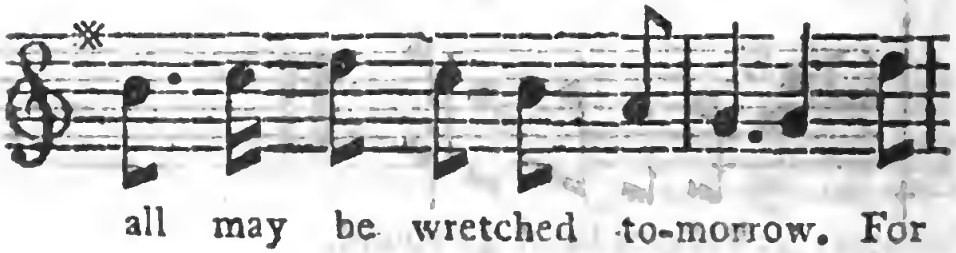


We bipeds made up of frail clay, A-

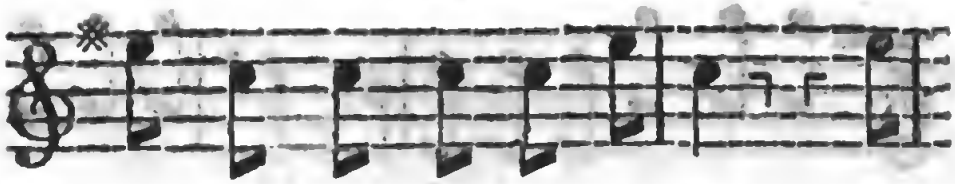
las! are the children of sor-row, And



tho' brisk and mer-ry to-day, We



all may be wretched to-morrow. For

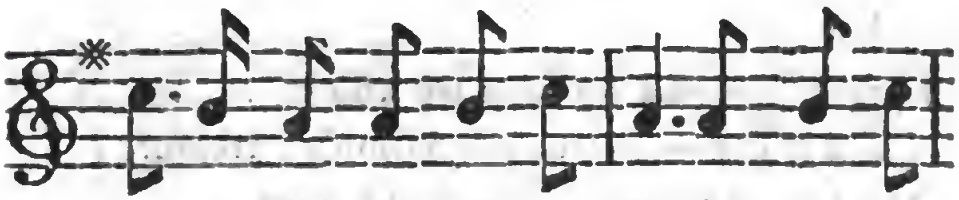


sunshine's suc - ceed - ed by rain, Then,

fear - ful of life's stor-my weather, Lest

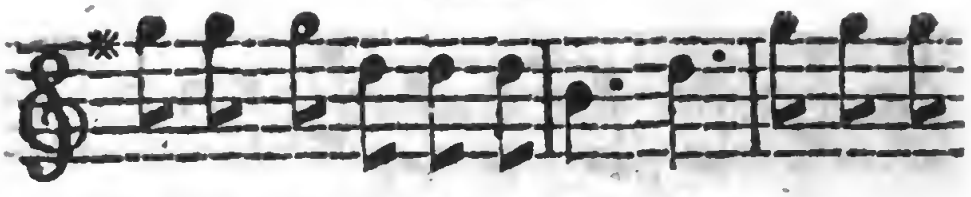
pleasure should on - ly bring pain, Let us

all be un - hap - py to - ge - ther, Let us

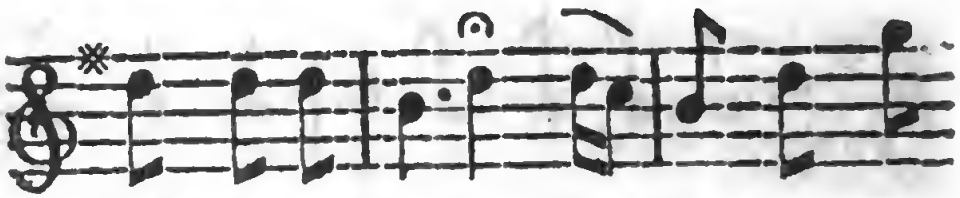


all be un - hap - py to - ge - ther, Let us

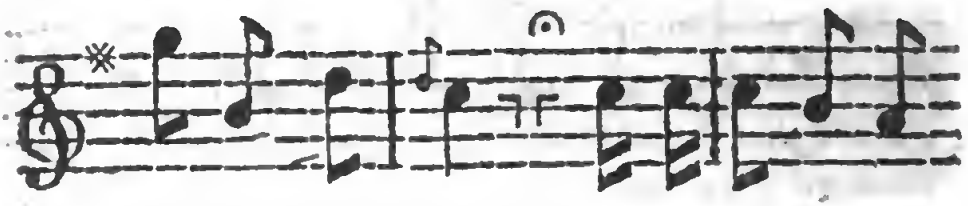
all be un - hap - py to - ge - ther. For



sunshine's succeeded by rain, Then, fearful of



life's stormy weather, Lest pleasure should



on - - ly bring pain, Let us all be un-

happy together.

I grant, the best blessing we know
Is a friend—for true friendship's a treasure;
And yet, lest your friend prove a foe,
Oh! taste not the dangerous pleasure.
Thus friendship's a flimsy affair;
Thus riches and health are a bubble;
Thus there's nothing delightful but care,
Nor any thing pleasing but trouble.

If a mortal would point out that life
That on earth could be nearest to heaven,
Let him, thanking his stars, choose a wife,
To whom truth and honour are given.
But honour and truth are so rare,
And horns, when they're cutting, so tingle,
That, with all my respect for the fair,
I'd advise him to sigh and live single.

It appears from these premises plain,
That wisdom is nothing but folly;
That pleasure's a term that means pain,
And that joy is your true melancholy:
That all those who laugh ought to cry;
That's 'tis fine frisk and fun to be grieving;
And that, since we must all of us die,
We should all be unhappy while living.

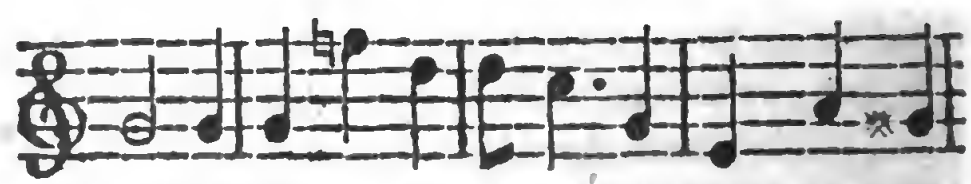
Anacreon.

ANACREON, they say, was a jol - - ly old

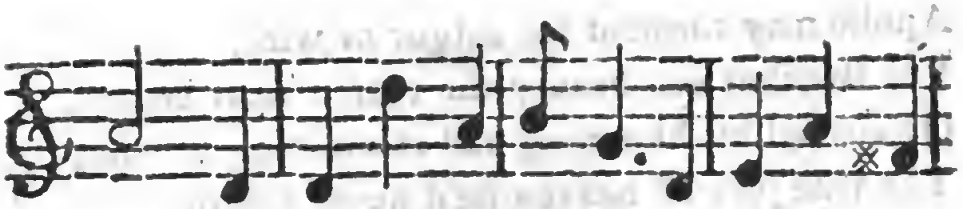
blade, A Grecian choice spi - rit, and po - et by

trade; Anacreon, they say, was a jol - - ly old

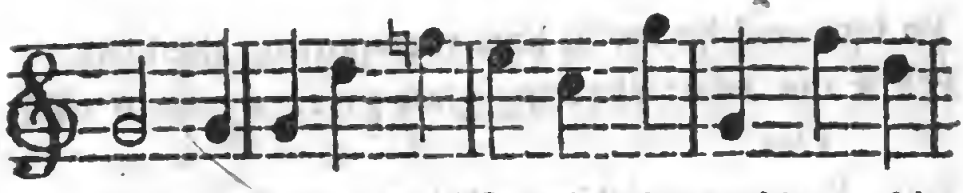
blade, A Grecian choice spi - rit, and po-et by



trade. To Venus and Bacchus he tun'd up his



lays, For love and a bumper he sung all his



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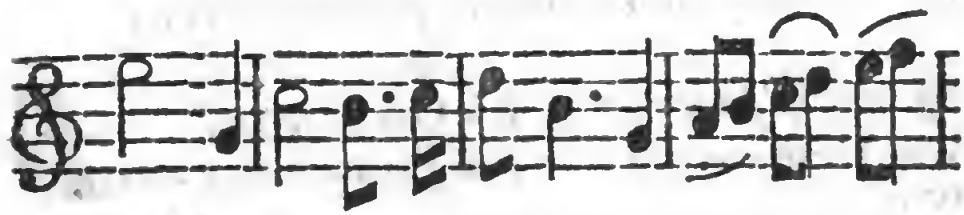
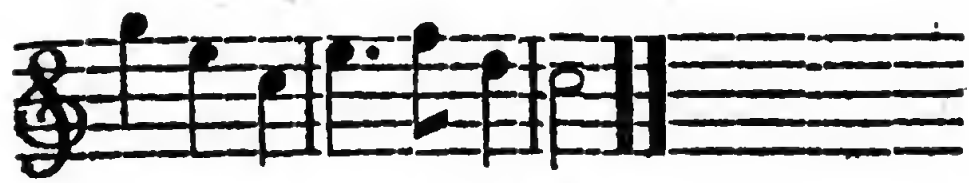


lays, For love and a bumper, For love and a



bumper he sung all his days.

He laugh'd as he quaff'd still the juice of the vine,
And, though he was human, was look'd on divine;
At the feast of good humour he always was there,
And his fancy and sonnets still banish'd dull care.

Good wine, boys, says he, is the liquor of Jove,
'Tis our comfort below and their nectar above:
Then while round the table the bumper we pass,
Let the toast be to Venus and each smiling lass.

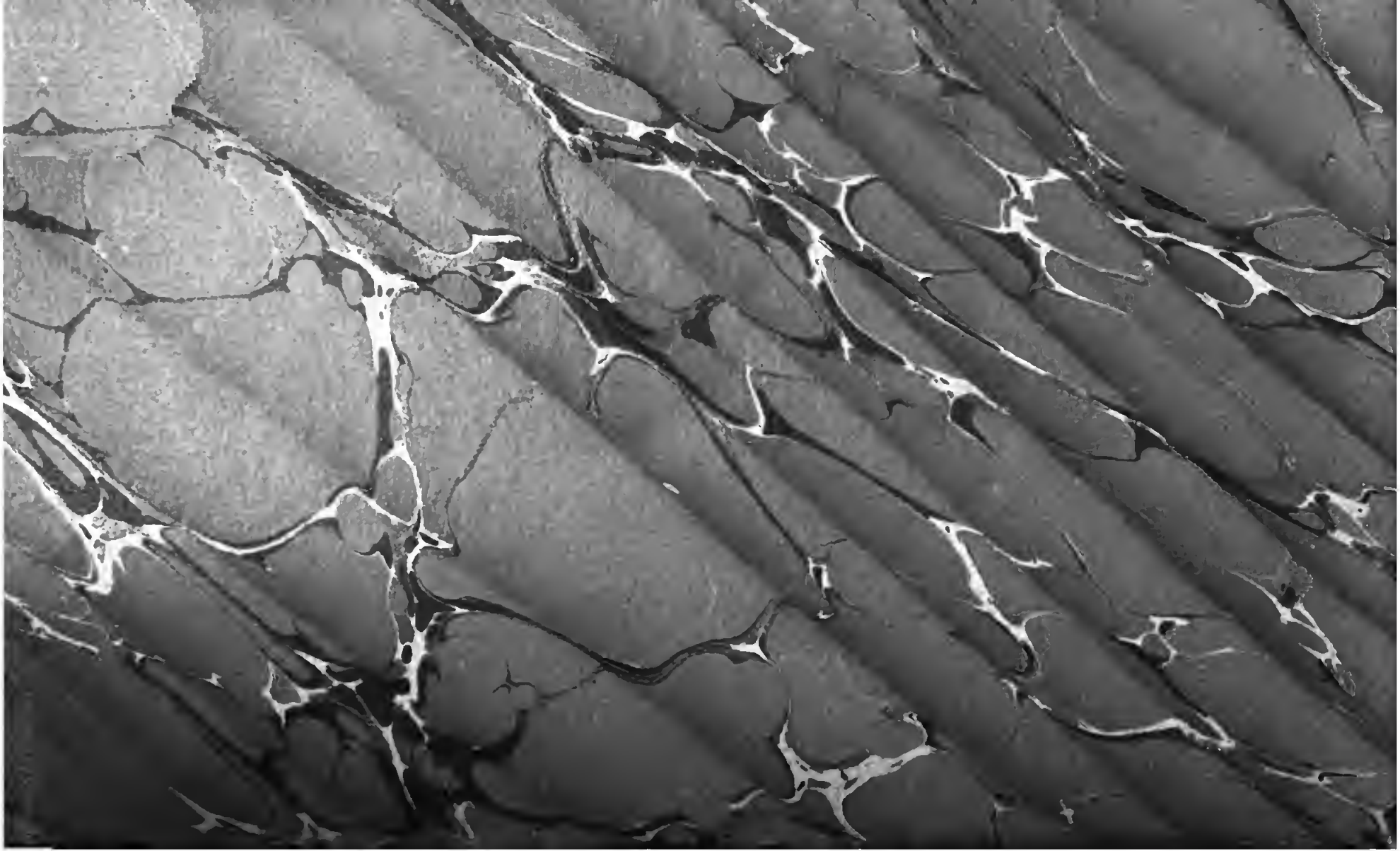
Apollo may torment his catgut or wire,
Yet Bacchus and beauty the theme must inspire,
Or else all his humming and strumming is vain;
The true joys of heaven he'd never obtain.

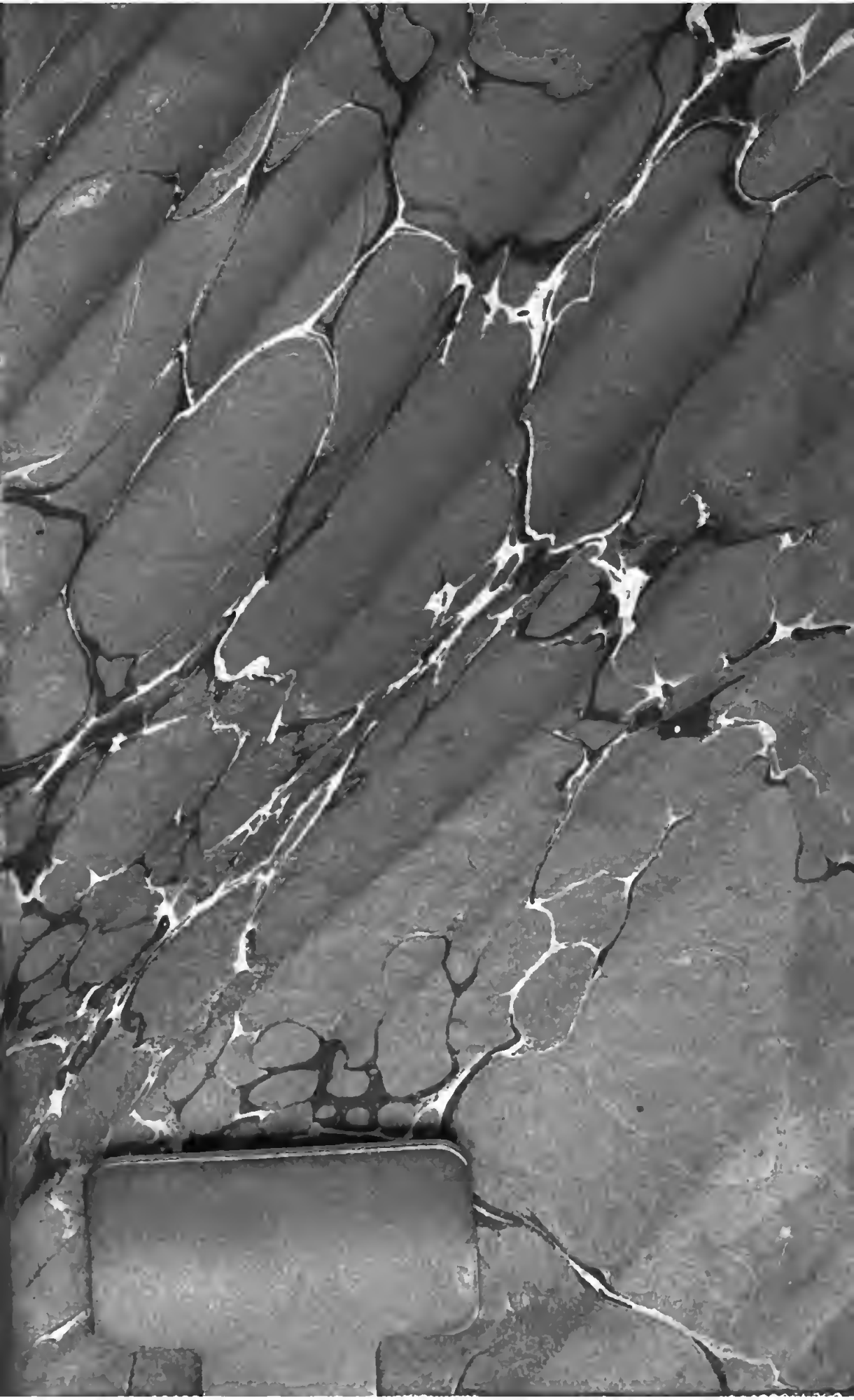
To love and be lov'd, how transporting the bliss,
While the heart-cheering glass gives a zest to each kiss!
With Bacchus and Venus I'll ever combine,
For drinking and kissing are pleasures divine.

As sons of Anacreon then let us be gay,
With drinking and love pass the moments away;
With wine and with beauty let's fill up the span,
For that's the best method, deny it who can.

FINIS.

JOHN
Bibl
Bodl.
JOHNSON





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